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OLD WEST

47304
Spring, 1983
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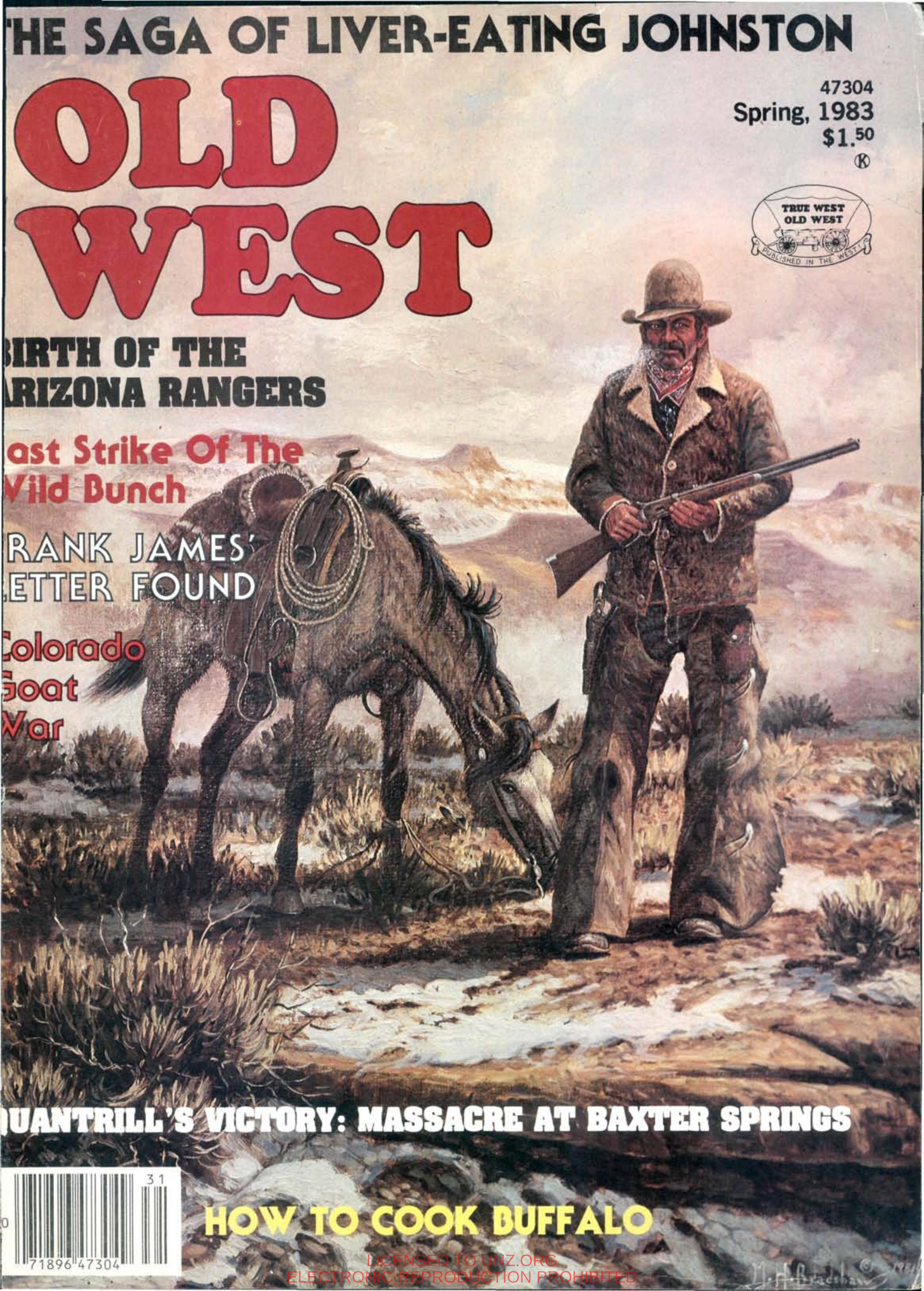
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST!



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February '83

when I planned to
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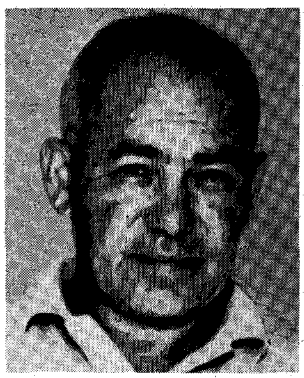
this is the business that made it possible

a true story by John B. Haikey



Starting with borrowed money Duraclean gave me the opportunity for financial security... In eight years I sold out at a profit and retired.

"Not until I was forty did I make up my mind that I was going to retire before ten years had passed. I knew I couldn't do it on a salary, no matter how good. I knew I couldn't do it working for others. It was perfectly obvious to me that I had to start a business of my own. But that posed a problem. What kind of business? Most of my money was tied up. Temporarily I was broke. But, when I found the business I wanted I was able to start it for a small amount of borrowed money.

"To pyramid this investment into retirement in less than ten years seems like magic, but in my opinion any man in good health who has the same ambition and drive that motivated me, could achieve such a goal. Let me give you a little history.

"I finished high school at the age of 18 and got a job as a shipping clerk. My next job was butchering at a plant that processed boneless beef. Couldn't see much future there. Next, I got a job as a Greyhound Bus Driver. The money was good. The work was pleasant, but I couldn't see it as leading to retirement. Finally I took the plunge and went into business for myself.

"I managed to raise enough money with my savings to invest in a combination motel, restaurant, grocery, and service station. It didn't take long to get my eyes opened. In order to keep that business going my wife and I worked from dawn to dusk, 20 hours a day, seven days a week. Putting in all those hours didn't match my idea of independence and it gave me no time for my favorite sport—golf! Finally we both agreed that I should look for something else.

"I found it. Not right away. I investigated a lot of businesses offered as franchises. I felt that I wanted the guidance of an experienced company—wanted to have the benefit of the plans that had brought success to others, plus the benefit of running my own business under an established name that had national recognition.

"Most of the franchises offered were too costly for me. Temporarily all my capital was frozen in the motel. But I found that the Duraclean franchise offered what I had been looking for.

"I could start for a small amount. You can start a dealership for as little as $3,488. Another option is a $11,588 full cash investment, and if you qualify, Duraclean can work out financing for half this amount. I could work it as a one-man business to start, and operate from my home. No office or shop or other overhead, no salaries to pay. Equipment would fit in my car trunk. (I bought the truck later, out of profits.) Best of all, there was no ceiling on my earnings. I could build a business as big as my ambition and energy dictated. I could put on as many men as I needed to cover my volume. And I could build little by little, or as fast as I wished.

"So, I started. I took the wonderful training furnished by the company. When I was ready I followed the simple plan outlined in the training. During the first period I did all the service work myself. By doing it myself, I could make much more per hour than I had ever made on a salary. Later, I would hire men, train them, pay them well, and still make an hourly profit on their time that made my idea of retirement possible—I had joined the country club and now I could play golf whenever I wished.

"What is this wonderful business? It's Duraclean. And, what is Duraclean? It's an improved, space-age process for cleaning upholstered furniture, rugs and tacked down carpets. It not only cleans but enlivens and sparkles up the colors. It does not wear down the fiber or drive part of the dirt into the base of the rug as machine scrubbing does. Instead it *lifts out* the dirt by means of an absorbent dry foam.

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"Well, that's the business I was able to start with such a small investment. That's the business I built up over a period of eight years. And, that's the business I sold out at a substantial profit before I was fifty."

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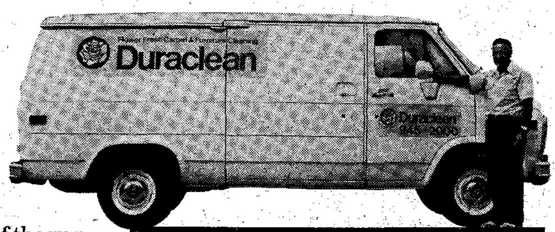

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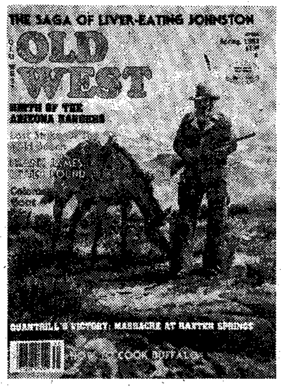
In This Issue

EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK .... Jim Dullenty 5
LETTER RIP 6
WOLF AT THE DOOR .... Eve Ball 7
OLD "BONES" RICKS .... Ben Garthofner 9
THE SAGA OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSTON .... Harry J. Owens 10
MASSACRE AT BAXTER SPRINGS .... Wayne T. Walker 18
TRAILS GROWN DIM 23
FOX THREE TIMES A DAY .... June Oxford 24
BIRTH OF THE ARIZONA RANGERS .... Jody Jensen 30
THE OKLAHOMA BACHELOR WHO HAD 75 DATES
IN ONE EVENING .... Louise Boyd James 34
GOING WESTERN 37
OLD WEST COOKERY: BUFFALO .... Barbara Blackburn 39
WAGNER TRAIN ROBBERY .... Jim Dullenty 40
BOOKS 43
GOAT WAR IN WESTERN COLORADO .... Florence McCarty 45
UNPUBLISHED FRANK JAMES LETTER 48
CRACKER BARREL AND PICKLE CROCK .... Genevieve H. Miller 50
SPANISH CONQUEST OF THE UTE INDIANS
.... Madoline Cloward Dixon 54
VENGEANCE IN BLOOD .... Evelyn Noren 58
THE STORY OF THE THREE BARES .... Carrol L. Cogburn 63


THE SAGA OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSTON
OLD WEST
BIRTH OF THE ARIZONA RANGERS
QUANTRILL'S VICTORY: MASSACRE AT BAXTER SPRINGS
COOK BUFFALO

OUR COVER

Mel H. Bradshaw, who has painted more than a dozen covers for Western Publications, painted this one, which he calls "Checkin' the Back Trail." Bradshaw, who lives in Winslow, Arizona, has been painting about 10 years.

Manuscripts, artwork, and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return, with all submissions. Mail to 700 E. State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

Editor's Notebook

When I was a senior at Havre (Montana) High School, a fellow senior gave a talk to our speech class on one of Montana's most controversial characters, Liver Eating Johnston.

That was in 1959, just after a book on Johnston had been published. My classmate really had intended to give a serious talk on this bit of history, how Johnston was a ferocious Indian fighter and after he killed them, he ate their livers. But somehow, it was so perfectly awful that it was funny and my classmate had us rolling in the aisles with laughter. Ever since, I have firmly believed that Liver Eating Johnston did actually do what his name says.

Now comes Harry J. Owens of Red Lodge, Montana, who has spent years researching the old Liver Eater and, wouldn't you know, he insists Johnston never ate a liver in his life.

Owens makes a good case for his viewpoint in his story in this issue, "The Saga of Liver Eating Johnston — He Never Ate Crow."

If the old Liver Eater turns out to not be so bad after all, it'll be a long time before much revisionism hits print on William Clarke Quantrill, the Confederate guerilla who terrorized the Kansas-Missouri area during the Civil War.

Quantrill's greatest victory, probably a surprise even to him, was in the bloody encounter at Baxter Springs, Kansas. Wayne T. Walker details the massacre and supplies some excellent photos.

It was while I was with the Tri-City Herald in Kennewick, Washington, that one of the stories in this issue fell into my lap. A public relations manager for Burlington Northern Railroad knew I was fascinated with Old West outlaws. He sent me some photos BN had just discovered in a desk drawer in one of BN's offices in Seattle.

The photos reveal what happened after Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch held up the Great Northern train in 1901 near Wagner, Montana. Cassidy was there but he turned leadership over to Kid Curry (Harvey Logan) who knew that area of Montana better. The baggage car and its safe were reduced to rubble when the gang used dynamite to blast open the safe.

As late as 1957, when I first visited the Little Rockies south of the holdup site (where Kid Curry hid out as an outlaw), the people would talk of Curry in hushed tones as if he would come back and get 'em. After the holdup, Curry and gang members returned to the haven of those hills.

When the heat was off, they split up. Butch went to South America. Curry eventually found himself in jail in Knoxville, Tennessee. But he escaped and he, too, made his way to South America. Reports surfaced that the two returned to the United States by 1910 and lived out peaceful lives under assumed names.

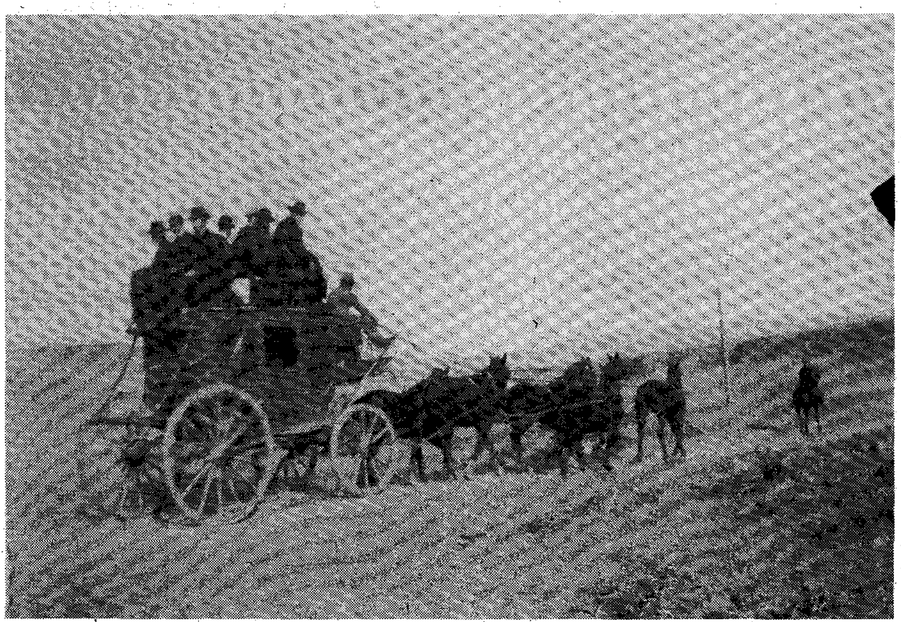
That's what the people in the Little Rockies thought had happened and they knew Curry just about as well as anyone.

It's hard to believe there's anything left of the James Brothers to be discovered, but we went and did it — with a little help from a friend in Canada. One letter of several Frank James wrote to a lady in Michigan has survived and is reprinted in this issue.

We've got some other good stories for you too: Jody Jensen's "The Birth of the Arizona Rangers," Eve Ball's latest contribution, "The Wolf at the Door," and Louise Boyd James' piece on Jack Love's loves, 75 girls he took to Oklahoma's statehood celebration. Florence McCarty offers a new twist on the sheep-versus-cattle story with her item, "Goat War in Colorado" and Genevieve H. Miller provides a nostalgic look at the old general store with its cheese wheels, cracker barrels and pickle crocks.

As late as the 1940s, when I was growing up in one of the smallest towns on this earth, Victor, Montana, there was just such a store. I'll never forget the dates spread out on a pan on the counter. You could buy them by the sackful, flies and all. We never did buy much at that store, but when I go back to Victor I miss it more than just about anything else. People who shop in a cold, antiseptic supermarket can't imagine what those home-folk places were like.

We should note that our sister magazine, TRUE WEST, is celebrating its 30th anniversary this year. OLD WEST, started in 1964, is just a youngster by comparison. — Jim Dullenty.



Courtesy Leslie W. Lyons, Red Lodge, Montana

This is believed to be the stage Liver Eating Johnston took when he left his home in Red Lodge, Montana, to the train that would take him to California.

Letter Rip

Burros Get Mulish on Loading Day

I am a member of the International Society for the Protection of Mustangs and Burros (ISPMB). I have clipped out many articles on mustangs, burros, etc. and have started a photograph book collection of any and all pictures I have collected.

I have 114 pictures in all, mostly of China Lake burros after they arrived at an adoption center at J & R Stables (Chaska, Minnesota).

I've fallen in love with every one of the 60 "critters." They arrived June 9th and on June 13th the adopting families came to pick up their animals.

Loading day was a riot — the smaller animals would trot right into the trailers but the more mule-type ones would get near the tail-gate and lie down, refusing to move. Four men had to carry them into the trailers. There were two young foals with mares; the babies were carried into the trailer with their mamas close behind.

My pictures came out great but when there was any real action I'd forget my picture-taking and head off a frightened critter or get out of the way when confronted with a much bigger one.

If anyone would like to know more about ISPMB, they can write to: International Society for the Protection of Mustangs and Burros, 11790 Deodar Way, Reno, Nevada 89506, or ISPMB, 4892 Japatul Spur, Alpine, California 92001. — **Marian Robinson, Cargo Carriers, Inc. No. 8, 15407 McGinty Rd., Wayzata, MN 55391.**

More Bang for Her Buck

I have never written my thanks for the wonderfully interesting material you publish in OLD WEST.

Thank you for publishing Dan Muller's "My Life With Buffalo Bill." I can't find words to describe my delight in reading it. I loved every word and Dan Muller's illustrations were music to my eyes.

I love western art and stories with all my heart and soul. Charles Russell's art is my favorite. For years I dreamed of seeing the Russell Museum in Great Falls, Montana, and finally made it there in 1978. I have the same desire to visit the Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma, too.

OLD WEST is the best magazine I've ever had the pleasure of reading, thanks to my father for introducing it to me years ago. It is the only magazine that certainly provides more bang for my buck during these inflationary times. — **Sonja T. Durant, P.O. Box 278, Morongo Valley, CA 92256.**

Dating the Whole Family

I really wish I could write about how we went a-courtin' when we were young, but I'm afraid it would be a disappointment.

By the time my dad let me go out with boys, autos were a status symbol and girls went with the boys who could take them in the family car.

No kid I knew had a car of his own. Almost the first date I had, the boy's father had a brand new, shiny, red Mitchell touring car. When he picked me up to attend a movie in Alamosa, Colorado, 18 miles away, his father, mother, one sister and her beau, and a little sister were all in the back seat. Three sat in the tufted seat and the other two sat on the jump seats which folded out from behind the front seat.

I do have a story I wrote years ago about a bus ride one snowy, blizzardy night when the temperature was 30 below. The girls' and boys' teams were going to another town to play basketball.

The bus was a homemade one mounted on a Model T chassis and had ordinary glass for windows. We had no heater, no inside light and the only antifreeze they had in those days was alcohol which boiled right out so a person conserved it as much as possible.

The two teams had paired up pretty much and each boy brought a laprobe to wrap around his girl. Some brought wool blankets fresh out of summer mothballs.

Sweaty Feet Felton, of course, had to come along. He was the star player, and so was Alma, his girl, who had an underarm problem.

We were young, happy and boiling with enthusiasm at just being alive and together. — **Florence McCarty, Apt. 2, 6650 West Butler Drive, Glendale, AZ 85302.**

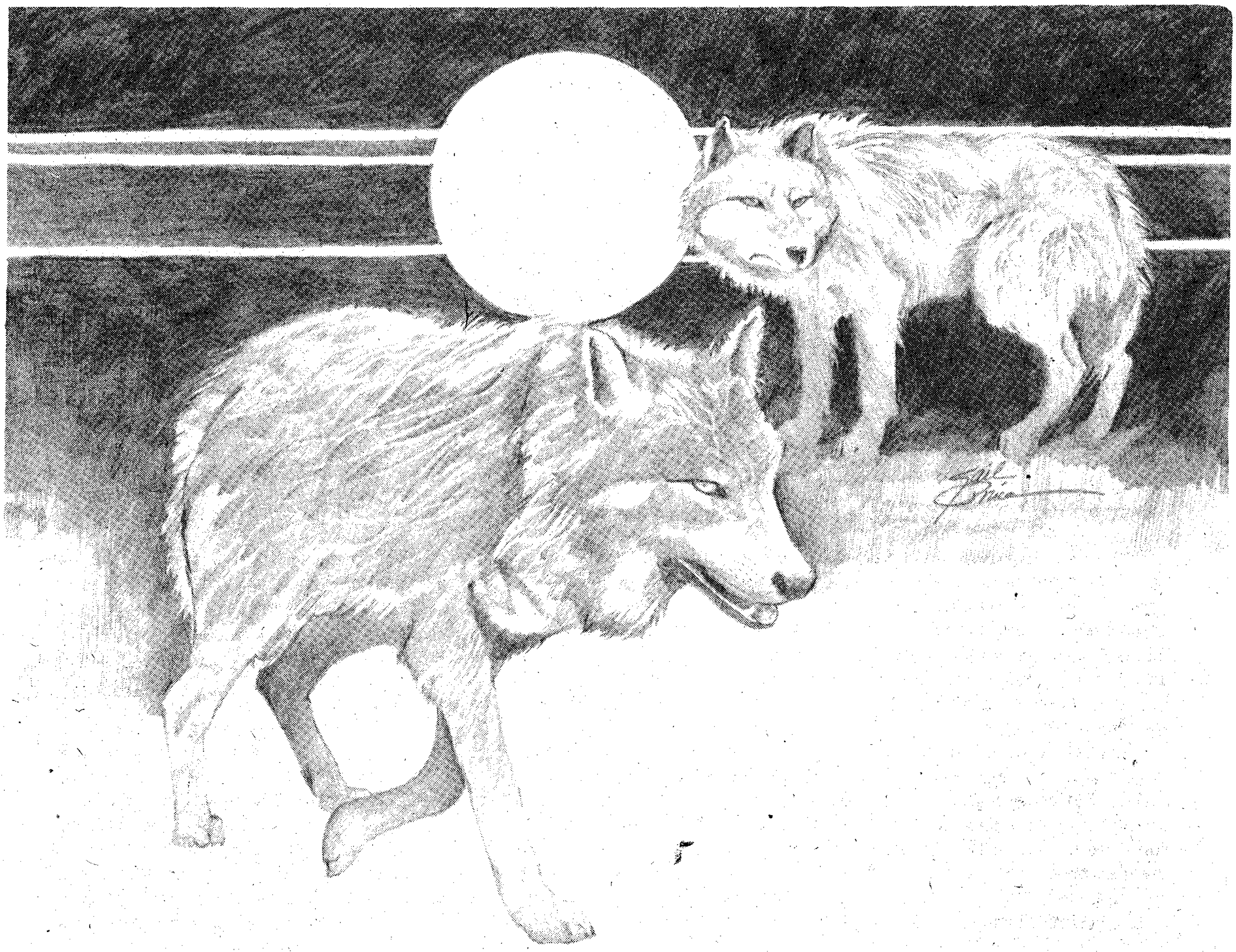
Spurs Stump Reader

I enjoyed the article, "Chapel Car Crusade," by Jacquie McKeon, in the fall, 1982, issue of OLD WEST. However, the statement about the spurs being carried in storage area under the cars stumped me.

Coming from a railroad family, I thought I knew a good deal about railroads, but I have never heard of a spur that could be carried under a box car.

I always understood that a spur only differed from a side track in that it had one switch with the other end blocked, whereas a siding had a switch to the mail line at either end. — **Jackie Hunteman, 110 North 10th St., Mount Vernon, WA 98273.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by OLD WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to OLD WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.



WOLF at the DOOR

Story By **EVE BALL**

Illustrations by **GAIL PRICE**

PEARL Roberts was awakened by Old Flo's nudging her with her nose and a low rumble in the hound's throat. The dog was tied to a tent pole that framed the opening. Pearl arose and grasped the rifle that stood, loaded, beside the door. She was almost as afraid of the gun as the lobos it was designed to kill.

That there was a pair of them she knew and she also knew if they could cut off Tige from the tent they would. Tige, the hound, was turned out at night to warn the two women of the approach of the wolves. They were not afraid of coyotes, but because of these brutes, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Jesse Roberts, brought her small children to Pearl's tent every night.

Then she heard the warning bark of Tige and the snarling of the wolves. Should she wake the frail woman sleeping on the wire cot with her small baby? The noises were receding and she decided not to alarm Jane. Nor did she wish to awaken her own three children — nor the other four also sleeping there, the oldest of whom was only eight.

By the position of the Big Dipper, she knew it was about an hour until dawn and with the light there would be comparative safety.

Pearl Roberts was expecting another child in less than three months. She realized how difficult it would be for Jane to act as midwife and care for the two families. With the nearest neighbors eleven miles away they could expect no outside help. But God was in this wilderness and she must put her trust in Him, Pearl thought.

Pearl Stark was born in McCulloch County, Texas, in 1877. Her family moved to Sterling City when she was a child. Later, while teaching at Brownwood, she married Nathan Roberts. In 1903, they moved in a wagon to Eddy County, New Mexico. After the birth of three children, Pearl was rarely well.

Nathan Roberts had been promised a job on the Hat Ranch at Monument Springs, New Mexico, but he was late arriving and found another cowboy had been employed in his place. Nathan filed on 160 acres near Carlsbad.

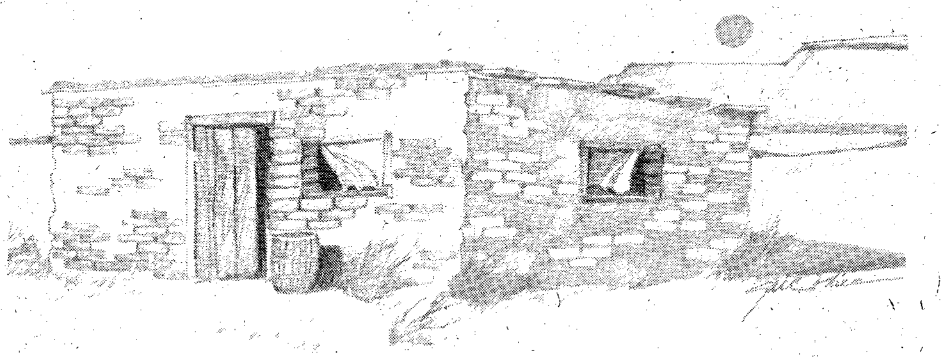
For two years the family lived in a tent. Nathan worked for George Williams and he was away most of the time. Pearl held down the claim while Nathan worked on the ranch which was about 25 miles away.

Nathan's brother, Jesse, filed on an adjoining quarter section and with his wife, Jane, and four children, lived in a tent also.

It was a week-long trip with a team and wagon to Carlsbad and neither brother went often. There was always plenty of deer and antelope meat and the men were good shots. The tents were a quarter mile apart. When the men were gone the women shared one tent for fear of being alone.

Pearl Roberts knew that they were not getting proper food. She knew her children needed milk, but there was no possibility of buying a milk cow. Williams promised to pay her husband with a cow and calf, but when the time came, he did not keep his promise. Roberts received gold instead.

Jane did not live very long and after her death, Pearl took over the care of Jane's children.



In the meantime, Nathan set about building an adobe house. He made and dried the brick from clay on his ranch and hauled enough boards from Carlsbad to lay across the top to support the adobe roof. There were two window openings but no glass. Pearl used canvas over the openings.

Once safely in the house, Pearl no longer feared that the wolves would invade, but every night she tied one of the hounds at the door and let the other run loose to warn of the approach of the dreaded pests. It was a matter of habit, she explained.

The first night they slept in the adobe house it snowed. Winter set in. The shoes brought from Texas were worn out and Pearl and the children had only those she could make from skins and canvas. Her husband had to leave with a herd for Kenna, near Clovis. He got in a big supply of mesquite roots before going.

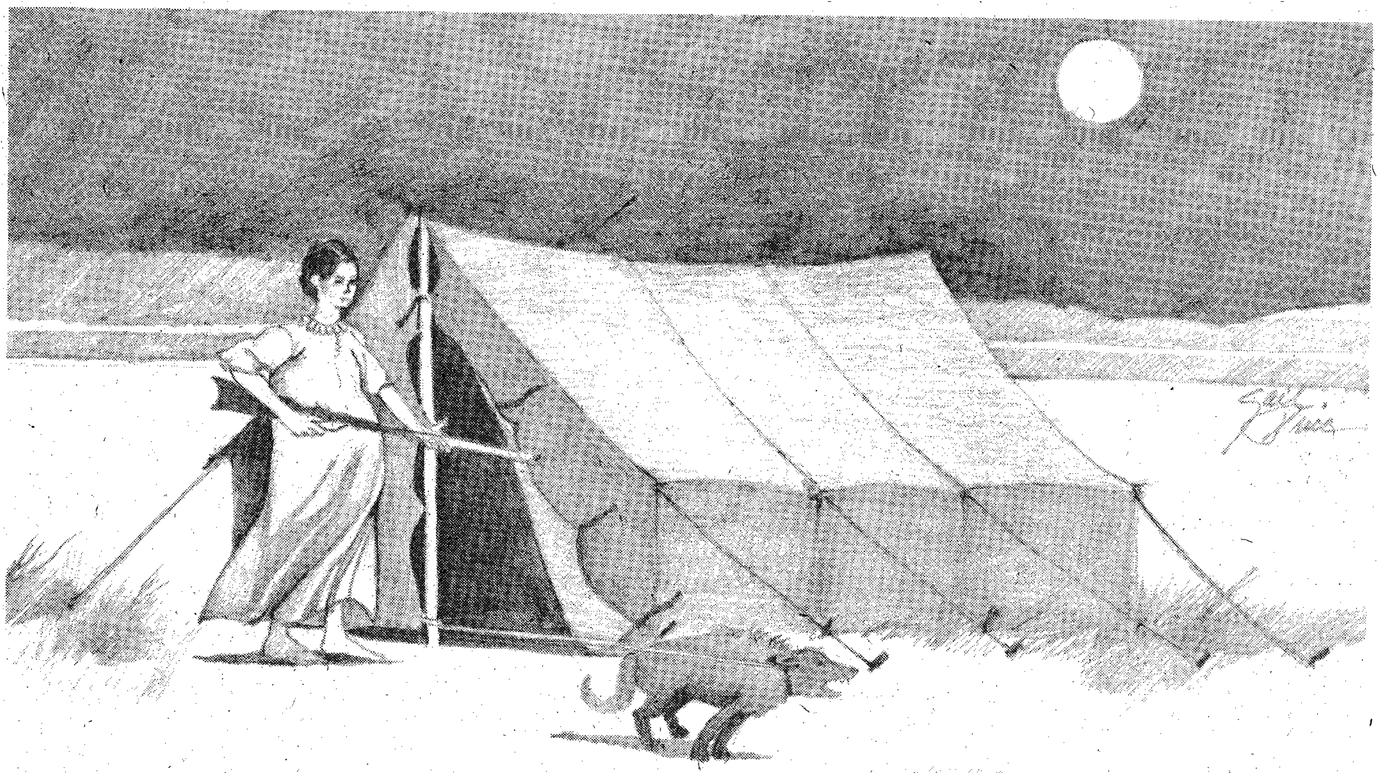
Then came a terrible Norther (storm). He lost every steer in the bunch. The cattle drifted from Portales to the Pecos. Many were frozen in the terrible storm of 1906.

Despite the harshness of the first winter, the Roberts were relatively snug in their new house. The walls were plastered with caliche and the floor was packed hard and spread with a layer of whitish powder.

Every morning Pearl sprinkled it with water to keep it smooth. In one corner was the cookstove they hauled from Brady, Texas. In another was a huge oak bed. Between them was a dresser.

It was a large room. There were rocking chairs and a child's bed they brought in the wagon. Theirs was the first adobe house on the Plains, so far as they knew.

Pearl noticed that the family was not so well when their diet consisted only of beans and meat. She borrowed a "doctor book" and diagnosed the difficulty as



scurvy. After they got a cow all improved rapidly.

One evening an east-bound covered wagon arrived. A young couple in it stayed overnight. They were returning to McCulloch County and Jesse Roberts decided to have them take his children back to his parents there. The children arrived safely and were reared by relatives in Texas.

In 1908, Pearl was appointed postmistress for the newly created office at their ranch headquarters. In her honor, the post office was named Pearl. She held this job for twenty-one years until it was discontinued. There was, Pearl said, good mail service in those days. A mail hack was driven by Jim Reed of Lovington, from Carlsbad each day. Horses were changed at the Williams Ranch, at Pearl and again at Monument. At each stop the driver was fed and so were his horses.

John Emerson put in the first telephone. Almost every family had one. The highest of the barbed wire fence strands was used for the phone line.

Before the settlers began leaving on account of drought, the school grew to sixty pupils. Pearl could not keep the office and school and do her housework, so an adobe building was put up and a teacher imported. But as big ranches took the place of small, the school was discontinued.

Mrs. Roberts thinks that few pioneers had as difficult time as she and her husband. Many frontier locations had abundant timber, but Lea County had none. Most new counties had running water, but not so in Lea. In most communities there was wild fruit and gardens were possible. Those things were lacking in Lea County. The big ranchers would freight in dried fruits and edibles but squatters could not afford them in those days.

The worst problem with which Pearl had to contend was the lobo. The cow they valued so highly was killed by wolves. Nathan bought heifers as he could afford them. The lobos would lay in wait and pounce on them, hamstring them and tear their flesh from their bones.

When this happened the other cattle bawled in distress. The family knew what was happening but usually by the time they arrived on the scene it was too late to help the animal.

One night, Nathan heard a mare squeal and hastily donned his boots. By the time he reached the scene, he saw a dark patch on the snow and found the lobos tearing a fine colt to pieces.

Nathan had good hounds. During the days in the tent, Pearl depended on their guarding the premises while the family slept. But one of the hounds got too far from the house one day and the wolves got him.

THIS interview with Pearl Roberts took place in 1947. I lost touch with the family a long time ago. After oil was discovered in Lea County it became an area of spacious ranch homes and valuable holdings. Only people of Pearl's generation had seen the bitter side.

Old 'Bones' Ricks

By BEN GARTHOFNER

Perhaps the most comical character I ever knew was an old cowhand on the south side of the Missouri River they called "Bones" Ricks. He was of medium height but had a bony build.

While he was working for the 79 ranch he was badly hurt on the roundup so the outfit sent him to Rochester, Minnesota, for treatment. While he was recovering he and one of his nurses became friendly. She asked many questions about Montana, cowboy life and ranching.

Bones had the misfortune of being tongue-tied. A person had to listen closely to catch what Bones was saying.

He enjoyed exaggerating, especially to strangers. This seemed an opportune time so he told the nurse he owned the 79 ranch, thousands of cattle (which the 79 had), and told a lot more big windies.

Finally, Bones was nearing the time to return to Montana. During the recent weeks he and the nurse had become fond of each other. They found themselves hinting at marriage. That meant Bones had to confess to all those lies and tell her he was only a poor cowboy working for the 79 at $40 a month. He had to admit he owned a saddle horse or two, a saddle and rig and a bedroll but no more.

The outcome was that the lady followed Bones to Montana and they were married, got themselves a small ranch and raised a family.

One time Bones, two other cowhands and I were riding across some worthless gumbo rangeland near the little town of Ingamor during beef shipping time. We began discussing the quality of the land.

Easterners had come west and homesteaded the land thinking it was like Iowa soil as it was black. They found that when it was wet nothing could move in it. It balled up on wheels and stuck in great gobs to everything. When it was dry it cracked and was impossible to penetrate with a plow.

After a short discussion someone turned to Bones and asked, "Bones, what do you think about this gumbo?"

"Tan't no da' dood 'tall. When it wet, tay off it, when it dry leb it 'lone," he said.

One time Bones was going along the dirt road near Sand Springs when his Model T ran out of gas. He walked to the Springs and entered the little gas station.

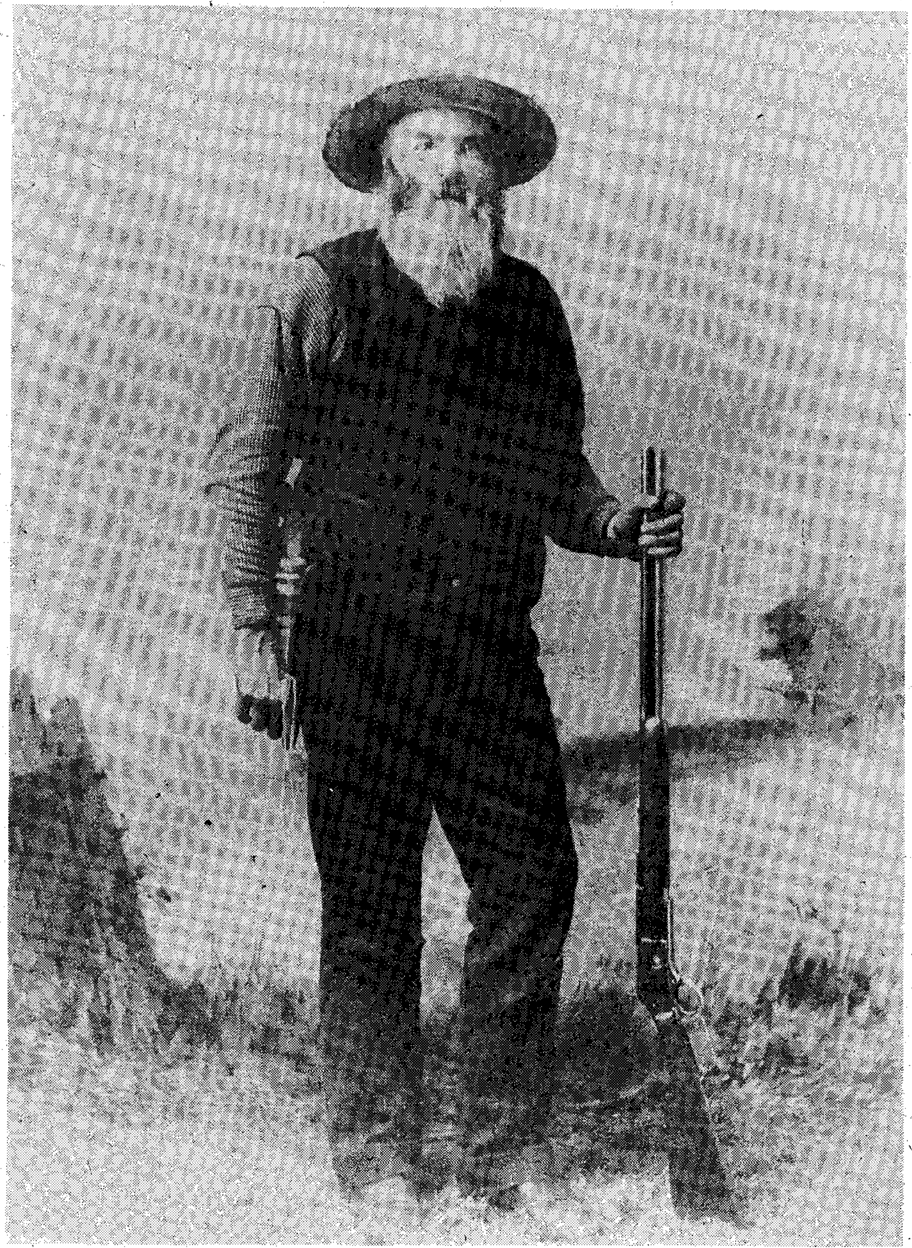
"Run out ob das down wode. Need tan full." The owner had never seen Bones before and could not follow his words so the man said, "Mister, what is it you want?"

Bones said in rather an angry voice, "Need a tan ob dass, dass, dass. Dod da' tant you undestan' pane endish?"

The last time I ever saw Bones Ricks he was walking down the main street of old Miles City during the Fourth of July rodeo time. He had been appointed a law officer and was carrying an old single action frontier model Colt six-shooter in the waistband of his pants. Part of his white shirt tail was pulled out over the butt of the gun. I guess he figured that just looked nicer.

The Saga Of Liver

HE NEVER



Courtesy Carbon County Historical Society

Liver Eating Johnston as he appeared in his prime as an Indian fighter.

Just who was John "Liver Eating" Johnston? He was called Jeremiah Johnson by some Hollywood writers. Others, a bit more serious, referred to him as John Johnson. Apparently both were wrong. His name was John Johnston and he never did eat any Indian livers.

At least that's what Harry Owens of Red Lodge, Montana, claims and Owens has been researching the Liver-eater a long time.

To get an idea of what has been said for years about John Johnston, we publish the first chapter from the book, Crow Killer, the Saga of Liver-eating Johnson, *by Raymond W. Thorp and Robert Bunker. The book was published in 1958 by Indiana University Press, Bloomington, and the chapter is reprinted by permission.*

Eating Johnston

ATE CROW

THE MYTH OF THE CROW-KILLER

From the Book, CROW KILLER, THE SAGA OF LIVER-EATING JOHNSTON

ONE May morning in 1847, Crow Indians killed and scalped John Johnston's pregnant wife; for many years thereafter, he killed and scalped Crow Indians. Then he ate their livers, raw.

He ate them not for hunger's sake, but upon principle — what principle, his whole life history may suggest. Other tribes than the Crows could arouse his anger; the Blackfeet indeed once shamed and mistreated him, their captive; but one tribe only did Johnston dreadfully humiliate. He was Dapiek Absroka, the Killer of Crows.

As such he was feared; his fame served him almost as a weapon. Indians ambushing him, with every tactical advantage, broke and ran when he killed but one of them. As Crow Killer he might expect captivity and, therefore, the chance to escape when taken by other tribes, who would naturally hope to sell him dear to his special foes. On other occasions, as an awesome ally, Johnston could turn tribe against tribe and take for himself, in the warfare that followed, a highly profitable harvest of scalps. His first insane lust for revenge was surely real, whether provoked by the death of one he loved or by mere hurt to his pride; but the reputation it brought him was to be an extraordinary business asset. As John Johnston, the young trapper had already won a name for his strength and quick learning of wilderness ways.

Force and cunning, however, were mere details in his new repute as Liver-Eating Johnson: one whom the Indians could consider as obsessed, divinely mad. Johnston (Johnson) talked but little, and this added to his fearsome personality; he was known as surly, uncommunicative, mistrustful. Yet from the beginning he was willing to talk, when necessary, to set the record straight and inform his companions of things they could not see for themselves. He fell in first with Old John Hatcher, a famous but loquacious trapper who admired him and delighted to spread stories about him. In some of these first stories, Johnston was portrayed as simply the greenhorn: he had been cheated by that sly trader Joe Robidoux, and he had allowed Hatcher to steal upon him at his campfire, apparently unobserved. Yet, as the same stories went on, somehow the greenhorn had beat Robidoux in a horse trade, and had seen more quickly than Hatcher that a

(Continued on page 53)

THE TRUTH ABOUT JOHN JOHNSTON

By HARRY J. OWENS

WHEN John Johnston received the patent for his homestead south of Red Lodge on Feb. 4, 1897, it was recorded as John Johnston, not John Johnson. On his several applications for military pension in his later years, he always signed his name John Johnston. Therefore, throughout this narrative of the life of one of the West's most colorful personalities, the name will be Johnston. John Johnson is not correct.

There never was a Jeremiah Johnson. Where Hollywood dreamed up the name Jeremiah is not known. Perhaps it was some public relations person who had a "biblical" vision.

In the space of a few pages, it is difficult to fully describe the exploits of this remarkable man. John Johnston was not a blow-hard, nor did he try to promote his own image, as did some others.

It would do well to dispel the myth that John Johnston was a bitter enemy of the Crow tribe, sworn to vengeance because of the murder of his Flathead wife by Crow Indians, while Johnston was out hunting. Also a myth is the story that Johnston cut out Indian livers and devoured them, gaining the name "Liver Eating" Johnston.

There is no record at all of Johnston's supposed vendetta against the Crows. On the contrary, he was a great friend of the Crow Indians, with whom he lived much of the time. They called him Black Bear and made him one of themselves, coming to him frequently for counsel and asking his aid in their many wars, particularly against the Blackfeet.

If any tribe had it in for John Johnston, it was the Blackfeet, because of his participation in these revenge raids. For ten years they tried to get him without success. One time, however, they nearly got him. At a spot on the Missouri River, three Piegans (Blackfeet) came upon him suddenly and rushed in to take him. With one tremendous swing of his rifle, Johnston knocked two of the Indians down and then he ran like the wind for the safety of the nearby post.

Further, in an early letter, Johnston wrote in part, "I deny that I am or ever was a squaw man, or ever kept a squaw or wife or otherwise. Any statement to the contrary is a malicious falsehood." This should put to rest the false legend of the "Crow Killer."

According to Johnston's Civil War enlistment record, he was born in Henderton County, New Jersey, in the year of 1830, although some of his later application-for-pension papers show him as being born in 1824. His death certificate, recently discovered in California after a long search, shows his age as 76 in January 1900, so he would have been born in 1823, which is probably correct.

At a very early age, he shipped on a whaling vessel, but after a few voyages, he enlisted in the United States Navy and was in that service during the Mexican War.

The only incident he related of his naval experience was an act of insubordination, which was to his credit. A lieutenant, son of a commodore, struck one of his comrades a bad blow with the flat of his sword, whereupon young Johnston then struck the officer a stunning blow in the neck, stretching him senseless on the deck. The officer, upon recovering, did not know who had struck him, but suspected Johnston.

None of his comrades would testify against him, however, so he escaped capital punishment which would have been his fate for striking a naval officer. For thirty days he could get no shore leave but when he finally did receive liberty, he never returned and drifted to the western country.

THE outbreak of the Civil War found Johnston in Colorado Territory. He then enlisted in St. Louis, Missouri, on Feb. 24, 1864, and was assigned to Company A, Third Regiment of the Colorado Volunteer Cavalry. He served in Price's command as a teamster. On April 23, 1864, he was assigned to Company H, Second Regiment, Colorado Volunteer Cavalry.

He received a gunshot wound in the left shoulder at Westport, Missouri. He was also in engagements at Little Santa Fe, Mine Creek and Newtonia, all in Missouri, in pursuit of Confederate troops.

At Newtonia, he was wounded again with a gunshot in the right leg, below the knee, and was hospitalized in Kansas City for a time. He was mustered out on Sept. 23, 1865, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Recovering from his wounds, Johnston again headed west, turning up in Bannack, Montana. From that time until the end of the Indian wars, he had an adventurous life, either as a scout with the Army or as an Indian fighter on his own.

It was William T. Hamilton (Uncle Billy), the great sign talker and himself one of the bravest frontiersmen, who gave Johnston the credit for being "as brave and cool a warrior as ever drew a bead on a redskin."

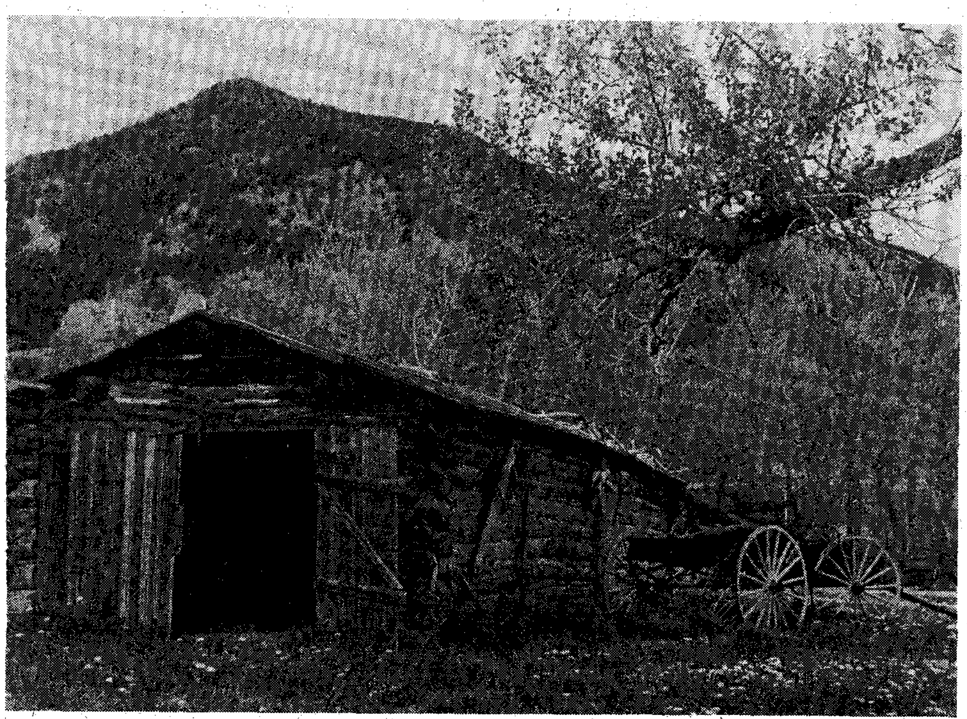
THERE is more than one story about how John Johnston acquired the sobriquet which he carried to his grave. The most accurate version came from the man himself, and here is Johnston's version of how he became known as "Liver Eating."

"We was attacked by Injuns and we licked 'em, licked 'em good. There was fifteen of us and we killed thirty-six of them and wounded sixty. It was toward the close of the fight that I got my name. I was just gettin' my blood up and feelin' like fightin'. We was short of ammunition and as I saw an Injun running toward the cover, I threw my gun to Bill Martin and took Bill's knife. I wasn't going to waste no cartridges on him, for I could lick any Injun I could lay my paws on. I was considered the best shot with a rifle in Montana at that time, but I wanted to save my cartridges. We had a three hundred yard run to the bushes and I caught the Injun by the hair of the head and threw him down just at the edge of the brush.

"I danced and sang on the Injun's body, for that's what they done to a party of whites a few days before. Then I scalped him and then I danced and sang some more. Then I ran my knife into him and killed him and part of his liver came out with the knife. Just then a sort of sqeamish old fellow named Ross came running up. I waved the knife with the liver on it in the air and I cried out, 'Come on and have a piece! It'll stay yer stomach 'til you get home to dinner!'

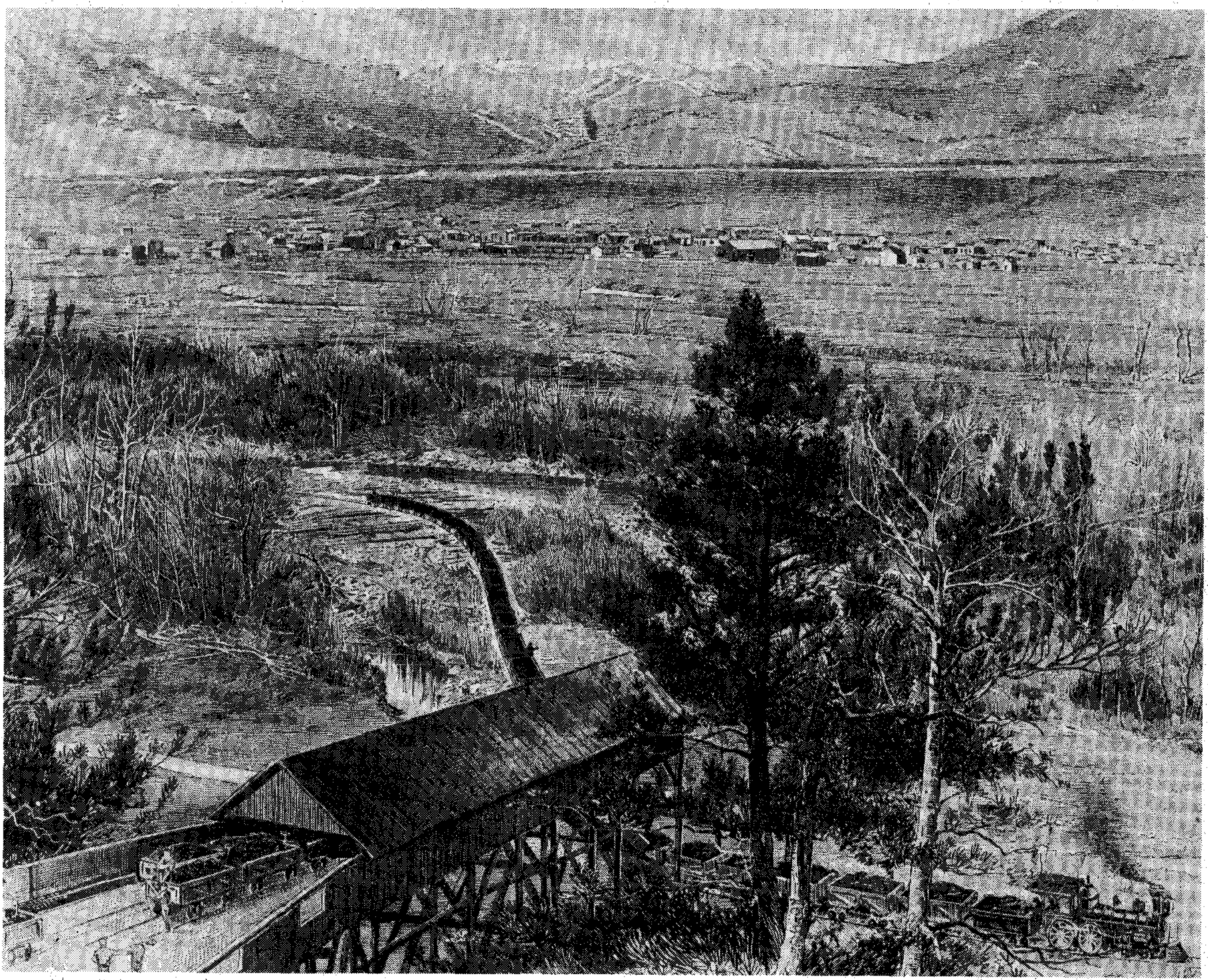
"'Don't want none,' sez he.

"'Come on,' sez I, dancing around, 'I've et some and it's just as good as antelope's liver. Have a bite!' And I kind of made believe take a bite. Then Ross threw up his guts. And he always swore after that that he seen me tear a liver out of a dying Injun and eat it. But that ain't so. I was all over blood and I had the liver on my knife, but I din't eat none of it. The liver coming out was unintentional on my part. But Ross vowed 'twas so and I never got rid of the name."


Courtesy Harry J. Owens

This was Johnston's homestead cabin, located about four miles south of Red Lodge, Montana. It was converted into a garage and later moved to a site near the museum at Red Lodge.

THIS encounter with the Sioux took place on the Musselshell River near its junction with the Missouri River. The year was about 1870, and there were two parties of white men, fifteen in all,



Courtesy Carbon County Historical Society

Early woodcut shows Red Lodge, Montana, about 1891.

camping there cutting bull pine and cottonwood for the steamboats.

The story as told by others is as follows:

One morning Crow Davis and his squaw happened to be the first up in one of the camps. They were a short distance from the camp getting wood for the breakfast fire, when suddenly the squaw told Davis in a low, frightened voice, as she continued to pick up wood, that the camp was surrounded by Indians. Davis was shrewd enough to show no sign of his knowledge of the danger and, after picking up a few more sticks of wood, walked slowly back to the camp as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The squaw kept on gathering wood to keep up the bluff, all the time her cunning black eyes were searching the surrounding woods for signs of Indians as she slowly worked herself back toward the camp. But the strain was too much for even her stoical nature and finally, a moment after Crow Davis reached the camp, she gave a frightened scream, dropped her armful of wood and ran for the camp.

She never reached it. When she was about half way to it, a bullet from an Indian's gun found her and stretched her on the ground, a victim of too much courage or too little fear. The wound was not fatal, however, and she lived for many years afterward.

Johnston then developed his plan of attack. Three men with Winchesters were sent across the river to take up a protected position which commanded the coulee, while Johnston divided up the rest so that no avenue of escape from the coulee was left open for the Indians. After the men were all placed, the fight began and it was very lively. It was a complete surprise to the Sioux, who were picked off like rats in a trap by the men across the river, and when a redskin would stick his warlock above the bank of the coulee, he at once became good and virtuous.

The men across the river did not waste a shot. When the Indians found that escape was hopeless and that they were being slaughtered, they began to dig holes in the bank as protection against the murderous fire. But this availed them little, as the white men would merely change their positions and find them out. The Indians then demanded a pow wow. They wanted to quit and call the affair a draw. Johnston would make no terms; the Sioux must be treated to a dose of their own medicine.

For some time afterward, the whites kept potting the Sioux in the coulee, while the Indians were unable to do any damage at all with their arrows and the few guns they possessed. Finally, they decided to take a desperate chance and rush in a bunch from their trap.

Johnston had observed their maneuver in the coulee and posted most of his men in a little hollow toward which the remaining Indians were heading. The men across the river kept raking the running Indians with a deadly fire. Then, when in close range and not a hundred feet from the hollow, they ran into such a merciless hail of lead that they were mowed down like blades of grass. One volley, the fight was over and dead Sioux were stretched across the plains, a good day's work for a little band of fifteen plainsmen.

But the affair was not yet completed. Quite a number of the wounded had crawled off to hide in the bottoms along the river. It was decided not to let a single one escape, as it would mean certain death for members of the white party. Some Indians begged piteously for life and others received the finishing stroke with the traditional stoicism of their race.

Johnston found one buck as he was crawling away toward the prairie, seriously but not fatally wounded. He trailed him for some distance by the blood splashes on the ground and grass. As the Sioux warrior heard Johnston approach, he turned to make a last desperate fight for his life.

Johnston was upon him in an instant, but found the Indian was unarmed and defenseless. Johnston dropped his rifle and pulled out his hunting knife and felt its edge on his nail.

Seizing the Sioux by a big brass ring in his ear, Johnston threw the Indian over his bended knee and, twisting the head around until every chord and muscle of the neck was tense and taut, gave it one quick, ugly sweep of the knife.

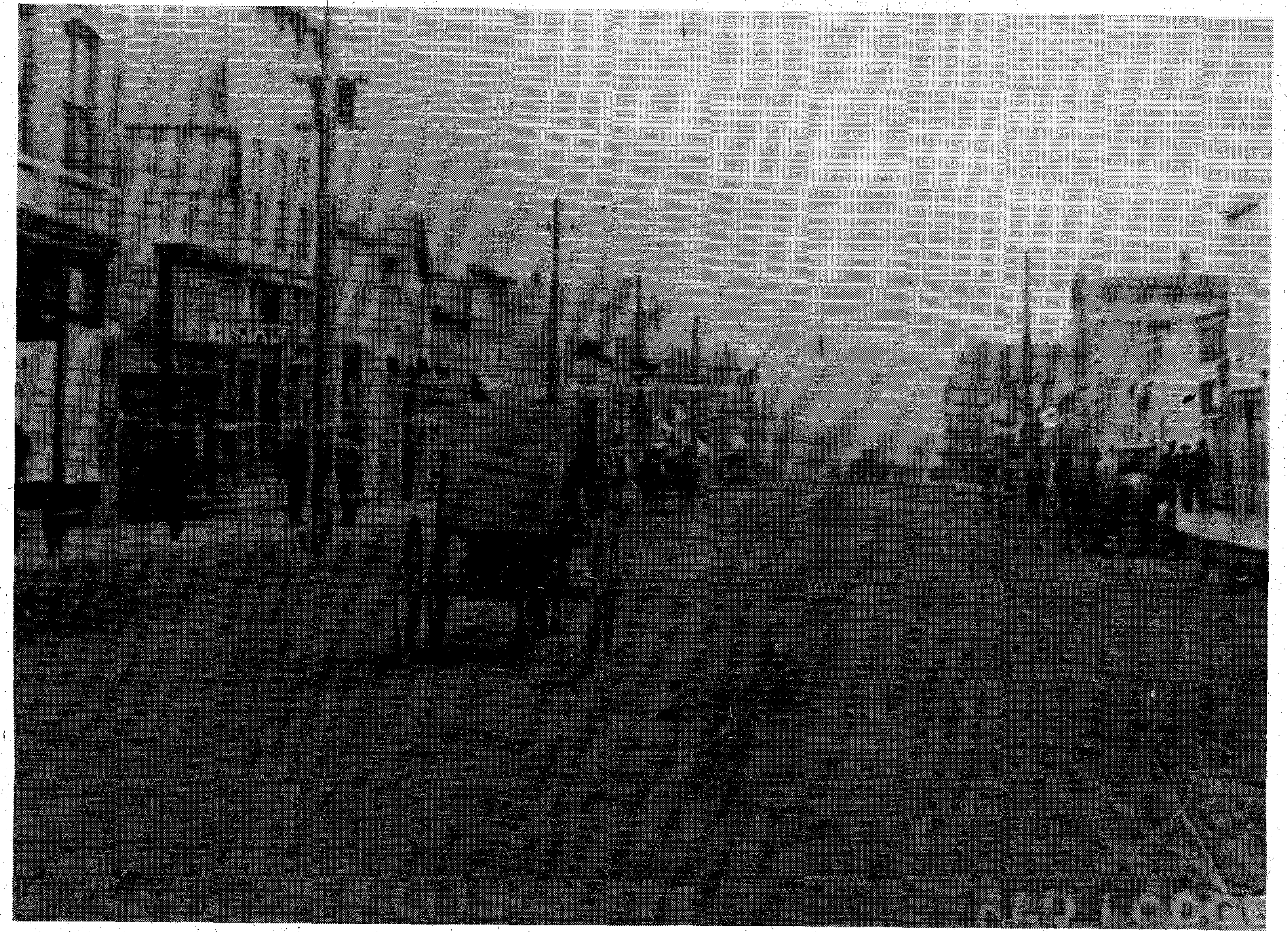
He walked quickly back to his comrades, his rifle in one hand and the bloody knife in the other. When he reached the group, one of them, a pilgrim, noticed a little strip of flesh hanging from the knife blade and asked what is was.

"That," said Johnston, "is a piece of Indian liver. I just had a feast off of one and thought maybe some of you would like a taste. Try it."

Johnston himself pretended to be eating the liver but actually had thrown it to the ground. But the others could see the red patch across his beard and thought he had actually eaten the liver. From that day on, he was known far and wide as "Liver Eating Johnston."

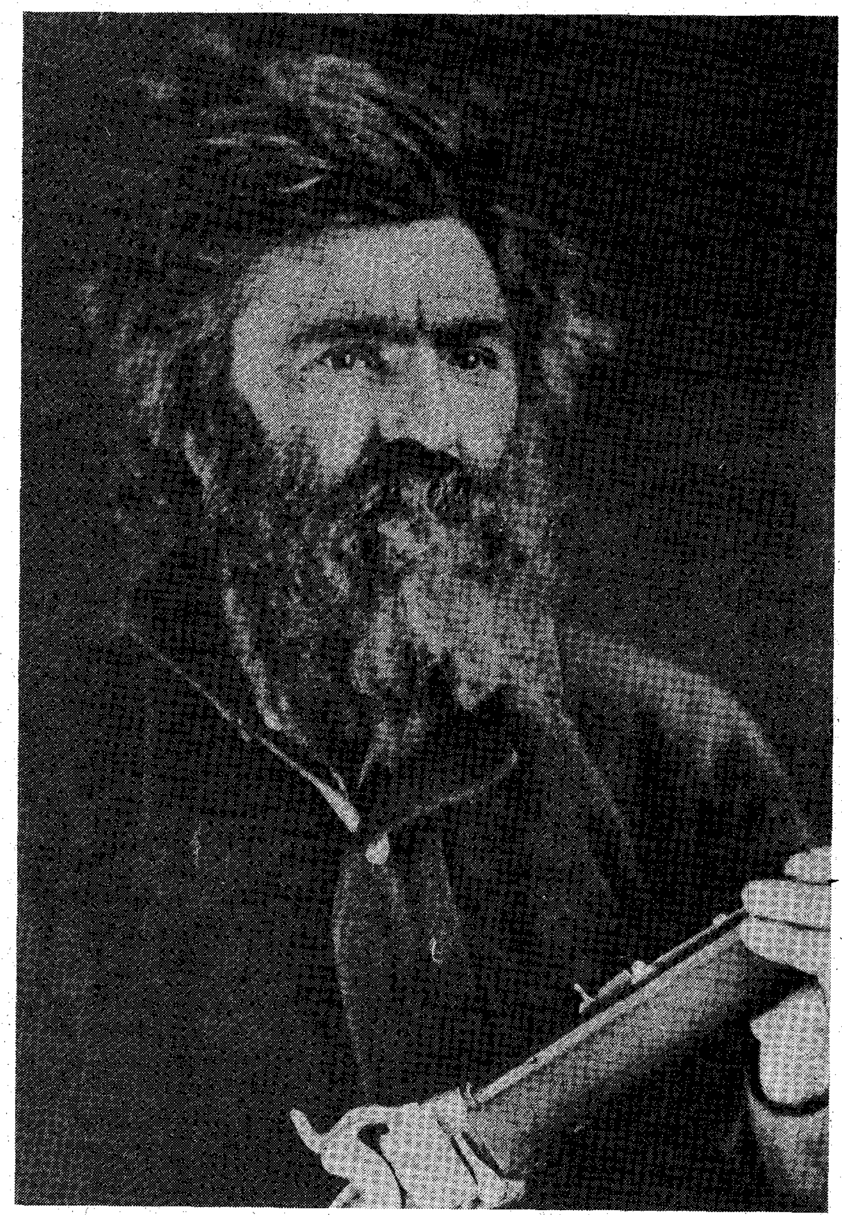
JOHN JOHNSTON was attached to General Nelson Miles' command at Fort Keogh, Montana, in 1877. This was immediately after the Battle of the Little Big Horn and the Custer massacre.

Miles sent Johnston and ten men out to locate the Indians. They found them in force behind a hill, so the whites retreated to another hill which afforded some protection and the Indians attacked. The white men, being well armed and under cover, withstood a number of vicious attempts by the



Courtesy Carbon County Historical Society

Early day Red Lodge, Montana, probably about 1900. This is how it looked as Johnston last saw it before leaving for California.



Courtesy University of Oklahoma Library

Famous photo of Liver Eating Johnston.

Indians to dislodge them. During the day's fighting, the Indians suffered more than forty killed, while Johnston's men escaped without a single casualty. When night came, the Indians withdrew and the scouts were able to make it back to General Miles' camp.

Johnston advised Miles to withdraw his forces and Miles heeded the advice. Miles broke camp and marched away with his small force. The next day a strong body of Cheyennes joined the main force of Indians that had been held off so successfully by Liver Eating and his men. By the time the Indians reached the spot where the soldiers had camped, Miles and his men were far away.

Men who were familiar with the situation always claimed that Johnston and his men saved General Miles and his small force by the gallant fight they put up and by the timely advice Johnston gave Miles.

IN THE winter of 1868, Johnston, having had little luck trapping, joined with X. Beidler, of Montana vigilante fame, in cutting cordwood for the Missouri River steamboats.

In the spring of 1869, the steamboat Nile stopped at Johnston and Beidler's wood yard at the mouth of the Musselshell to purchase cordwood. The two men were taken on board and entertained, the occasion being the captain's birthday. Ice cream was served in the captain's honor. Neither Johnston nor Beidler had ever seen or heard of ice cream, and its coldness, in the afternoon heat, caused them to regard it with suspicion. Johnston asked his partner in a whisper, "X, where in ---- does this stuff come from?"

"Shut up, you fool," growled Beidler, bravely swallowing a spoonful. "It comes in cans!"

Among the boat passengers were several ladies who were spending the summer viewing the West. Their curiosity led them into conversation with Beidler and Johnston, who resented being patronized as if they were a couple of Sioux. One of the ladies inquired of Beidler, "Mr. Beidler, are you married?"

"Yes," grunted Beidler.

"Oh, indeed? Do you know, I hardly thought that. Is your wife, ah, a white woman?"

"Indian."

"How delightful! A native of the great plains. Where is she now?"

"I've sent her to Rome."

"To Rome? To be educated? Just think of such devotion!" she declared to her companions. "Mr. Beidler, do mean to Rome, Italy?"

"No," answered Beidler grimly. "To roam on the prairie!"

This ended the conversation abruptly.

DURING the heyday of the Wild West shows, Johnston was offered a part in a show that was trying to emulate the success of Buffalo Bill's. This show had Indian chiefs, a few sharpshooters and Johnston was advertised as "The Avenging Fury of the Plains." The show went broke in Iowa and Johnston walked back to Montana.

Although the show went broke, Johnston made a very favorable impression on easterners and his name became quite well known. Shortly after his return, an article appeared in a St. Paul, Minnesota, newspaper in which an unnamed officer of General Howard's command belittled Johnston's role in the campaign against the Nez Perce in 1877.

Johnston could not let such a degrading article go unanswered and wrote, in part, to a Billings, Montana, paper in 1884, as follows:

"In the Pioneer Press of the 21st instant, nearly a column is devoted to a sketch of myself and some of my adventures as detailed to a credulous reporter of that paper by a Jim Crow subaltern of the Seventh Cavalry. The Smart Aleck who undertakes to tell the Pioneer Press about me has not the manhood to back

Crow Indians in pow wow. It was not the Crows, but the Blackfeet, who were Johnston's mortal enemy.

up his statements by publishing his name. However, I suspect who he is and am inclined to think him as big a poltroon now as he showed himself to be when a petty lieutenant in the Nez Perce War....

"...I was leading scout and guide of Sturgis's command and part of the time for Howard's and at times for both together. Both these officers, during the campaign and after its close, gave me the highest praise for my knowledge of the country, skill in guiding troops and bravery in a hostile country.

"So far as 'sand' goes, I don't need to go to any second lieutenant for it. I have been in forty different Indian fights and have fought them from California to the Gulf of Mexico. I have killed more Indians than all the officers of the Seventh Cavalry put together, throwing in their regiment for good measure.

"If the dirty, cowardly officer who tried to stab my reputation will publish his name, the first time that I strike his trail, I'll make him think a section of the Day of Judgement struck him. My adventures and my conduct are known pretty well through the West, and I don't need to go away from home to get a certificate of good character, but it does rile me when a whelp of an officer, that was nearly scared to death in one little campaign, comes barking and snarling at my heels, when I can count twice as many coups as he can toes and fingers."

LIVER Eating Johnston was a magnificent specimen of manhood. He stood over six feet tall and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds of solid brawn and muscle, which his arduous life had hardened into the strength of steel. Fatigue was almost unknown to him, and he had greater endurance than most Indians.

His personal appearance was striking with a shaggy growth of jet black whiskers and an enormous head of long hair. Cold, shrewd, steel-gray eyes were true indices of character. Johnston did not affect the fancy dress of some frontier dandies. He was usually clothed in buckskin, but it was simple and inornate in the extreme.

His appetite for meat was phenomenal. One winter, while wolfing on the Marias River, northwest of present Great Falls, Montana, he killed and ate thirteen buffalo. He shot them and hung them up near his cabin at the beginning of the season. When spring came, there was very little left.

The next few years, Johnston continued his trades of trapping, placer mining, scouting and fighting Indians. In 1881, he was appointed deputy sheriff at Coulson, Montana Territory, by Sheriff Tom Irvine of Custer County.

Quite some time had elapsed after his appointment and he still had sent no prisoners to the county jail. Coulson had a reputation as a wild town, so Sheriff Irvine went to investigate. He found the town fairly quiet and asked Johnston, "Say John, why haven't you been sending in the prisoners you have arrested?"

"How in hell could I arrest anybody?" asked Johnston in great surprise. "You know there ain't no jail here to put 'em in after I arrest 'em, so I don't arrest anybody. I just beat hell out of the ones that should be arrested and turn 'em loose and I've never had to arrest the same man twice!"

When the railroad reached Billings, Coulson ceased to exist and Johnston moved to Billings.

Johnston gave up enforcing the law in Billings and moved to an island in the Yellowstone River where he raised cabbages. When they matured, he took a load to Billings, but was offered only three cents a pound, which he refused.

"I sweated over them damned cabbages all summer long for three cents a pound! I'll go build me a cabin in the mountains where I can kill all I want to eat, and I'll never work again," he told a friend.

JOHNSTON then moved to Red Lodge, Montana. He homesteaded about three miles south of town, taking up one hundred and sixty acres, patent signed on Feb. 4, 1897, by President Grover Cleveland.

During the summer of 1894, Ben Greenough was gathering timber in the mountains and stayed with Johnston in his cabin. George Haywood, who also visited him there, remembered that he had a nice garden, potato patch and raised some hay.

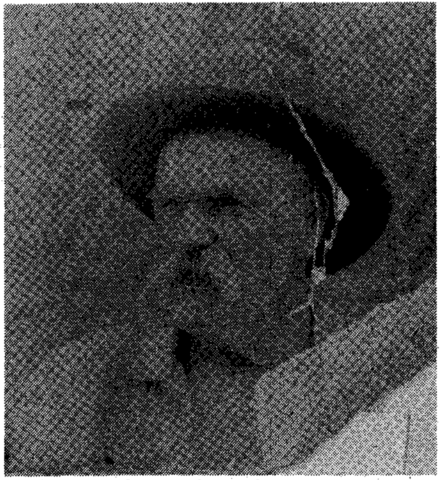
Johnston was appointed the first constable in the new town of Red Lodge and served several terms. Here he followed his unique methods of enforcing the law. Ben Greenough recalled, "I remember one time, I was in an old saloon (George Howard's) near the present site of Mountain View called 'Jack the Ripper.' There was two little old Scotch coal miners, drunk and fighting on the floor. Johnston happened to pass by, looked in and saw them, came in and picked them both off the floor, one under each arm. There was only plank sidewalks and a hitch pole. Johnston walked out with those two men under his arms, fighting and cussing, laid them across the hitch pole, banged their heads together, dropped them both in the dirt and walked off and left them laying there. I thought he had killed them. They laid there a few minutes, then both got up, put their arms around each other, fight all out of them, sober by that time."

The late Fred Longmore was a young lad when he knew Liver Eating Johnston. One day he asked, "Mr. Johnston, did you really cut out an Indian's liver and eat it?"

"That's what they say, Sonny," Johnston replied.

The late O. J. Salo also carried fond memories of the old Indian fighter. "He gave me nickels several times and always told me, 'Kid, don't spend that for anything but licorice.' The second time he gave me a nickel, he called me 'Snow Top.' I had white hair then."

When boys who didn't have any money wanted to see a show at the Finn Opera House, Johnston would hoist them on his shoulders and older boys, already in the hall, would pull them into the balcony and they saw the show for nothing.



Courtesy Carbon County Historical Society

John Johnston as he appeared in his last years.

The end of the century loomed and so did life for Liver Eating Johnston.

ON DECEMBER 9, 1899, his health broken and without funds, John Johnston, famous scout and frontiersman, departed for the California soldiers' home. Fred Longmore wrote:

"I grew to be a friend to Mr. Johnston and he was good to me and very kind. I went to the depot with Fred Swope and Mr. Potter and Mr. Johnston in Jim Virtue's coach when Mr. Johnston went to the old soldiers' home in California."

A story in the Carbon County Democrat is evidence of the esteem that the citizens of Red Lodge had for the old man.

"John (Liver Eating) Johnston departed Saturday for California, where he has permission to enter the soldiers' home. The health of the old scout has been failing very sadly for the past year, and his once powerful physique is not recognizable now in the feeble and broken-down old man who boarded Saturday's train. Yet, there was a time when the name of Liver Eating Johnston was a terror to Montana Indians, many of whom his trusty rifle has assisted in their researches for a land where snow is at a premium.

"It was chiefly as a raconteur of the brave deeds of the past that the present generation knows the Liver Eater, and his reminiscences were told with becoming modesty. From the commencement of this town, Johnston has made his home here. And it was plain to see that he was most reluctant to leave it, even when his better judgment convinced him against his will that it was the part of wisdom to accept the provision made for the nation's heroes. Indeed, it is a two-to-one bet that Dad Johnston will not turn around in his tracks, and come back to Red Lodge, to spend his few remaining days among the friends he loves, and it would not be an unwelcome sight for a good many of our best citizens to see old Liver Eater arrive at the Red Lodge station."

RED LODGE citizens were saddened to hear the news of the death of Liver Eating Johnston at the National Soldiers Home in Santa Monica, California, on Sunday, Jan. 21, 1900, scarcely more than a month after he left Red Lodge. No doubt, he died of a broken heart at having to leave his beloved Beartooth Country.

The Red Lodge Picket printed a brief note from a Sergeant Whitehead:

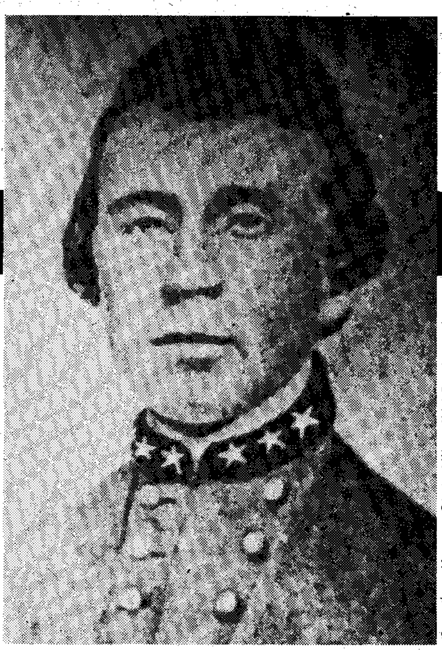
"National Soldiers Home, Los Angeles County, Calif., Jan. 22, 1900. The editor, Red Lodge Picket. Dear Sir: Thinking some of his friends might be interested and like to know, I write to inform you and them that John Johnston, better known there as 'Liver Eating Johnston,' died at this home yesterday and was buried here today."

In 1975, a government agency, in violation of several of its regulations, allowed the disinterment of John Johnston's body. He would have abhorred the reburial at a tourist stop near some warehouses in a Wyoming town. Nowhere can be seen his beloved Beartooths.

Liver Eating Johnston would enjoy the last laugh, however, as all that was left of his earthly remains when the grave was opened was a large leg bone and a few fragments of the cedar coffin in which he had been buried. And, although this tourist stop now claims his remains, they did not capture his spirit. The spirit of John Johnston still roams wild and free over his Beartooths and, in the final reckoning, that is what really counts.

Border Shift

Border Shift — The throwing of a gun from one hand to the other and catching, cocking, and if need be, firing it without seeming to pause. — From Eugene Cunningham, *Triggernometry* New York, 1934, p. 423.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

THE VICTOR ...William Quantrill.

Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

THE VICTIM ...General James G. Blunt.

MASSACRE AT

Quantrill's Men Rout

By WAYNE T. WALKER

AFTER the battle of Honey Springs, Federal forces under General James G. Blunt continued to drive the Confederates almost to the Red River, the river which divided Texas from Indian Territory. On September 1, 1863, Blunt marched his victorious forces into Fort Smith, Arkansas, and had the Stars and Stripes run up the flagpole.

Blunt decided to make his headquarters in Fort Smith as it would be closer to his operations during the coming months and permit his forces to drive even deeper into southern territory.

First, however, Blunt had to arrange affairs at Fort Scott, his old headquarters in Kansas. Because of the threatening situation at Fort Smith, the general hurried at Fort Scott.

By the time he was ready to leave, he had a large wagon train loaded with supplies and official documents and he was accompanied by an escort, a band and a new ambulance.

On Oct. 4, 1863, Blunt and his wagon train left Fort Scott. In a buggy rode the beautiful 22-year-old wife of Captain Chester Thomas, brigade quartermaster, anticipating a reunion with her husband in Arkansas. Driver of the buggy was Charles A. Davis of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry.

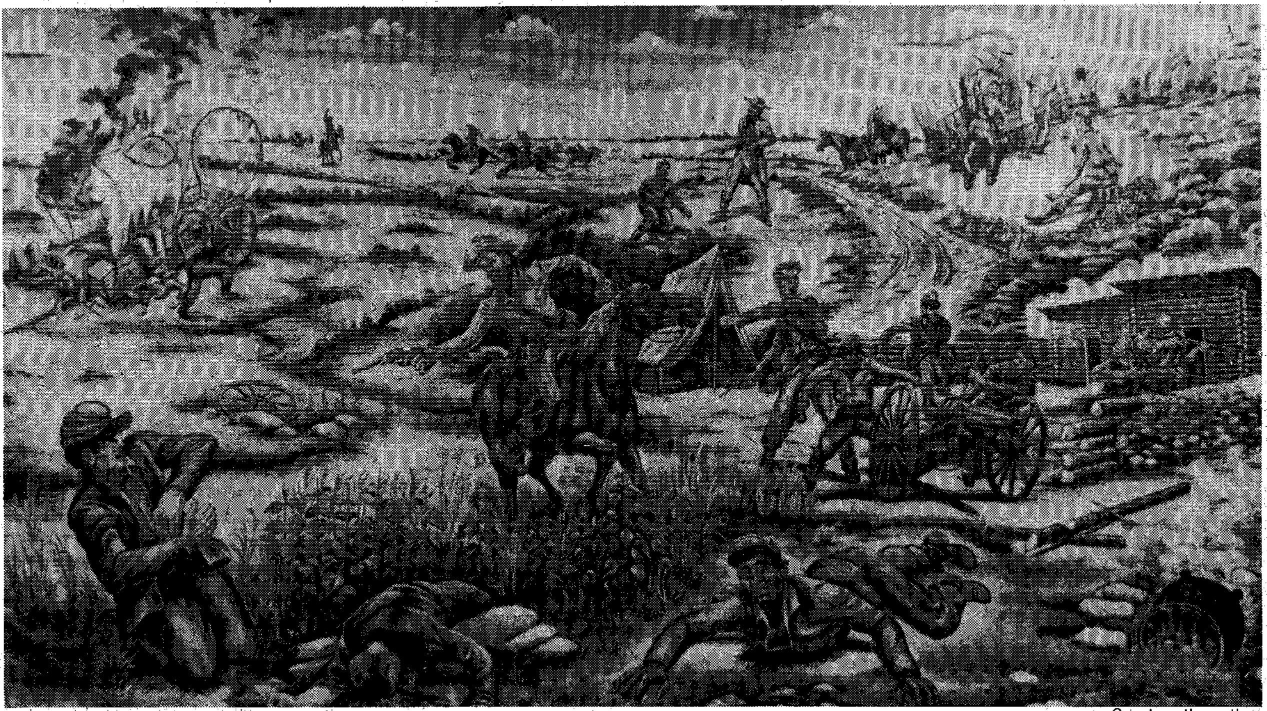
On the morning of October 6, the command arrived about a quarter of a mile north of the post at Baxter Springs, Kansas, where Blunt's attention was called to a body of mounted men advancing from the timber . . . .

COLONEL Charles W. Blair, commander of the District of Southern Kansas, felt the military encampment at Baxter Springs was important and should have a bigger stockade. He ordered D company of the Third Wisconsin Cavalry and the Second Kansas Colored Infantry to the encampment to build a small fort.

The troops erected a line of earth and log breastworks about four feet high to enclose a space for their troops, tents, supplies and animals.

The officers ran up a Union flag on a makeshift pole and named the new post Fort Blair, after their commander.

During the latter part of September, army scouts ordered Lieutenant James B. Pond, Third Wisconsin Cavalry, to march with C Company and a 12-pound



Courtesy the author

This mural, in a Baxter Springs, Kansas, museum depicts the massacre during the Civil War.

BAXTER SPRINGS

Large Federal Force

mountain howitzer to Fort Blair to strengthen the forces there.

Immediately on arrival at Fort Blair, Pond took command of the post as he was the senior officer. He also had some of the breastworks torn down and extended the enclosure for the additional men he brought with him.

The post larder was low so Pond sent sixty men with wagons to forage on the morning of October 6. This left about a hundred troopers in the post. The foragers took all available horses and wagons.

Acting as scout for the men at Fort Blair was "Pony Johnny," or Johnny Frye, the first Pony Express rider to leave St. Joseph, Missouri, on the initial run. On the morning of the 6th, Frye accompanied Lieutenant Cook, another scout called Shorty and five other men to a secluded spot away from Fort Blair to do some target practicing . . . .

IN THE latter part of September 1863, after the Lawrence, Kansas, massacre, the small, ex-schoolteacher with red hair, William Clarke Quantrill, sent instructions to his guerillas to assemble at Captain Perdee's farm on the Blackwater River in Johnson County, north of Warrensburg, Missouri.

Since the issuance of Order No. 11 by General Thomas Ewing, the guerillas were scattered all over the middle counties of Missouri and their activities were suppressed. Now the harrassers became the harrassed, with Union cavalry pursuing them relentlessly. Any guerilla caught was shot or hung on the spot.

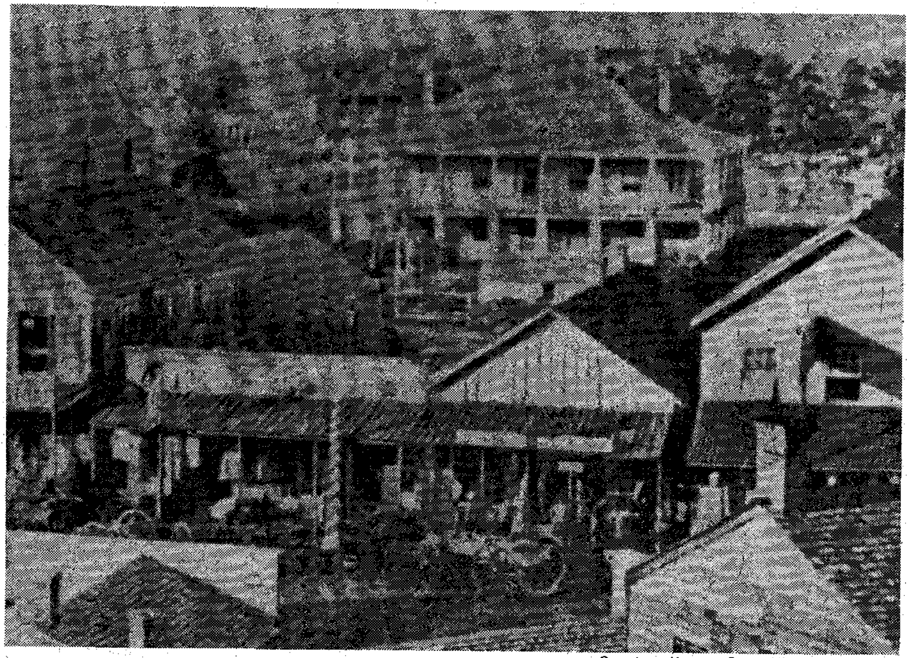
The guerillas gathered and decided to march south to a more friendly clime.

On October 2, as darkness lightened into dawn, Quantrill moved out with his nearly 500 guerillas on their long march south. They were dressed in captured Federal uniforms and were heavily armed and well mounted. The time had passed for them to have left this section of the country and they were in a hurry.

For the next three days, as they continued to push south, their movements were not discovered by Federal patrols. The guerillas passed twenty miles east of Carthage, Missouri, and crossed Shoal Creek at Grand Falls. They then headed west to the old military trail in the Quapaw Indian Nation.

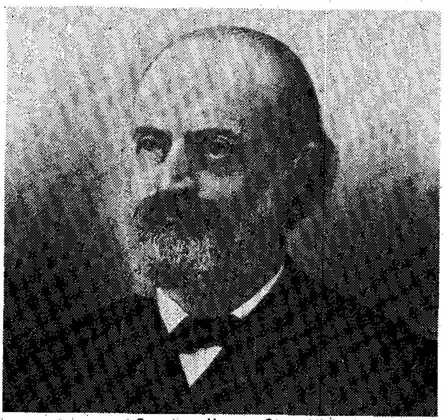
During the morning of the 6th, Captain Brinker, in charge of the guerilla's advance guard, fell back and reported he spotted a wagon train moving south on the trail. Quantrill ordered Brinker to go back and determine the nature of the train . . . .

JOHNNY FRYE and the others at target practice looked up as several



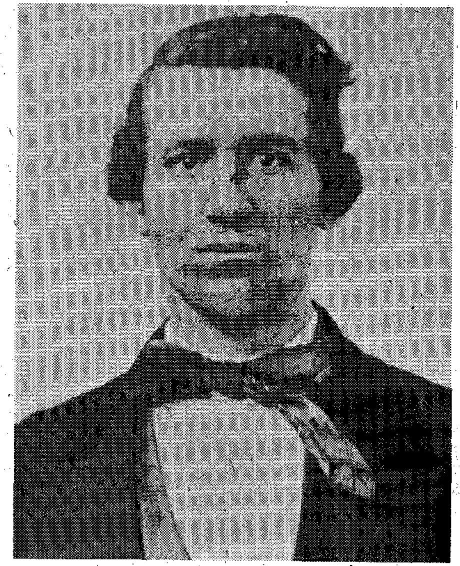
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Fort Scott, Kansas, 1863.



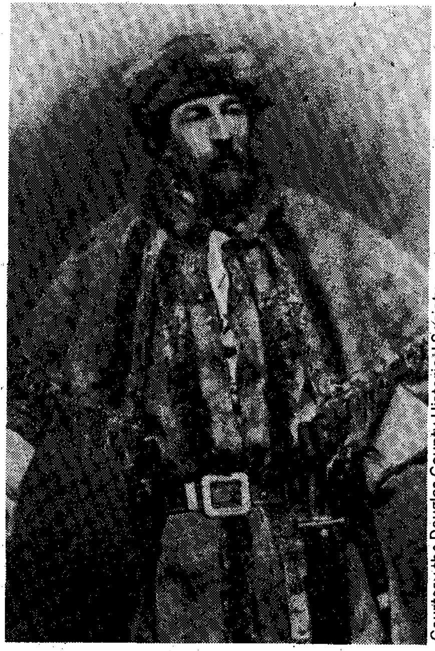
Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

Colonel Charles Blair



Courtesy the author

Johnny Frye, one of the first Pony Express riders, was a federal scout at Fort Blair and was one of the first slain by Quantrill's party.



Courtesy the Douglas County Historical Society

Captain William Tough, a federal scout, realized that the approaching men dressed as Yankees were not what they seemed.

riders rode out of the underbrush. Both parties were caught by surprise. The small group of Union men had not been firing the past few moments and the guerillas did not know they were there until they rode into the clearing. At first, the uniforms of the riders fooled the Federal men.

Captain Brinker rode up and demanded they surrender, but Frye and Shorty went for their guns. In the melee, Frye, Lieutenant Cook and Shorty were killed. The others were taken prisoner.

Meanwhile, at Fort Blair, officers, evidently feeling a sense of security, posted no pickets. At noon, most of the Union men were eating or strolling about the grounds. At the moment, the war seemed far away.

Several men in the camp heard gunfire but dismissed it as target practice.

Brinker fell back with the advance and waited for the guerillas to close up. He had seen the tents of the new arrivals west of the fort and assumed it was the camp of the wagon train. The Confederates never spotted the fort which was concealed by trees.

Quantrill ordered his men to close ranks and form fours, with half of the command to move out under captains Brinker and Dave Pool and attack the encampment. Meanwhile, he led the remaining forces through the woods between the fort and Spring River. He planned to come out on the prairie to the north and to start a murderous charge from that point.

From three directions, the guerillas under Brinker and Pool swooped down on Fort Blair, yelling and firing. The Federal troops ran through the ranks of guerillas as they swept between the camp kitchen and fort. Diving over the embankments, the black soldiers and white cavalrymen grabbed weapons and returned the fire.

Pond came scurrying from his tent and headed for the howitzer to put it into action. There was no time for orders. It was every man for himself. Pond wasn't too familiar with the howitzer and failed to cut the fuse. Consequently, a shell fell far short of its target. But it helped to scare the Confederates.

It was mass confusion with blue firing into blue. Soon the heavy fire from the barricades and the blockhouses made the raiders believe there was a larger force at the post. The guerilla forces pulled back to the timber along Spring River. It was then that they were commanded to join Quantrill, who failed to charge the fort. He had found an easier prey.

At the fort, Pond found he had lost eight men. Even so, he considered the post fortunate. They made ready for another attack. The howitzer was mounted prominently in front with the fuse properly cut.

MEANWHILE, General Blunt, looking dapper in carefully brushed hair and neatly trimmed mustache, climbed from the ambulance and called for his mount, which young Frank Arnold, Company I, Third Wisconsin Cavalry, had been leading.

Not hearing the firing from the fort,

Blunt believed the blue-clad horsemen ahead were waiting to formally welcome the headquarter train. Flattered by the thought, he ordered the band members to prepare a rousing tune.

Riding with the fourteen band members was James O'Neal, a combat artist for Frank Leslie's Illustrated newspaper. The artist had been with the general during his successful summer campaign through the Indian Nations and the western edge of Arkansas, including the capture of Fort Smith.

He noticed the general was acting differently from only a few months ago. It appeared the scrappy little leader was becoming vain. For example, he had the men dressed for parade grounds instead of for combat on this trip.

Suddenly, Blunt ordered the train to halt. Something bothered him about the scene ahead. More riders appeared out of the timber, joining the others in ragged formation. Some appeared to be loading their pistols and rifles. Blunt ordered Captain Tough ahead to identify the men.

Tough rode close to what appeared to be Union troops and suddenly wheeled his mount and fled back to Blunt. By this time, Blunt heard the sound of cannons booming and the muffled rattle of rifle fire. Quantrill had discovered the military train when he broke out of the timber and discarded the plan to attack the fort.

Quantrill sent word to the men assailing the fort to join him in the attack on the wagon train. Soon Brinker and Pool's men rode out of the timber to join their compatriots. Quantrill knew when the Union rider wheeled for his troops that the masquerade was over. He ordered a charge.

In the Union troops, Frank Arnold and Jack Splain quickly raised their rifles and fired. But by this time, the guerillas were within sixty yards and the Union men were flustered. Their shots whined over the heads of the guerillas.

Some accounts claim none of the men in the train fired a shot, but broke and ran. However, Quantrill, in his report to General Sterling Price, said "I now formed my men for a charge on the train. Not a shot was fired, until within sixty yards of them, then a volley too high to hurt anyone and these fled in wildest confusion."

Before the Union men could reload, the guerillas were on them in a cloud of dust and gunsmoke. The grinning, jeering guerillas swept among them, firing at point blank range.

The escort broke and ran. Frank Arnold felt several searing pains. His horse fell and he tried to throw himself free, but was pinned under the thrashing animal until it died. He lay there, silent and motionless, but conscious of events. Although he didn't realize it, he had been shot six times.

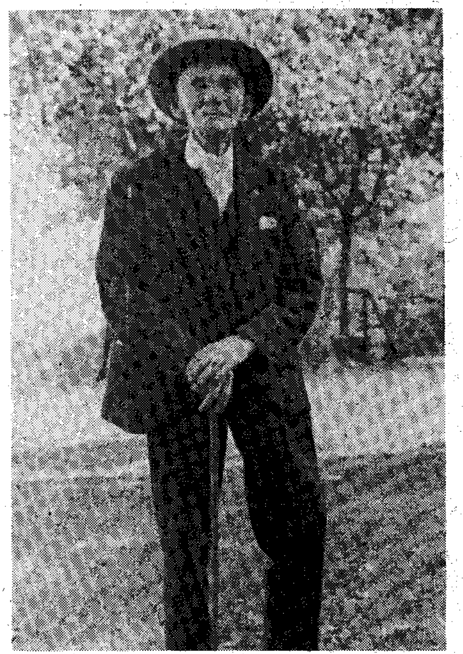
It was no battle, just a bloodbath.

CHARLES Davis made Mrs. Thomas lie on the floor of the buggy and he whipped the team into a run of three miles or more. When he came to a riderless, saddled military mount, he grabbed the reins. He mounted Mrs. Thomas on the horse and directed her to circle around and ride to Fort Scott.

Not so lucky were members of the band. The driver of the band wagon was about to flee, when he was halted by a guerilla named William Bledsoe. Some-

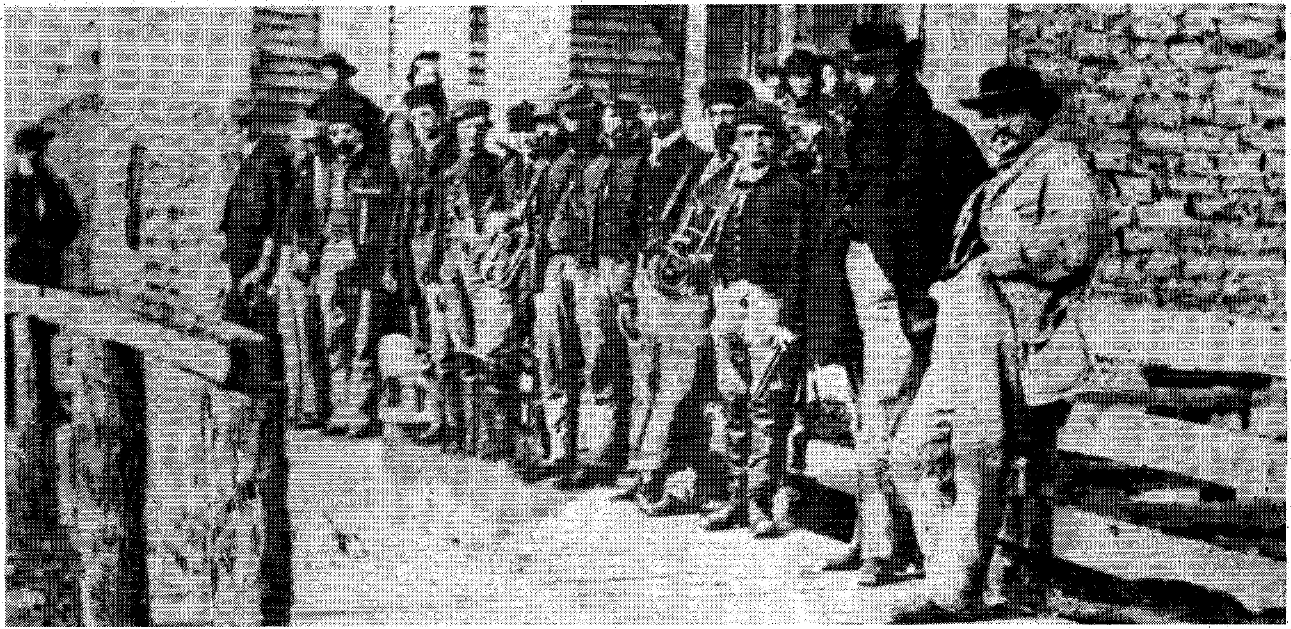
Courtesy the author

Captain Frank Arnold



Courtesy the author

Captain Frank Arnold in old age.



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

General Blunt's band, all members of which were killed in the massacre, taken just before they left Fort Scott.

one in the wagon shot and killed Bledsoe. The driver then whipped the horses in an attempt to get away but after about a mile, a wheel came off, spilling the band members to the ground. The guerillas caught them and, though the band members tried to surrender, they shot them one by one.

O'Neal, the artist, pleaded for the life of a 12-year-old drummer boy, but to no avail. Both were shot. The guerillas turned the band wagon over the bodies and set fire to it. Screams of the wounded rent the air as the fire blazed over them.

When the military escort turned and fled the guerillas, many met death at a wide ravine which ran across the escape route. The horses refused to jump and their riders were sitting targets for the Rebel fire.

Only a few escaped the bloody slaughter on the prairie. Many of the Union men believed they faced a regular Confederate force and that if they surrendered, they would be treated as prisoners of war. However, as soon as they surrendered, they were killed.

Frank Arnold lay on the prairie in agony, listening to the wails and groans of the wounded. Then it was his time. He looked up into the eyes of a guerilla and knew their meaning. A gun muzzle was aimed between his eyes and a husky voice snarled:

"Yank, tell Billy God that the last man you saw on earth was Quantrill!"

The bullet fired by Quantrill entered Arnold's head between the eyes, ranged through his nose to his jawbone and exited near his right ear. Arnold lost consciousness.

After the killing was over, the Rebels enjoyed their fill of food and whiskey plundered from the train. Never had the men in Quantrill's command seen their commander under the influence of whiskey until this day. He drank his share and it hit him hard, making him talk too much.

"By God, Shelby could not whip Blunt; neither could Marmaduke, but I whipped him," Quantrill repeated as he strutted over the battlefield.

MEANWHILE, back at the fort, Pond was awaiting the attackers to charge again. They heard the gunfire on the prairie, but Pond and his men knew it would be foolish to leave the protection of the post.

Quantrill formed his command into a battle line on the prairie to the southwest of the fort, as if for an all-out assault. Captain Todd and two others were sent under a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the fort. (According to one source, one of this trio was Jesse James, a raw teenage recruit).

Without hesitation, Pond refused and his forces were made ready for the attack. Quantrill and his command waited for almost thirty minutes, then the line wheeled and the guerillas rode south.

The movements of the guerilla forces were watched by General Blunt and a handful of men who rallied after they escaped from the massacre scene. Blunt put scouts on Quantrill's trail and he returned with the rest of the survivors to Fort Blair. He also sent aides to Fort Scott for reinforcements.

Ninety-three of Blunt's escort were killed and it was a lasting blow to his military career. Losing men under actual battle conditions was one thing, but to see them butchered because of defensive negligence was unforgivable. Blunt had been traveling through dangerous country without an advance guard.

He never was able to erase the memory of the massacre. Even excessive alcohol did not keep it from preying on his mind. He died in 1881, at St. Elizabeth's Hospital for the Insane in Washington D. C.

Quantrill marched south on the military road, his forces capturing a scouting party of twelve Indian soldiers from Fort Gibson. They shot them all.

At a point eighteen miles above Fort Gibson, they crossed the Arkansas River and later joined General Douglas Cooper's command south of the Canadian River, in the Choctaw Nation.

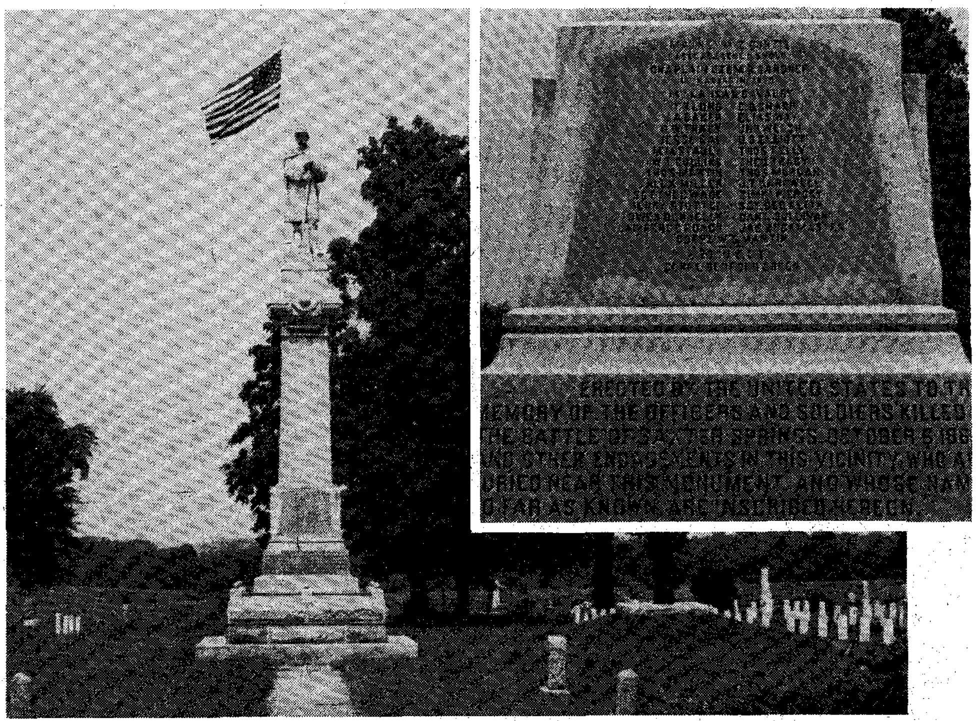
A BURIAL detail was sent out from Fort Blair. They dug a huge square hole and lined the bottom with a Union flag. Then they gathered the dead and placed them in the tomb.

Men in the burying detail picked up Frank Arnold and were about to lower him into the pit when one noticed Arnold was bleeding. After examination, they hauled him to the fort hospital. The post surgeon, Dr. W. H. Warner, decided Arnold would die by morning so let him lay all night with his wounds undressed.

During the evening, consciousness returned, but Arnold was unable to communicate with anyone. At morning, Dr. Warner noticed signs of life and quickly attended to the wounds. Arnold received seven shots, four in the head. But he lived and at war's end he was discharged.

Years later, when he was speaking at the unveiling of the massacre monument at Baxter Springs National Cemetery, Arnold said of Quantrill:

"I bear no malice towards those who honestly fought in the Southern Confederacy but such brutality as Quantrill engaged in cannot receive forgiveness from me."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Courtesy the author

Monument to the men who died in the Baxter Springs Massacre. Insert is a close-up of the inscription.

Trails Grown Dim

Grandad Traveled with 'Golden Spike' Party

My grandmother, Mary Ann Cole, was born on March 11, 1858, in Provo City, Utah. Her father was Benjamin H. Cole, born about 1832. She had three brothers.

Mary Ann married William Carlyn Kessell who worked for the Central Pacific Railroad as a brakeman and traveled with the train carrying the official party bound for the driving of the Golden Spike at Promontory, Utah on May 10, 1869.

William Carlyn Kessell came to America with his father about 1864. His father, also William Carlyn, either returned to England or was killed in a "pub brawl" here in the states.

I would appreciate hearing from anyone who has information on the Cole or Kessell families. — **Roberta Kessell Riggan, 3315 Bristol Avenue, Klamath Falls, OR 97601.**

Weathers-Milligan-Lancaster Priddy-Murray

My great-grandparents were Belle (or Mary Ella Belle) Weathers and William Madison Milligan. Belle was born in Georgia around 1870. Her mother remarried a man by the name of Lancaster and she may have been known by that name instead of Weathers.

After their marriage, Belle and Will Milligan traveled by covered wagon through New Mexico where my grandmother was born in Deming. Will Milligan had Spanish and Apache Indian ancestry. They eventually settled in Oklahoma.

I also would appreciate information on my great-grandmother, Melissa Jane Priddy or her husband Steven Donny Murray.

Melissa was born around 1870; Steven Murray was quite a bit older than she. They lived for a time in Kentucky where my grandfather was born near Louisville in 1897. They went to Marlow, Oklahoma where my grandparents met and married around 1920.

Any information on my relatives or their descendants will be appreciated. — **Ms. Cheryl Ippolito, 1689 Lenox Avenue, East Meadow, NY 11554.**

Rader-Byrne

I am seeking information regarding my great-grandmother, Amanda Jane Rader. She was born somewhere in Indiana in 1844 or 1845, and crossed the plains by wagon train with her parents at about eleven years of age, coming to Buckeye Valley near Sacremento, California.

In 1867, she married James Patrick Byrne at Mission Dolores, San Francisco. She died at age 57 in 1902 and is buried in Tuscarora, Nevada. Any information will be greatly appreciated. — **Jeanne Halsey, 358½ Roberts Street, Reno, NV 89502.**

Scott-Guile

I am searching for information on my great-great-grandfather, John David Wesley Scott, who was born on September 24, 1838, in Hartford, Connecticut and died December 15, 1914, in Laird, Colorado. He married Laura Jane Guile. They lived in the Scandia, Kansas area.

John Scott's son Jay, my paternal grandfather, built two sod houses on his 640 acre homestead in Sioux County, Nebraska about 1908. One of the houses still stands in what is now a pasture for cattle.

Laura Jane Guile was born on July 23, 1847, in Sharon, Wisconsin to Elijah and Charlotte Jefferson Guile. I have information on this line back to the 1600s and will share with anyone doing research. — **Eunice Scott Barrow, Rt. 3, Box 515FA, San Antonio, TX 78218.**

Semple

I am seeking information regarding James A. Semple who was a captain in the South Navy and was present with the so-called South Gold Train in the Washington-Georgia area in 1865.

Any information on his movement after May 4, 1865, or the place of his death will be appreciated. — **Bernard Steppe, Jr., P.O. Box 68, Sunset Beach, CA 90742.**

Ashburn-Sutton-Stacks

Byrd Ashburn and Betsy Paten were married on January 26, 1823 in Madison County, Alabama. They had seven or eight children, three known by name: John S., Bird C. and Clement C.

The father is known to have married Mrs. Mary Clapp, widow of William Clapp, on April 29, 1840. We believe Bird C. Ashburn married Tabitha (last name unknown).

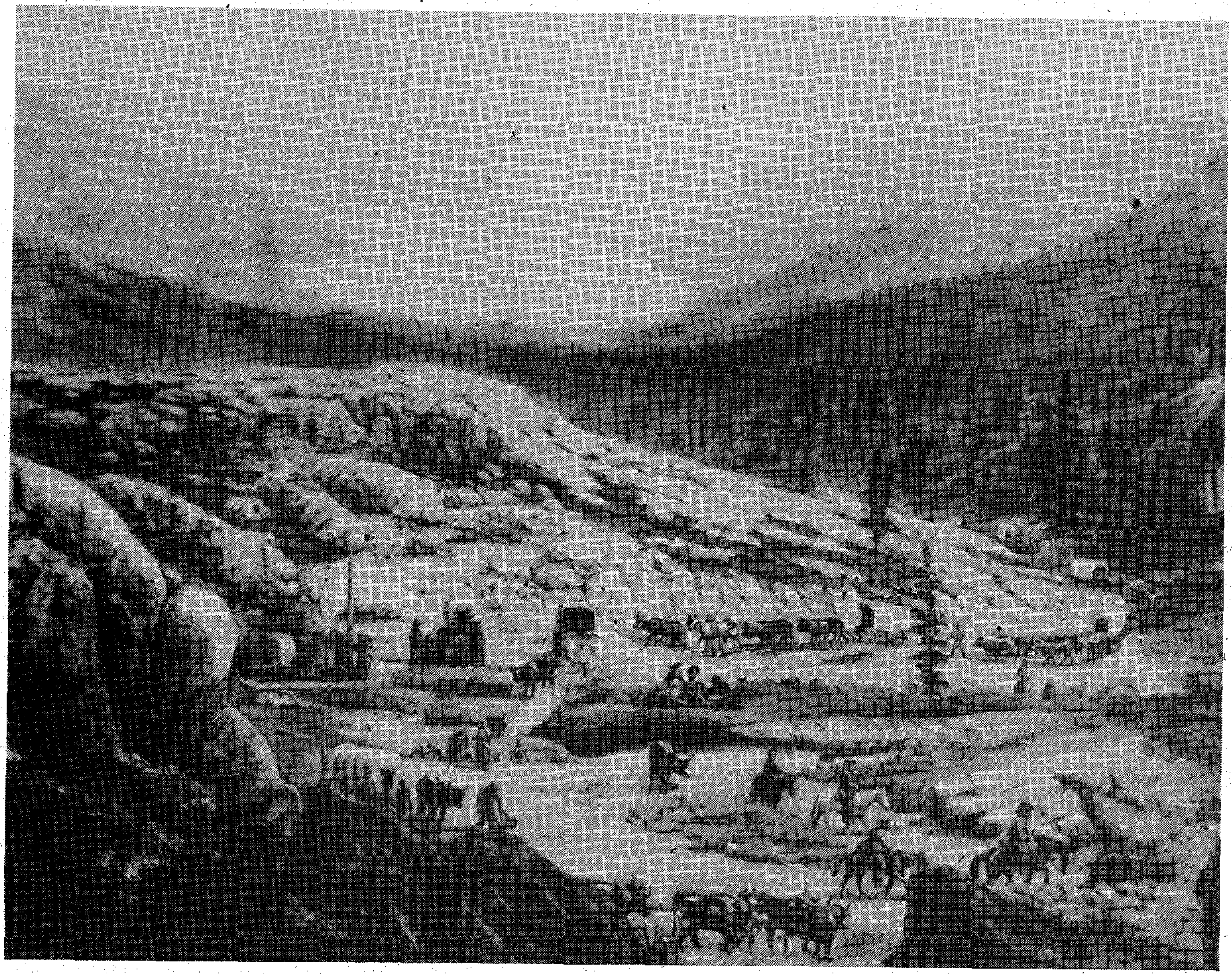
Tabitha Ashburn and two daughters, Cynthia and Rhoda, are listed in the 1870 Marshall County, Alabama census records. Cynthia Ann Ashburn, born May 9, 1857, married Vance Bush Sutton in Marshall County on August 31, 1876. He was born February 5, 1858.

Any information will be appreciated and all letters answered. — **E.F. Riggs, 79 Rose, Turlock, CA 95380.**

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. If possible, please type your query; if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places. Please limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Caught in the wilds of the Sierra Nevadas, this California pioneer ate

FOX THREE TIMES A DAY



Courtesy Sunnyvale Historical Society

The Stephens-Murphy party, from a painting by Andrew P. Hill, showing the first emigrant party ascending to the summit from Donner Lake in October 1844.

By JUNE OXFORD

SLOWLY MOSE groaned his lanky body upright. For most of the night, he had shivered on his bed of pine boughs, kept awake by the bone-chilling cold and by grisly thoughts of what might have happened to the rest of the wagon party.

During the night the fire of dry stumpwood had burned a 15-foot well in the snow — too deep to get near. In glum silence Mose and his companions, Joseph Foster and Allen Montgomery, chawed their meager breakfast jerky.

Clearly, it was impossible for Mose to go on. The agonizing cramps of yesterday were gone, but the sick feeling in his stomach, the stiffness, the weakness were still there. His mind whirled with half-formed thoughts, then focused on one: The others have a chance without me.

Mose broke the silence: "I'll go back to the cabin, live on the quarter of beef, then start again for California." Reluctantly, Foster and Montgomery agreed.

"Hearts were too full for words," Mose wrote later. With a "goodbye Mose" and a handclasp, the men shouldered their packs and headed west without looking back.

Mose was alone in the frozen wilderness of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

* * *

YEARS LATER, ensconced in his comfortable home, a respected "Old Pioneer," Moses "Mose" Schallenberger recalled his experiences for Bancroft's Chronicles. As he dictated to his daughter, Margaret, the desperate loneliness of that bleak farewell engulfed the 60-year-old man as it had the 17-year-old boy.

Mose's survival saga begins in the 1840s. Glowing reports of California's eternal sunshine and free land ran rampant through fever-ridden Missouri, where orphaned Mose lived with a sister, Elizabeth, and brother-in-law Dr. John Townsend. Townsend determined to take his ailing wife to California's healthful climate.

In March 1844, the Townsends camped at Nishbotna on the banks of the Missouri River. Final preparations included stocking their two wagons with satins, shawls, and jeweled combs to be sold to California's Spanish ladies at a handsome profit.

Their train comprised 11 wagons; a total of 50 persons were California-bound. The party elected experienced mountain man and blacksmith Elisha Stephens captain. They benefitted, also, from the wise counsel of mountain man Caleb Greenwood, 81, "tough as a hickory ox yoke."

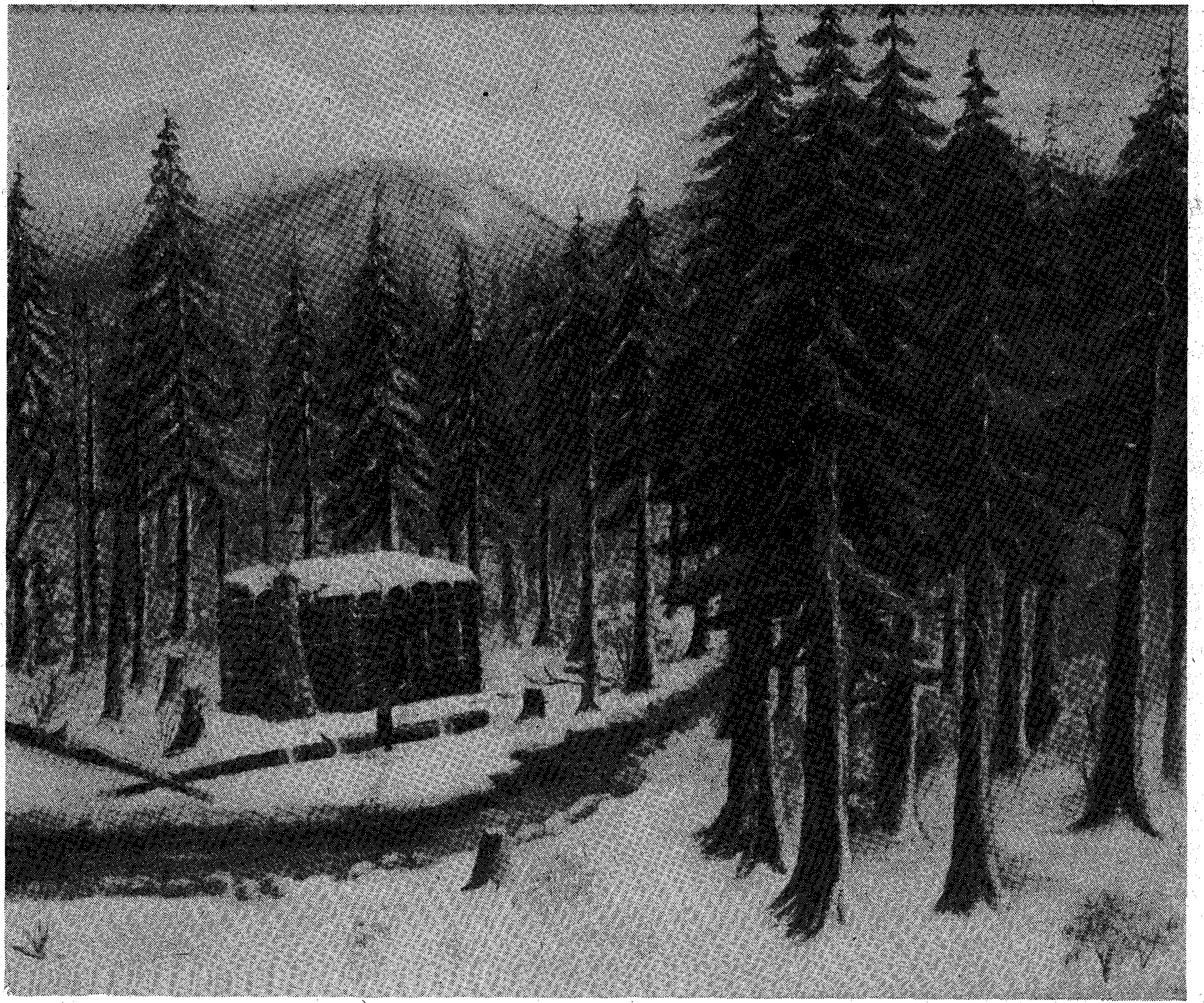
Also in the group was Martin Murphy Sr. and his clan, including children and grandchildren, numbering twenty-three. Known as the Stephens-Murphy party (often misspelled Stevens), it was not only the first, but the most harmonious, to jolt wagons over the Sierra summit into California.

IN HIS MEMOIRS, Schallenberger recalled the journey across the plains as one long picnic. His buddy, 18-year-old John Murphy, and Mose enlivened guard duty with pranks.

Proud of their skill as hunters, the pair kept the camp in buffalo meat. Either Mose or young Murphy swam the rope across at river crossings.

For the most part, the early trek followed the path of previous pioneers. The wagon party celebrated the Fourth of July at Independence Rock.

They then crossed the Rocky Mountains through South Pass, and passed



Courtesy San Jose Historical Museum

Painting of the cabin Mose spent the winter in.

near Green River en route to Fort Hall, in what is now Idaho.

From Fort Hall, where the trail branched for Oregon, the way was largely uncharted. Mose dismissed their travels along the sinuous Humboldt River as "monotonous."

At the sink of the Humboldt, where the river disappears mysteriously in boggy ground, the emigrants stopped to rest. Hurriedly, the women cooked rations to store and filled every barrel, bucket, and pan with water.

The Forty-mile Desert was crossed in a two-day forced march. Only one stop was made to refresh the thirst-crazed oxen with alkali-laced water from Boiling Springs.

After a pause in meadowland (where Reno is today), they came to the river they named the Truckee after their friendly Paiute Indian guide. Hacking brush and moving massive boulders to clear the trail was muscle-wrenching, exhausting work.

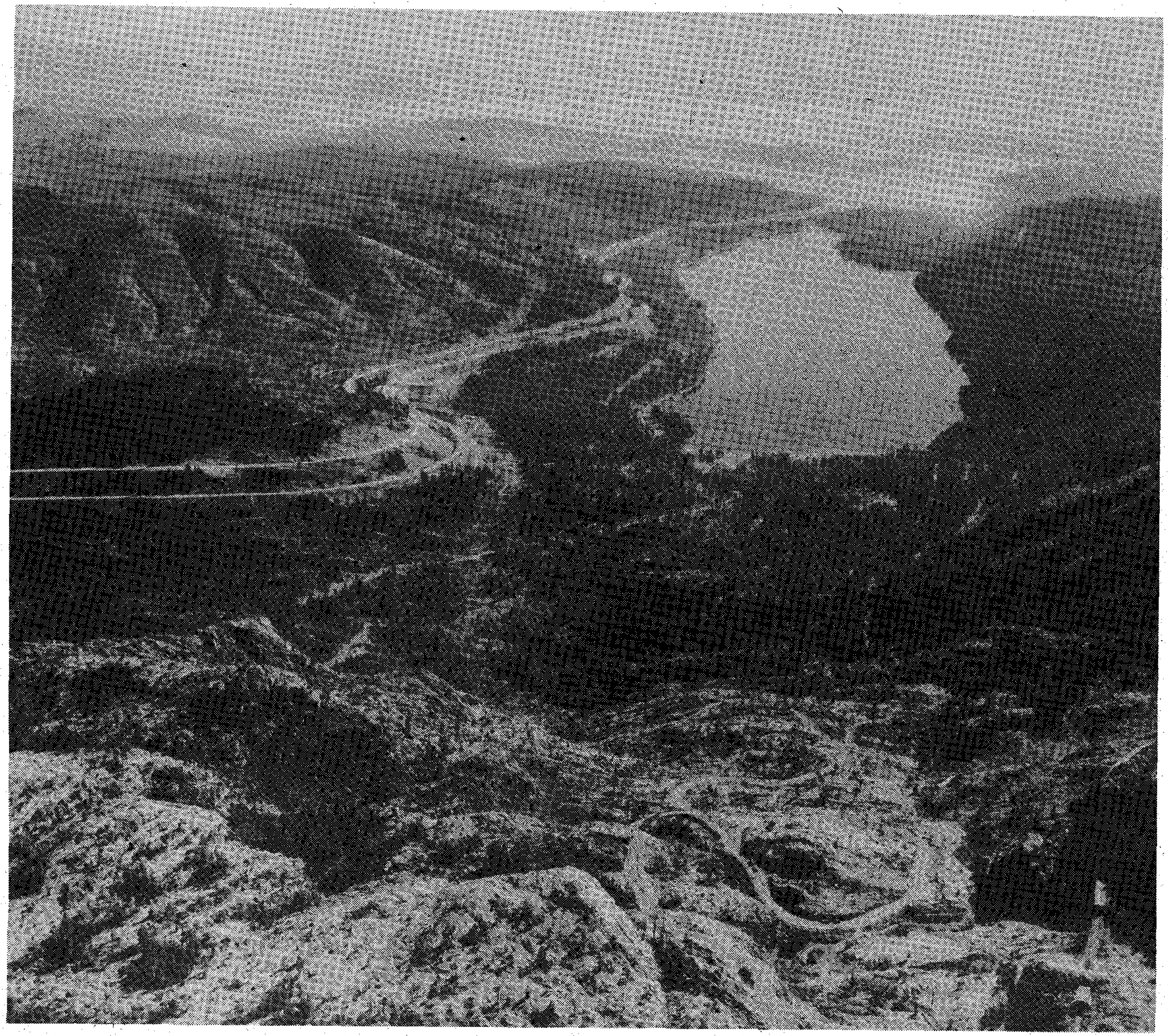
At one point, wagons crossed the river ten times in one mile. Narrow canyons forced the oxen to plod all day in the boulder-strewn river. Sharp rocks cut into the animals' water-softened hooves. Teams had to be trebled. Scouts went ahead to search for rushes, the only cattle food.

So mournful was the bawling of the cattle that the women forgot their own misery. For over a month progress averaged two miles a day, almost a stall.

IT WAS mid-November and winter nipped ominously at their heels. A fast horseback party was designated to follow a main waterway into California to Sutter's Fort and return with aid.

The others followed a tributary which looked easier for the wagons to cross. At Truckee Lake (Donner) the wagons were forced to stop.

For two days Captain Stephens searched for a passage over the formidable, 2,000-foot-high barrier of snow-covered rock. On the third day, Ste-



Courtesy Caltrans

Looking down at Donner Lake.

phens found a narrow rift in the granite. He said later, "I prayed and God opened the way." It proved the best way.

Forty-niners used this route through the Sierra Nevada Mountains to dreams of gold and it became the "Old California Trail." Later the railroad and U.S. Highway 40 snaked over the same route.

Stubbornly, the Murphys and "Old Man" Hitchcock determined to bring their wagons through. Men guided the oxen up the steep rift single file. They balanced the heavy household goods on their backs and picked their way to the top. Slowly, with men hoisting from below and doubled oxen teams pulling from above, the dismantled wagons inched up the sheer granite cliffs.

Half of the party, including Dr. Townsend, decided to backpack. Mose volunteered to stay and watch the wagons. Allen Montgomery and Joseph Foster stayed with him.

"I had no thought of being heroic," Mose stated. "Snow was on the ground, but I never expected it to be more than two feet deep. Deer and bear were all about for meat. Besides a party would soon return with fresh animals and supplies."

THESE PRAIRIE people had no way of knowing they were in the nation's greatest snow belt. The sun, at times teasingly bright, warms the earth just enough to keep the streams flowing. But the snow just keeps falling.

Two scrawny cows were left behind, not for food, but because "they were so poor they could go no further."

The next morning the three men started a cabin.

"We thought we might just as well be comfortable, if even for a short time," Mose said.

They felled lodgepole pine saplings and used the pitiful cows to haul them. Logs were notched at the corners to fit snugly. A sloping roof of pine boughs was covered with cowhides. An opening, curtained with hides, served as door and window. In two days, the twelve-foot-by-fourteen-foot cabin was finished.

Mose carried in supplies and feather beds from the wagons. Feather comforters, laid wall to wall, made a cozy carpet. They had plenty of beds, books, ammunition, and tools. A comforting fire blazed up the rock-lined chimney.

The "little home" became part of history two years later when it sheltered the Breen family, members of the tragic Donner party in 1846.

The first evening the snow drifted

Courtesy Sunnyvale Historical Society

Elisha Stephens, a leader of the Stephens-Murphy party.

Courtesy San Jose Historical Museum

Mose Shallenberg, age 60.

down in enormous feathery flakes. By morning the snow was three feet deep.

The men had counted on hunting, but as days went by the snow grew deeper. Reluctantly, the three men killed the cows and stored the meat outside under a network of branches. The cabin was buried under ten feet of snow. Merely bringing in the firewood became an exhausting chore.

Desperation grew as the snow deepened. Although none of them had seen snow shoes, Foster and Montgomery fashioned loops from parts of the wagon and laced them with rawhide strips. That helped them get about.

They hunted several times, but the deer had fled to the lowlands and bears were in hibernation. Only half the cow meat under the pine branches remained.

"Death, the fearful agonizing death of starvation, stared us in the face," Mose said.

SLOUCHED near the flickering fire, the three analyzed their prospects. It was almost certain death to start for California. It was sure death to remain.

They made their decision: "We must take the long chance while there's still beef left to jerk."

Early one morning the men faced west on their makeshift snowshoes. Each man packed ten pounds of jerked beef, a pair of blankets, rifle, and ammunition. With every awkward step, the snowshoes became heavier. Walking soon became the "hardest kind of work" for Mose, who had been sick the evening before.

Mose, still growing, suffered more from lack of food and exercise than the older men. Seized with severe cramps, he could only writhe in the snow until the pain passed. Mose drew on every ounce of strength to keep going. He finally fell in exhaustion by evening.

Foster and Montgomery made camp, laid green logs on the snow, and built a fire of dry stump wood.

The next morning, Foster and Montgomery left Mose to carry on alone. In his account, Mose said: "Foster and Montgomery were brave, warm-hearted men who had no choice."

HIS FRIENDS GONE, Mose strapped on his pack and headed for the cabin. The snow had frozen during the night and bore his weight without snowshoes.

Mose reached the cabin at dusk, so tired he couldn't lift his legs over the log threshold. He leaned against the rough cabin logs until exhaustion ebbed. Reaching down, he lifted each leaden leg over the nine-inch log.

Although Mose awakened the next morning stiff and aching, his first thought was that he must hunt. He found plenty of tracks, but no animals. As he put his gun in the corner thoroughly discouraged, Mose stumbled over some steel traps left behind by Stephens.

"The thought flashed across my mind, if I can't shoot a fox or coyote, why not trap one?"

Excitedly, Mose baited the traps and placed them under fallen branches.

Dawn found Mose eagerly inspecting traps. Nothing in the first trap. His hopes plummeted. The second yielded a half-starved coyote.

Mose tried coyote boiled, fried, roasted, turned on a spit over glowing coals, every way that ingenuity could devise. His stomach churned but he forced himself to eat the tough, bitter meat.

On the fourth day, Mose trapped two foxes. Fox meat, he discovered, was much preferable to coyote. Mose longed to devour the entire fox but he made each fox last two days.

FROM THEN on he stashed his gun and gave full attention to trapping. Despite trapping enough foxes to stick to his plan of one fox every two days, he worried. What if the fox supply gave out?

Now and then he caught a coyote. Eventually, 13 coyotes hung outside the cabin as insurance.

The quarter of beef went untouched. "If the foxes give out," he told himself, "I'll jerk the beef and start for California."

Christmas came. All Mose wanted was enough to eat. All he had was a cup of coffee boiled from a few beans he had saved.

As the weeks slogged by, Mose longed for some sound to break the oppressive stillness.

Mose, as a boy in frontier Indiana, had attended a crude log cabin school for three months barely learning to read and cipher.

Now, books from the Townsend wagon were a comfort and a weapon against loneliness. He read the novels of Dickens and Scott aloud, even studied the medical texts. Favorites were the *Poems of Byron* and Lord Chesterfield's *Letters to His Son.*

AT DUSK in late February 1845, Mose glimpsed a shadowy figure emerging from the trees. Thinking it was an Indian, Mose gripped his gun.

Soon he recognized the familiar face of Dennis Martin, a member of the wagon party. With a joyous whoop that echoed across the mountains, Mose rushed to hold Dennis in a vigorous embrace.

Dennis, too, was wildly jubilant. He found Mose bone-thin, but alive! Unable to conceal his fears, Dennis blurted, "Mose, I half-expected to find a dead man."

Far into the night, Dennis answered questions about the rest of the party: Allen and Montgomery came through safely. Mose's sister Elizabeth was well-cared for at Sutter's Fort.

The wagon party had camped on the upper Yuba River and sent most of the men on to Sutter's Fort. Dennis said he returned with the relief party and kept on over the pass to see if Mose was still kicking.

Early the next morning, the two men started out. A French Canadian, Dennis was well-acquainted with snowshoes. He and Mose had no difficulty reaching the camp on the Yuba. But Mose had to wait until he reached Sutter's Fort for a "square meal with plenty of fat meat."

For several years, Schallenberger clerked for Larkin and Greene, merchants in Monterey. When the Townsends died in a cholera epidemic (1850), Schallenberger moved to San Jose to take charge of their farm and infant son.

In 1854, he married Fanny Everitt, a San Francisco belle. According to gossip, she was attracted to Schallenberger by his fine table manners.

SCHALLENBERGER'S story has a postscript. Two years later (1846), the cabin where Mose lived for four solitary months sheltered the Breen family, members of the tragic Donner party.

Trapped by Sierra blizzards, 42 members of the Donner party perished. Forty-seven survived only by heroic rescue measures and by eating the flesh of dead companions.

The lake and the pass Mose traversed bears their name; the Donner Monument commemorates their suffering.

Triumphant Moses Schallenberger, who survived and gained an education in the process, deserves remembering, too.

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— From a review by Bill Kelly, author of Encyclopedia of Gunmen.

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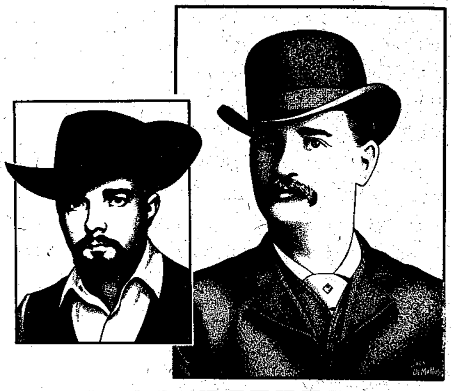

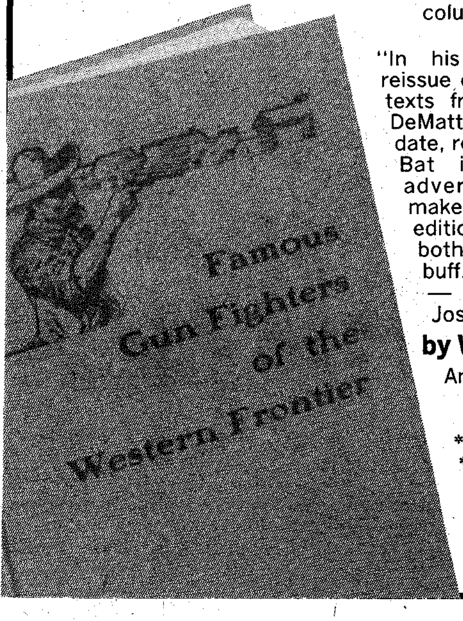

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Birth of the Arizona Rangers

OUTLAW VIOLENCE SPURRED THE GROWTH OF THE RANGERS

By **JODY JENSEN**

Photos provided by author

BRINGING law and order to the Arizona frontier was a slow and painful process. Arizona's rough and rugged terrain and close proximity to Mexico made it attractive to outlaws and gunfighters.

Some areas of the territory actually belonged to the outlaws. The mountains in Apache and Graham counties, now the Apache National Forest, became known as Arizona's Robbers Roost. Few lawmen who entered came out alive.

Many lawmen were little better than the outlaws they were supposed to pursue. The lawman's meager salary often had to be supplemented with protection money extorted from businessmen in the towns. Kickbacks were taken from gambling joints and houses of ill repute. In some areas, the sheriff was the tax collector and was expected to keep a portion of the levy.

Because of the lawlessness, ranchers began to take the law into their own hands. The cattlemen threatened to hang every rustler they caught. They were constantly frustrated because outlaws who were caught either escaped or were released by the sheriff.

The growing desire for statehood and the pressure from the cattlemen forced the governor and legislature to act. The territorial legislature of 1901, of which Richard "Dick" Gibbons, Apache County cattle and sheepman, was a member, organized the Arizona Rangers. Burton C. Mossman, a northern Arizona cattleman, was named to head the organization.

The Rangers consisted of from twelve to twenty-six men. They were described by one writer as "efficient officers, good shots, good frontiersmen and well acquainted with the country."

The Arizona Rangers were in existence only from 1901 to 1909. They were disbanded in 1909 because they had cleaned up the territory and were no longer needed. It was largely through their efforts that Arizona Territory became "civilized" enough to be granted statehood.

DICK GIBBONS recorded in his journal one incident that led to the formation of the Rangers.

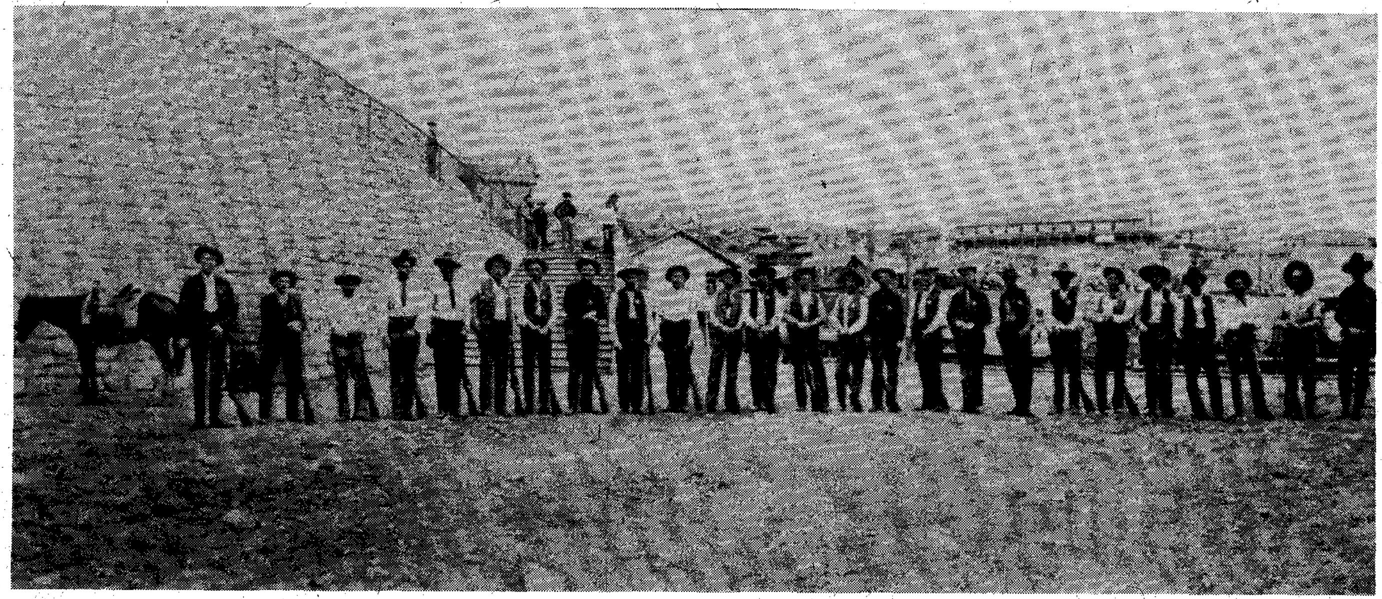
St. Johns, a town of 500, was the largest town between the mountains in Apache County where the outlaws hid out and Holbrook, Arizona. The outlaws made life miserable for the people of St. Johns.

Reports of rustlers filtered into town on the afternoon of March 26, 1900. Sheriff Edward Bealer paid little attention. He didn't want to stir up trouble. Besides, he and his deputies were in the middle of a card game.

However, the next morning the sheriff decided he better do something to show the ranchers of his interest. It was an election year. What the sheriff didn't know was that the outlaws, the Jack Smith gang, had been in town the night before and stocked up on supplies and ammunition.

Bealer and his men rode into the outlaw camp three miles from town, shooting without warning. One of the outlaws was wounded and a horse was killed. But the outlaws fled the sheriff.

Bealer now realized he'd stirred up a hornet's nest and he sent to St. John's for a posse. Gibbons and seven other men came riding out to help the sheriff. The sheriff was on the trail of the out-



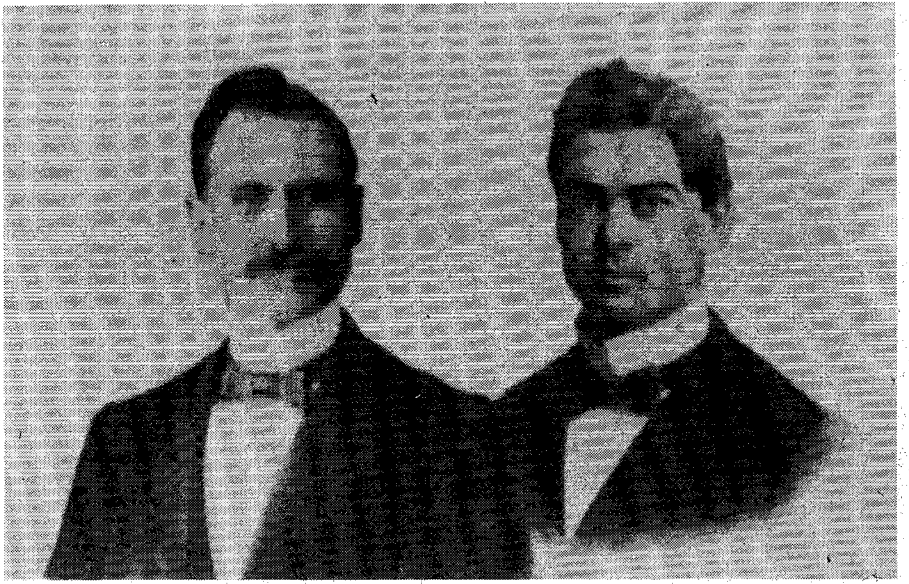
Arizona Rangers at Morenci, 1903.

laws, the posse members were told. They saw the dead horse by the roadside.

What the posse members did not know was that two hours after his search began, the sheriff gave up and returned to St. Johns. Meanwhile, the posse members formed two groups.

The younger men, Gus Gibbons, Frank Lesueur, Antonio Armijo and Frank Ruiz, were to continue tracking the desperadoes. The others, Dick Gibbons (uncle to Gus), and three others, were to try to get ahead of the rustlers and cut them off. The plan was then to try to meet up with the sheriff who was presumed still in the field.

Dick Gibbons reached the Cedro ranch but he could find no outlaws, no sheriff or none of the sheriff's men. He learned from a sheep herder the outlaws had doubled back and were headed south again.


Gus Gibbons, left, and Frank Lesueur.

THE next morning Gibbons was awakened by the father of one of the young men. He told Gibbons they had not returned and he was worried.

Gibbons, the sheriff, Will Gibbons and Will Sherwood set out to search for the missing youths. They decided to form two groups and meet ahead at Greer's windmill.

The two Wills found two of the missing men, Armijo and Ruiz, and headed for the windmill. There Gibbons and the sheriff questioned the two and discovered that the other two missing young men the day before had decided to continue after the outlaws and Armijo and Ruiz went to the Cedro ranch. Frank Lesueur and Gus Gibbons had told Armijo and Ruiz they would go as far as the Joe Carns ranch.

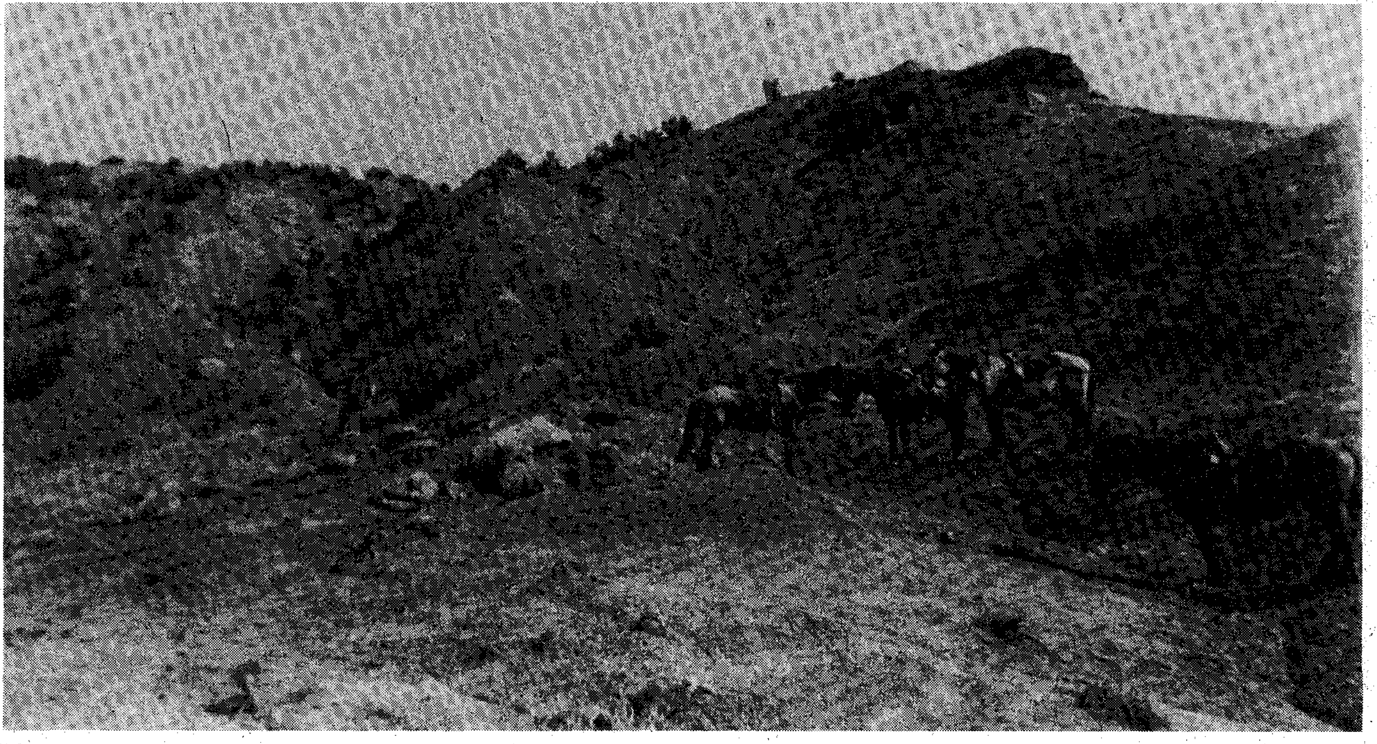
Gibbons wrote: "When we came to where we could see the different objects in the badlands, I saw an object on a steep hillside that startled me. It looked like the body of a man.... Upon closer inspection, I recognized it as the body of my nephew Gus Gibbons. It was lying in the bottom of a little draw."

"Frank (Lesueur) had been shot through the neck and right between the eyes.... He lay face downward with his head pillowed on his arm and his legs were partly doubled under him."

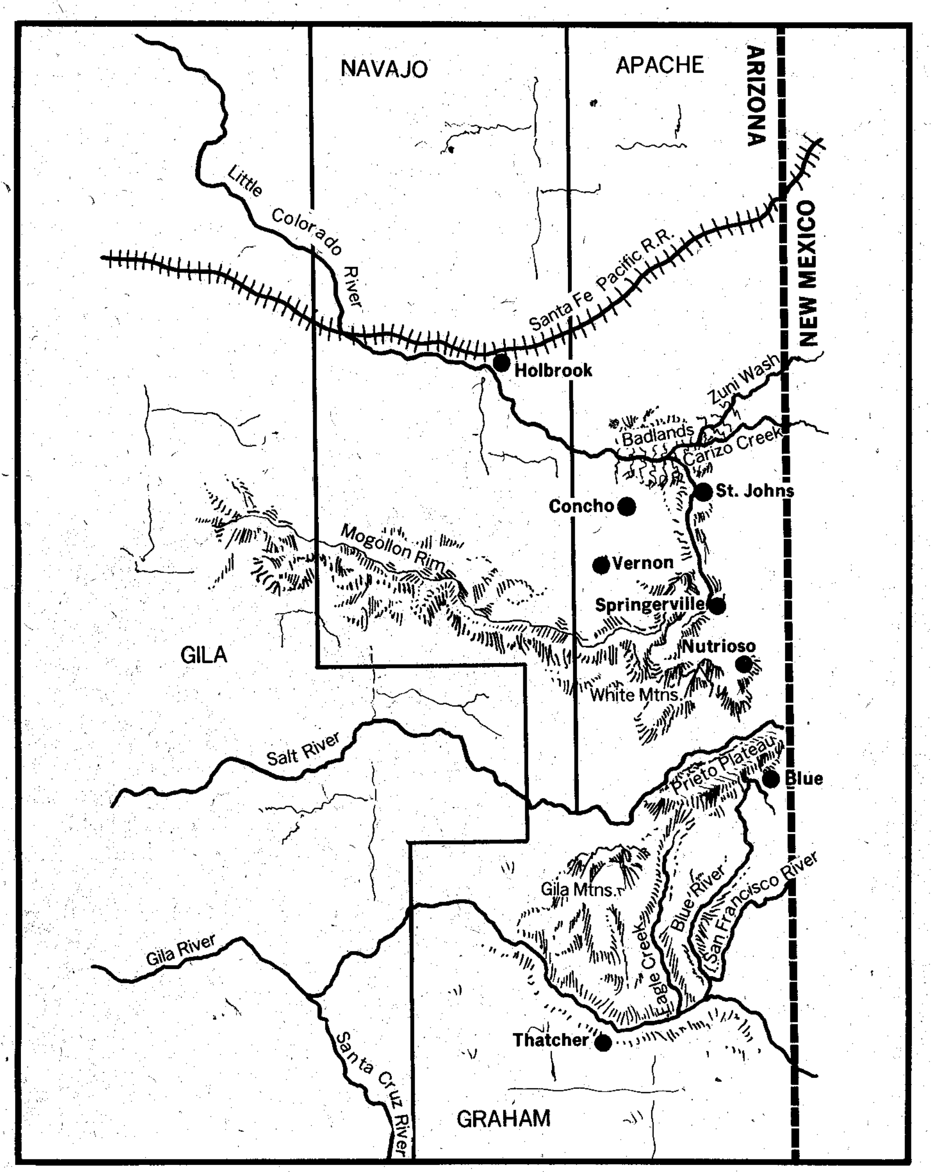
While some in the party returned to St. John's for a wagon, Gibbons scouted the area and discovered where the outlaws had lain in ambush. He found seventeen empty shells.

Dick and Will Gibbons, who stayed with the bodies, managed to load the two bodies onto a horse and take them two miles out of the badlands to meet the wagon.

A coroner's jury decided "that the boys had met their deaths at the hands of criminals described as the ones they had been trailing." The two young men


This is the murder site of Gus Gibbons and Frank Lesueur, 25 miles northeast of St. Johns, Arizona.

Richard "Dick" Gibbons, his wife, Clarissa, and their children, taken at the time of the Gus Gibbons murder in 1900.


NAVAJO
APACHE
ARIZONA
NEW MEXICO
Little Colorado River
Santa Fe Pacific R.R.
Holbrook
Zuni Wash
Badlands
Carizo Creek
St. Johns
Concho
Vernon
Mogollon Rim
Springerville
Nutrioso
White Mtns.
GILA
Salt River
Prieto Plateau
Blue
Gila Mtns.
Blue River
San Francisco River
Eagle Creek
Gila River
Santa Cruz River
Thatcher
GRAHAM

were buried and Sheriff Bealer started forming another posse to search for the outlaws.

MEANWHILE, Dick Gibbons and R.D. "Dick" Greer, on whose ranch the murder took place, went back to the scene of the crime. They found a nosebag wrapped in a blanket and some of the bullets fired by the assassins.

A few days later Lesueur's horse was brought into town. One of the ranchers had found it on his place.

Then came a report that the gang had been found by U.S. Marshal George Scarborough and Deputy W. Birchfield. In the shootout, Scarborough was wounded in the leg and Birchfield in the arm. The officers were able to reach cover and Birchfield built a rock wall to protect Scarborough before he went for help. The marshal was badly wounded and not expected to live, the report said.

A total of four posses now entered the field. Bealer, who had lost his popularity in the county and was trying to regain it, was in the field with a posse. Meanwhile, word came that Scarborough died.

Early in May, Bealer returned to St. Johns with a man he claimed was one of the outlaws. No one in town, including the sheriff, knew that they were seeking the Jack Smith gang. That would not be known for another year or so.

It was felt by most in town that Bealer was desperate to pin the murders on anyone he could. No one could identify the man as one of the outlaws and the district attorney was forced to let him go.

Bealer then went to New Mexico to see if he could learn more about the outlaws they were hunting. Gibbons received a letter saying the outlaw gang had struck in Utah killing a sheriff and deputy.

BUT in St. Johns, life returned to normal. In the election in September, 1900, Sheriff Bealer was defeated by Leandro Ortega. In the same election, Dick Gibbons was elected as a representative to the territorial legislature. He had been elected on a platform of organizing the Arizona Rangers and he was to see that accomplished.

It took one of these special rangers to bring about the first arrest in the murders of Gus Gibbons and Frank Lesueur. A man named Tod Carver, said to be a member of the Jack Smith gang in Graham County, was arrested. Carver mockingly told Sheriff Ortega of his part in the murders and bragged that Jack Smith would have him out of jail before he would ever stand trial. Carver was charged with the murders of Gibbons and Lesueur along with the two law officers in Utah and of Marshal Scarborough.

Jack Smith sent word to St. Johns that Carver would never be convicted because he intended to free him.

Just as Carver's trial was getting underway, there was a ruckus in town and outlaw Jack Smith successfully freed his partner in crime. A posse headed by Rangers Carlos Tofolla and Dean Hamblin went after the gang. They followed the outlaws into the Black River country, or Robbers Roost, south of Springville.

There, the posse found its quary but in the shootout, Ranger Tofolla and Bill Maxwell, a cattleman, were killed along with two of the outlaws.

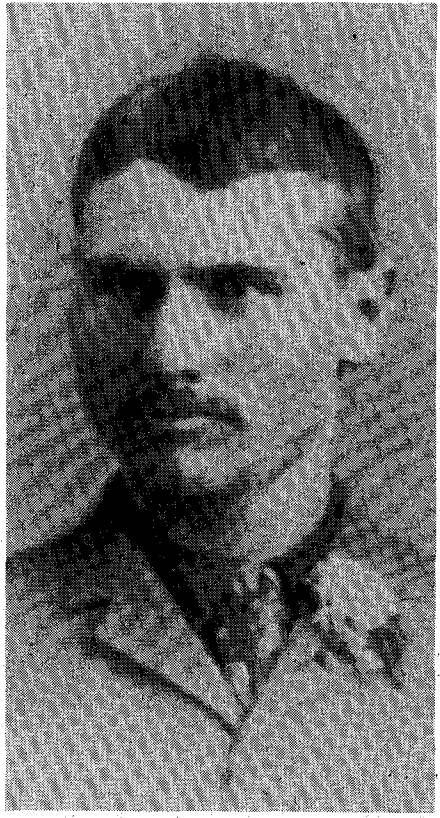
Ranger Hamblin sent to St. Johns for help. Dick Gibbons, Bill Gibbons, Sheriff Ortega and Prime T. Coleman left St. Johns on Oct. 11, 1901, determined to apprehend the outlaw band.

They entered the extremely rough Gila Mountain country, where the outlaws were known to live. The Smiths had a cabin on Squaw Creek near the San Francisco River. Gang members included old man Jack Smith, young Jack, a couple of others and some women who were considered as bad as the men.

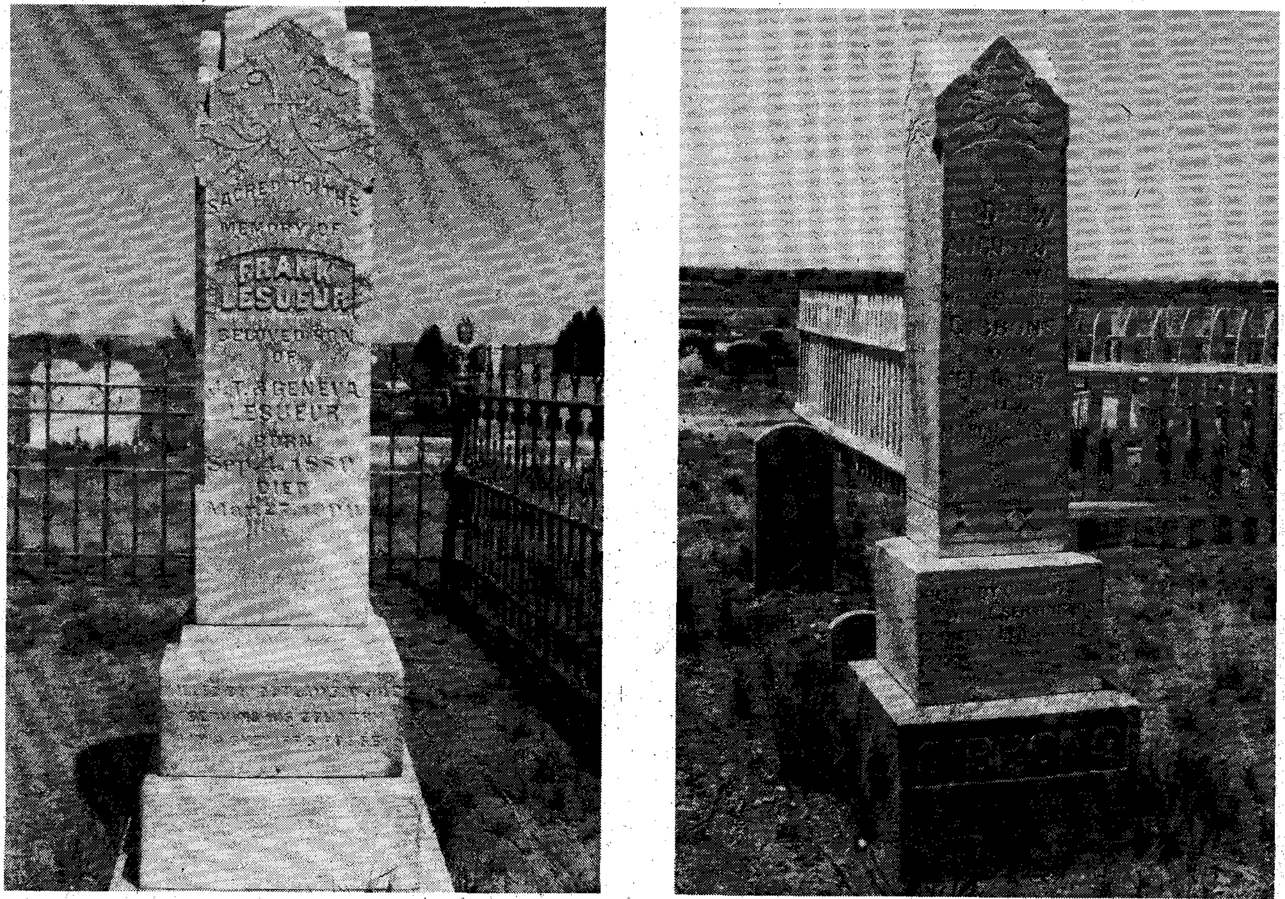
The gang was arrested by the posse without disturbance and taken to a nearby ranch to await the arrival of ranger reinforcements which never came. Posse members returned to their homes while the rangers took the gang members to the Apache County jail in St. Johns.

But the outlaws were not to remain long. They overpowered a guard and made their escape. They were never heard from again in Arizona but reports of them filtered back from Old Mexico.

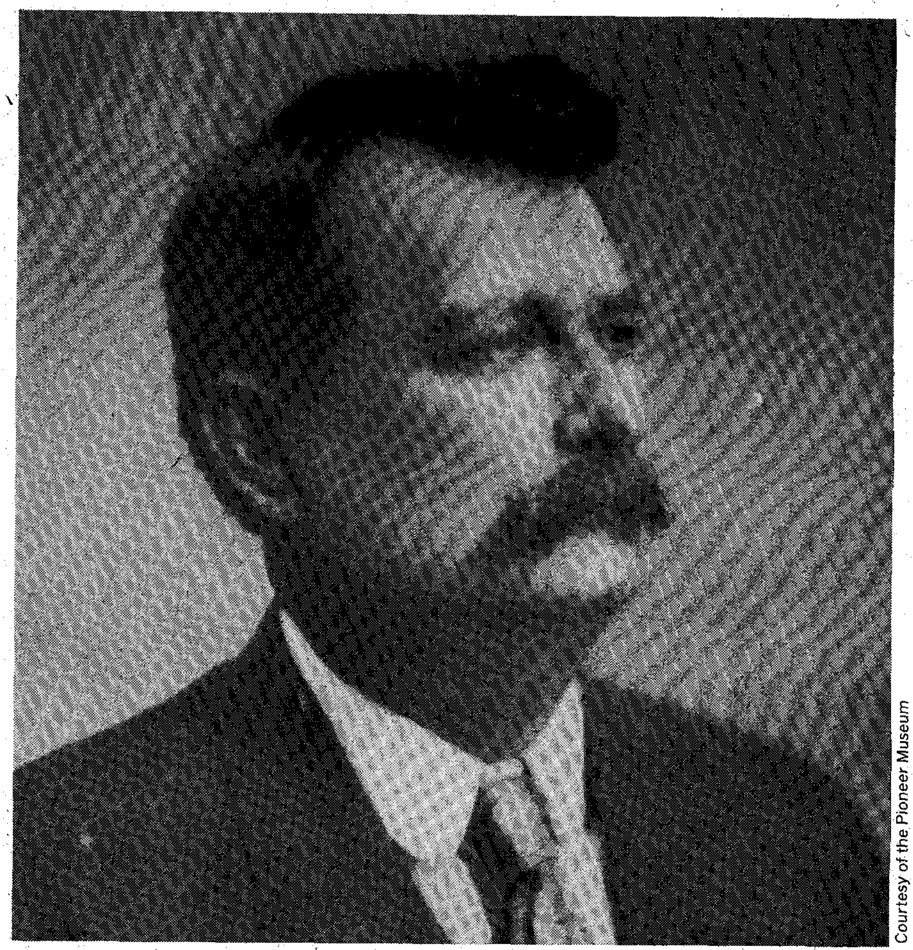
The Arizona Rangers were now in business. But the families of Gus Gibbons and Frank Lesueur, and the people of St. Johns, wanted to be sure the two murdered men were not forgotten. A monument was erected on the spot of their murder. The place still is as inaccessible as it was eighty-one years ago. At least two miles of the journey must be made on foot or horseback. The murder and events surrounding it are still a topic of conversation at family gatherings in the St. Johns area of Arizona.



Gus Gibbons

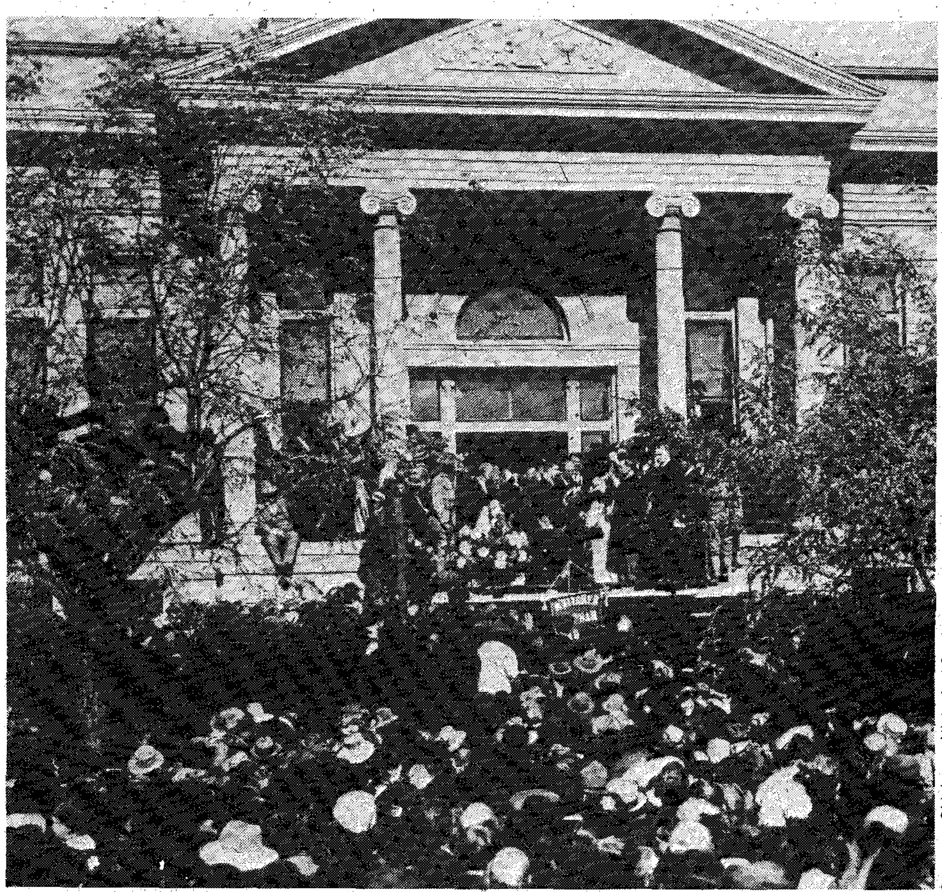


Headstones in St. Johns, Arizona, cemetery for Gibbons and Lesueur.



Courtesy of the Pioneer Museum

Jack Love



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Governor Haskell's inauguration on the steps of the Carnegie Library in Guthrie.

JACK LOVE —

HE was a tall, handsome man, but Jack Love's decision to escort seventy-five dates one hundred miles to Oklahoma's statehood celebration on Nov. 16, 1907, did not surprise those used to Love's way with the ladies.

His guests were from his home county, Woodward, in the northwestern part of the new state. Twenty adults helped chaperone the teenage girls. One boy, twelve-year-old Dee Wright, accompanied the party. Dee's nine-year-old sister, Lovella, was one of the ladies. Dee was probably included because Love at one time lived with Dee's family.

As departure day neared, mothers frantically cut and stitched so their daughters would have proper apparel.

"Mother stayed up all night before we left making a little brown suit for me to wear," recalled Iva Merrell Dixon, one of the girls to make the trip. Another still talks of the champagne-colored gown and shoes she wore to the inaugural ball.

On November 15, the group boarded the Santa Fe train at Woodward. They traveled to Kiowa, Kansas, where Love's chartered Pullman cars waited. From Kiowa, they journeyed south to the territorial capital at Guthrie.

The train arrived at Guthrie at 4:20 the next morning. As statehood day dawned, Love distributed badges reading: "I am with Jack Love, Guthrie, Oklahoma, Nov. 16, 1907." Adorned with the badges and dressed in their Sunday-best, the girls went sight-seeing.

The brick homes and large businesses awed girls used to unpainted board stores and soddie homes. By the time they reached the steps of Carnegie Library, the location of the statehood celebration, they were filled with the wonders of the capital city.

Guthrie officials must have hoped all visitors would be enchanted with the beautiful city, so they would fail to notice events were in the library and not

The Oklahoma Bachelor Who Had 75 Dates in One Evening!

By LOUISE BOYD JAMES

at the capital building. Congress had forbidden the construction of a capital until after statehood was granted. But with a dome top, the library to most people must have looked like a capital.

That morning word flashed by telegram that President Theodore Roosevelt had signed the bill making Oklahoma the forty-sixth state. The telegraph official rushed into the street, firing his gun as the pre-arranged signal for festivities to begin.

First there was a parade down Oklahoma Avenue to the library where officials of the new state assembled.

It was the custom of the Indians of the Five Civilized Tribes to dress like their white neighbors which confused Love's girls in one event that day. This was a mock wedding of Miss Indian Territory, representing the eastern part of the state, and Mr. Oklahoma Territory, from the western half of the state.

Charles N. Haskell, the new governor, added this ceremony at the last minute. He believed the wedding would symbolize the joining of the two territories. But with little advance notice and lack of a modern public address system, many in the crowd may not have realized the beautiful woman in the lavender wool dress was Miss Indian Territory.

Of the three surviving Woodward County girls who attended, none remembers the wedding. One adds apologetically, "We saw it all, but I don't remember much about any of it."

Lovella Wright Trego was impressed with the symbolic union and she often told her family about it later. But it seems, at least from one version of the story the family tells, even she may not have realized the bride was an Indian.

The wedding was followed by long political speeches. At appropriate times, Love's girls chanted "Oklahoma, Oklahoma," and "Love, Love, Love."

Love's girls did not join the crowd which walked to Island Park for the free food offered by the City of Guthrie. The girls ate all meals either on their Pullman or at the nearby Harvey House hotel.

The seventy-five prairie Cinderellas shared their handsome prince at the inaugural ball that evening. All who wished whirled around the dance floor with the six-foot-six Texan. And just as Cinderella's party ended, so did the inaugural ball. The next morning the Pullman coaches headed home.

Love had carried out a campaign promise with this expedition. It must have been one of the most unusual political pledges ever made. His invitation to the young women had been part of the campaign earlier that fall when Love ran for corporation commissioner of the new state. He told farmers and ranchers in his home country that if they would vote for him, he'd take their daughters to the statehood election.

Love's presence at the celebration drew attention to the colorful rancher. Any man with seventy-five dates was bound to stand out! The following Monday, he was easily elected chairman of the three-member commission.

The new chairman had not even learned to write until he was eighteen. Jack Love was born on June 9, 1857, at San Augustine, Texas. Growing up in Civil War and Reconstruction days, Love, like many of his generation, missed a formal education.

At twenty-seven, he attended Sam Houston Normal School in Huntsville, where he earned a teaching certificate. For a time, Love taught primary grades.

Cowpunching was more to his liking, and Love was thus engaged in 1889, when Oklahoma's first land run occurred. Love joined the race in the center of Indian Territory, settling near Oklahoma City. He soon discovered his natural vocation — politics — when in 1891, he was elected to the municipal council.

Love's next political office was appointment as sheriff for N County at the opening of the Cherokee Outlet in the fall of 1893. The most memorable event while Love was sheriff was the robbery of the express office on March 13, 1894.

Two masked men made off with the payroll for Fort Supply while it was waiting to be transported from Woodward. Love was ordered by U. S. Marshal E. D. Nix to pursue the bandits, reportedly Bill Dalton and Bill Doolin. Love was aided by a detachment of twenty cavalrymen from Fort Supply

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Mrs. Leo Bennett, the Indian bride in the mock wedding.

Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

Charles N. Haskell

and Amos Chapman, veteran army scout who brought with him a company of twenty Cheyennes.

Nix hurried to Woodward to direct the investigation as Love and his posse headed for Ochiltree, Texas, in hot pursuit. But once across the Texas line, the outlaws vanished into gulches near Lipscomb and Love returned empty handed.

Most of Love's term as sheriff was not so exciting. Much of the land in the area where Love lived was unclaimed, a situation the sheriff used to his advantage. Love gained control of much of the school land in N County, renamed Woodward by the settlers. According to court records, Love controlled about 175,000 acres of government land which had been enclosed with a wire fence.

Another man, J. T. Word, was his partner in a pasture located near Fort Supply. Love's own ranch was south of Woodward.

On Feb. 1, 1895, Love and Word leased the Fort Supply pasture to Frank Garst, owner of the C Dot G Ranch. During the summer of 1895, the newspapers reported cattle arriving at Garst's leased pasture. Then, on August 21, Garst removed the cattle before paying any of the $1,415 which Word and Love claimed. The two filed suit to recover. Another Texan, Temple Lea Houston, Sam's youngest son, was their attorney.

It appears that the attorney for Garst was from the new firm of Ed and John Jennings, sons of Woodward's probate judge, J. D. E. Jennings. Garst claimed Love had no right to lease land belonging to the United States government. His argument eventually was upheld by the Oklahoma Territory Supreme Court, but not until Ed Jennings was dead and John Jennings was seriously wounded in a gun battle with Love and Houston.

This shooting occurred on the night of Oct. 8, 1895, following a courtroom battle between Jennings and Houston on another case. In Uncle Jack Garvey's Cabinet Saloon the trouble between Houston and Jennings was settled.

Gun shots rang out as the two brothers met Houston and Love in the tavern. The initial shots extinguished the lights, so even the participants did not know exactly what happened. When the firing stopped, Ed Jennings lay dying and John was running down the street clutching his arm and looking for another weapon. Love and Houston surrendered to Sheriff C. E. "Tobe" Odem.

According to Casper Herod, a longtime Woodward historian, "Love shot John Jennings once, the bullet striking John in the chest at such an angle that it inflicted only a flesh wound but shattered the bones in the left arm. Jennings ran from the saloon and Love pursued him, shooting at him once more as he dashed across the street.

Houston and Love were charged with first-degree manslaughter in the death of Ed Jennings. But they were acquitted. The verdict pleased most Woodward residents as the Jennings boys were not local favorites.

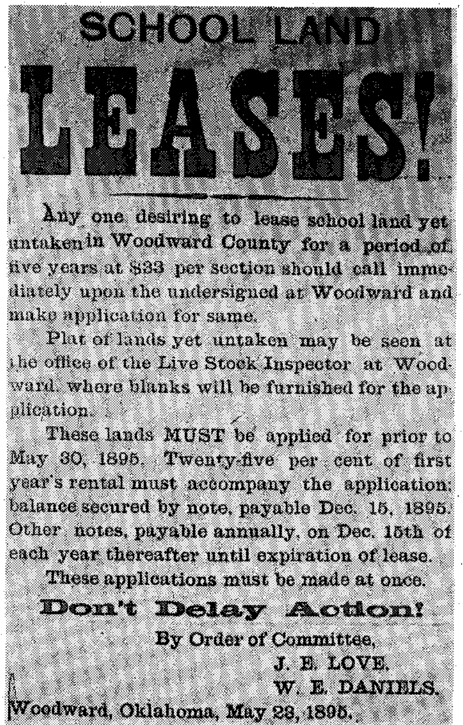
In spite of his acquittal, Love failed to win a second term as sheriff that fall, November 1896. This was his second defeat in as many elections in Woodward County. In the fall of 1894, he had run for the Oklahoma Council, but was defeated by the Republican candidate. Love lost the election by only two votes and according to legend, he had been so busy on his ranch election day that neither he nor his hands voted.

But the loss in November 1896, was not so close so when he ran for another office in the fall of 1907, he pulled out all the stops, even to promising to take the ranchers' daughters to Guthrie for the statehood celebration.

As chairman of the corporation commission, Love earned a good reputation for his handling of the common enemy, the railroads. Love's dislike for railroads stemmed from his experiences in marketing cattle. He often was forced to ride on crowded cabooses and was entirely at railroad mercy over the rates charged.

Love's actions made his re-election easy in 1912. He faced no opponent. He was still commission chairman when he died on June 1, 1918, at Mineral Wells, Texas, five days past his sixty-first birthday.

He was still a bachelor and still handsome, they say, just as he had been eleven years earlier when he brought the seventy-five young women from Woodward to the statehood celebration. Elderly women still remember Love and when asked, "why did Jack Love never marry?", they pause with a sly smile and say, "why I guess he didn't have to."



SCHOOL LAND

LEASES!

Any one desiring to lease school land yet untaken in Woodward County for a period of five years at $33 per section should call immediately upon the undersigned at Woodward and make application for same.

Plat of lands yet untaken may be seen at the office of the Live Stock Inspector at Woodward, where blanks will be furnished for the application.

These lands MUST be applied for prior to May 30, 1895. Twenty-five per cent of first year's rental must accompany the application; balance secured by note, payable Dec. 15, 1895. Other notes, payable annually, on Dec. 15th of each year thereafter until expiration of lease.

These applications must be made at once.

Don't Delay Action!

By Order of Committee,
J. E. LOVE.
W. E. DANIELS.

Woodward, Oklahoma, May 28, 1895.

Courtesy of the author

Comb His Hair

To hit someone over the head with the barrel of a pistol. After a person had his "hair parted" in this manner, he was, in the language of one cowman, apt to "sleep as gentle as a dead calf."

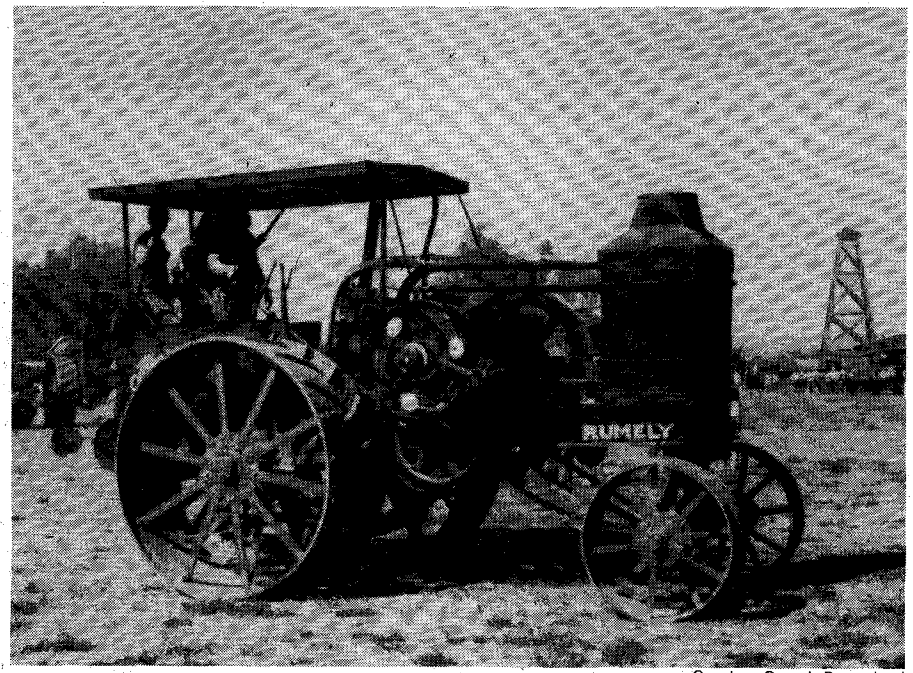
Going Western

A Dream Come True

Oscar's Dreamland is the dream come true of one remarkable man — Oscar O. Cooke.

Oscar is a man of the land who, in his love for the past, envisioned having a collection of artifacts and farm machinery from throughout his lifetime to share with the world.

Oscar's Dreamland sits on 300 acres of land in Yellowstone Valley just five miles south of Billings, Montana. "Steam is the Thing," an annual two-day event, is held the third weekend in September.



Courtesy Oscar's Dreamland

This Rumely 16-30 tractor is one of about 300 antique tractors at Oscar's Dreamland.

You can watch draw horses, steam machinery, and gas machinery as they all demonstrate threshing, sawing, and plowing.

Oscar's has the world's largest private collection of farm artifacts, nine restored historical buildings, antique cars and covered wagons, among other things.

From June through October there are guided tours Wednesday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

Library of Congress "Cowboy" Exhibit. A major exhibition on the American cowboy will open in March 1983, at the Library of Congress in Washinton, D.C.

"Cowboys" is a project of the Library's American Folklife Center. The exhibition will trace America's century-long fascination with the cowboy, following the growth of the cowboy myth from the dime novels of the 1870s to the fashion crazes of the 1980s, and contrast that development with the reality of cowboy life, both then and now.

More than 300 objects will be displayed, including artifacts, paintings, watercolors, prints, posters, books, manuscripts, music, and film clips, the largest collection of visual material on cowboys ever assembled in one exhibition.

The exhibition is scheduled to run until September 1983 and will then travel to three other North American museums.

Trail Ends at Cowboy Hall of Fame. If you are looking for one of the most famous western sculptures to ever be created in America, it is housed in the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

"The End of the Trail" sculpture by James Earle Fraser is just one of the museum's several displays of art and artifacts dealing with western United States history. The Hall of Fame also includes a large western history library.

Visitors will find the attraction open from 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day. During the rest of the year it is open from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. It is located on 1700 N.E. 63rd Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111.

Friends of the James Farm. Nestled down in a wooded valley in western Missouri is an old log and clapboard farmhouse where the past hundred years have moved very, very slowly. Visitors have come there by the thousands, knowing that men whose names will never disappear from this nation's books of fact and legend once lived there.

That old farmhouse is where Jesse James and his brother Frank grew up. By 1978, after nearly a century of weather damage and a good many years of neglect, it seemed as though time might be about to reclaim the old James Farm. The oldest wing of the house, where Jesse was born, was in ruins. A new front porch, containing the room where Frank died, wasn't much better. Outbuildings had disappeared.

But 1978 was the year the old farm came back to life. It was purchased by Clay County, Missouri, and under the watchful gaze of historic preservation experts, restoration work began.

To help continue the restoration of the James Farm, an organization called the "Friends of the James Farm" has been formed. Annual membership dues help finance continuing restoration work at the farm, and help sponsor writing and research to help future generations know about the James family.

Members receive regular progress reports, a membership certificate and identification card granting free admission to the farm, and will be invited to the annual meeting.

Friends of the James Farm is located at Route 2, Box 236, Kearney, Missouri 64060.

Art Show Draws 40,000. The 13th annual Western Art Show and Auction, sponsored by the Museum of Native American Cultures, will be held February 25, 26, and 27, 1983, at the Spokane Convention Center and the Sheraton Hotel.

The museum is considered to be among the top five of its kind in the United States.

This year 162 exhibit spaces are expected to be filled in the "show" portion of the event. The exhibit area will be open from 10 a.m. until 11 p.m. and is free to the public. The auction portion will be on Friday and Saturday, February 26 and 27, both beginning at 7 p.m.

More Wild Longhorns than Texans. The history of people who built America's ranching industry western-style is depicted life-size at the 14-acre Ranching Heritage Center of the Museum of Texas Tech University.

The center houses about 30 historic structures — homes, work buildings, corrals, and windmills — to recreate almost a century of pioneer life. Each structure has been transferred from a working ranch, authentically restored and furnished.

The center shows the development of ranching in a progression of log cabins and dugouts, a stone "fortress" home and even a house built of stalks from the cactus-like sotol plant. The outbuildings include the barn, granary, the ranch office building and a one-room schoolhouse.

The center is open free from 9 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays, and 1 to 4:30 p.m. Sundays.

Four Museums in One. The Buffalo Bill Historical Center in Cody, Wyoming, houses four large museums dealing with western frontier history.

The four museums are the Buffalo Bill Museum, Winchester Gun Museum, Plains Indian Museum, and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art. Each deals with artifacts and information about specific areas of western history.

The Center is located at 720 Sheridan Avenue, next to the park, in Cody. It is open from 7 a.m. to 10 p.m., June through August; 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., May and Spetember; and 1 to 5 p.m., Tuesday through Sunday, in March, April, October, and November.

A Thousand Guns. The largest privately-owned collection of western frontier memorabilia in the world can be viewed at the Frontier Museum in Temecula, California.

The museum, which is a re-creation of the early western town of Tombstone, Arizona, displays over 1,000 authentic guns, many of which were used by famous western figures. Over 60 wax figures, stagecoaches, a chuck wagon, jailhouse, saloon, theater, a western street and shops also highlight the museum.

Visitors can find the Frontier Museum west of Interstate 15E (old 395) two hours southeast of Los Angeles. It is located beween Los Angeles and San Diego. New to Temecula, it was opened to the public April 21, 1982.

Artifacts and Art. The National Cowboy Hall of Fame, located in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, displays artifacts as well as art dealing with western United States history. A large library on western information accentuates the Hall of Fame also.

Visitors will find the attraction open from 8:30 to 6 p.m., from Memorial Day to Labor Day. During the rest of the year, it is open from 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

The National Cowboy Hall of Fame is located on 1700 N.E. 63rd Street in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73111.

Writing Convention. Publishers' booths, speakers, tours, and awards presentations will highlight the Western Writers of America's 30th Annual Convention in Amarillo, Texas, in 1983.

The convention is tentatively scheduled to begin the last Sunday of June and run through the following Thursday (June 26 through 30). Registration is on Sunday, the 26th, and the convention will begin Monday, the 27th.

The chairman of the convention is Jim Jennings, 207 Mescalero Trail, Route 5, Amarillo, Texas 79118.

Tastes of the Past. History, recreation, and scenic beauty are three rewards for visiting Cochise County in Arizona.

The county was molded from Arizona Territory in 1881. Sites in the county include the 200-mile-long Cochise Trail. Along the trail, visitors can see a collection of Indian, pioneer, and western history artifacts. The trail begins at the Cochise Visitor Center in Wilcox.

The Cochise Stronghold, Fort Bowie, Chiricahua National Monument, Tombstone, and several ghost towns are just a few of this area's attractions. Visitors are always welcome.

For Outlaws and Lawmen Only. A group of outlaw and lawman history buffs got together in 1974 in Logan, Utah, and formed the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History.

The organization has been going strong ever since and now has more than 500 members throughout the United States, Canada, and overseas. The group provides a means by which those interested in outlaws and lawmen of the Old West can share information and help each other. NOLA, as it is called, publishes a newsletter six times a year and a quarterly magazine.

Membership is $20 a year or $39 for two years. Lifetime members are accepted for $500 ($125 annual payments) and commercial firms or individuals may be sponsors for $100 annual dues.

NOLA has scheduled its 1983 rendezvous in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on August 3 through 6. In addition to regular meetings and speakers, the organization is planning a real old-fashioned mountain man-style rendezvous.

Commercial and noncommercial organizations are invited to display their wares at the rendezvous. Space is being provided on a first come, first serve basis. For more information, write NOLA, Western Research Center, University of Wyoming, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82071.

Going Western is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including good, clear black and white photographs, to: Going Western, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

OLD WEST COOKERY

buffalo

By BARBARA BLACKBURN

GAME meats were the mainstay of the early West. On the Plains, it was buffalo meat. One of the most frequent meals at the forts of the old west was buffalo and green pepper stew.

Buffalo meat in its prime is as tender as beef, but richer and sweeter in flavor. Buffalo tongue was a delicacy, especially appreciated by the mountain men. It was once smoked and shipped to the finest restaurants in the East and in Europe. Tongue boiled with peppercorns, grated onion, and bay leaves had a delicious wild flavor: The texture was firmer, leaner, darker, and smoother than beef tongue.

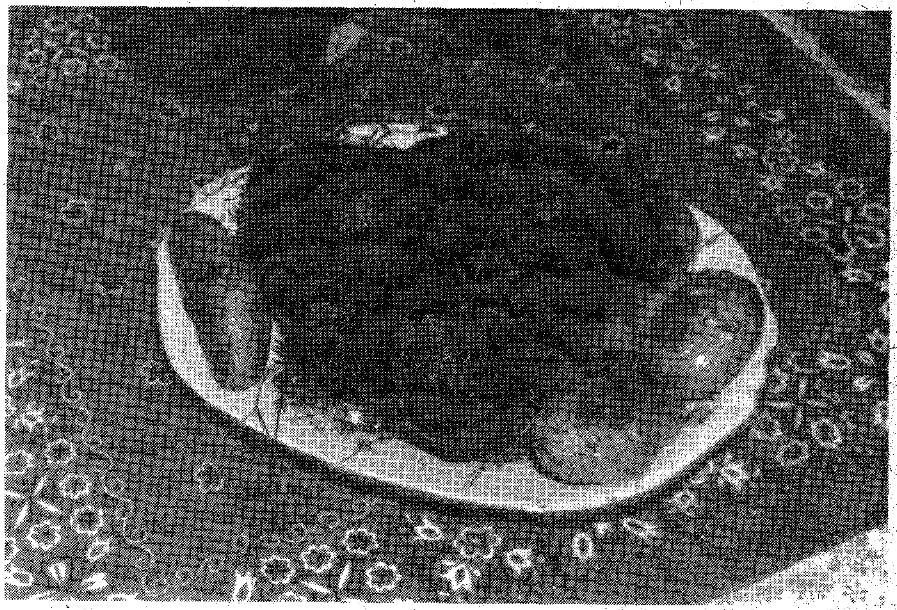
The Indians of Texas made buffalo jerky, using chiletepin, a red tomato-like berry that grows wild in Texas. They ground this berry and dusted the jerky with it before drying the meat in the sun. This discouraged the "attackers" — insects.

When the Indians wanted to eat the jerky, they dusted off most of the hot stuff, and enjoyed the "burn" of the rest.

The "humpbacked beef of the prairie" could be used as meat in many forms. Some westerners made scrapple with it. Many a buffalo steak was cooked in a Dutch oven. For modern tastes, the best approach may be buffalo roast, which comes close to the food of the Old West.

Old westerners were heavy consumers of buffalo flesh. Plains Indians would down pounds of fresh meat at one sitting. European employees of the Hudson Bay Company ate eight pounds of buffalo a day — a normal daily ration of the meat.

The Indians preserved meat for winter by making jerky. They sliced the meat along the grain in thin strips. Then they dried it in the sun or in the smoke of the tepee fires. An entire cow could be reduced to forty-five pounds of jerky. Part of that was processed into pemmican.



Courtesy of author

Buffalo roast.

In making pemmican, the Indians pounded the meat as fine as sawdust and preserved it in tightly sewn bags. Fat was added in making the pemmican and often crushed wild fruit and berries. It was a very rich mixture; a pound of it produced 3,500 calories. Compare that to 750 in lean beef and 3,200 in a pound of butter!

As white men moved west, they followed the Indian ways and dried most of the buffalo meat. It took a day or two and it provided a relief from the endless traveling on trails to the west.

If they did not stop to do this, these travelers draped strips of meat from the crossbars of wagons or hung the strips on ropes to dry. When their supplies were low, these emigrants bought more from the friendly Indians. Mrs. Narcissa Whitman in an overland journey to the far Northwest wrote in her journal, "I can scarcely eat it, it appears so filthy, but it will keep us alive and we ought to be thankful for it."

The buffalo had many natural attributes. A three-year-old bull at six feet tall and weighing 1,500 pounds, furnished 750 pounds of meat. There was hardly any fat or gristle. Today the market for buffalo is not large, but in some areas, especially the west, it is available. If you're "game," you may be able to find some for these recipes.

Buffalo Roast

2 cups of liquid — 1 apple cider and 1 red wine

½ cup red wine vinegar or cider vinegar

1 tablespoon brown sugar

A pinch of hot pepper

1 crumbled bay leaf

¼ teaspoon crumbled thyme, or ¾ fresh

1 onion and 1 carrot, chopped

1 garlic clove, mashed

3 sprigs fresh parsley

8 peppercorns

6 juniper berries

chervil, tarragon, marjoram — ⅛ teaspoon each

A whole filet of bison or rib buffalo roast (3 to 7 pounds)

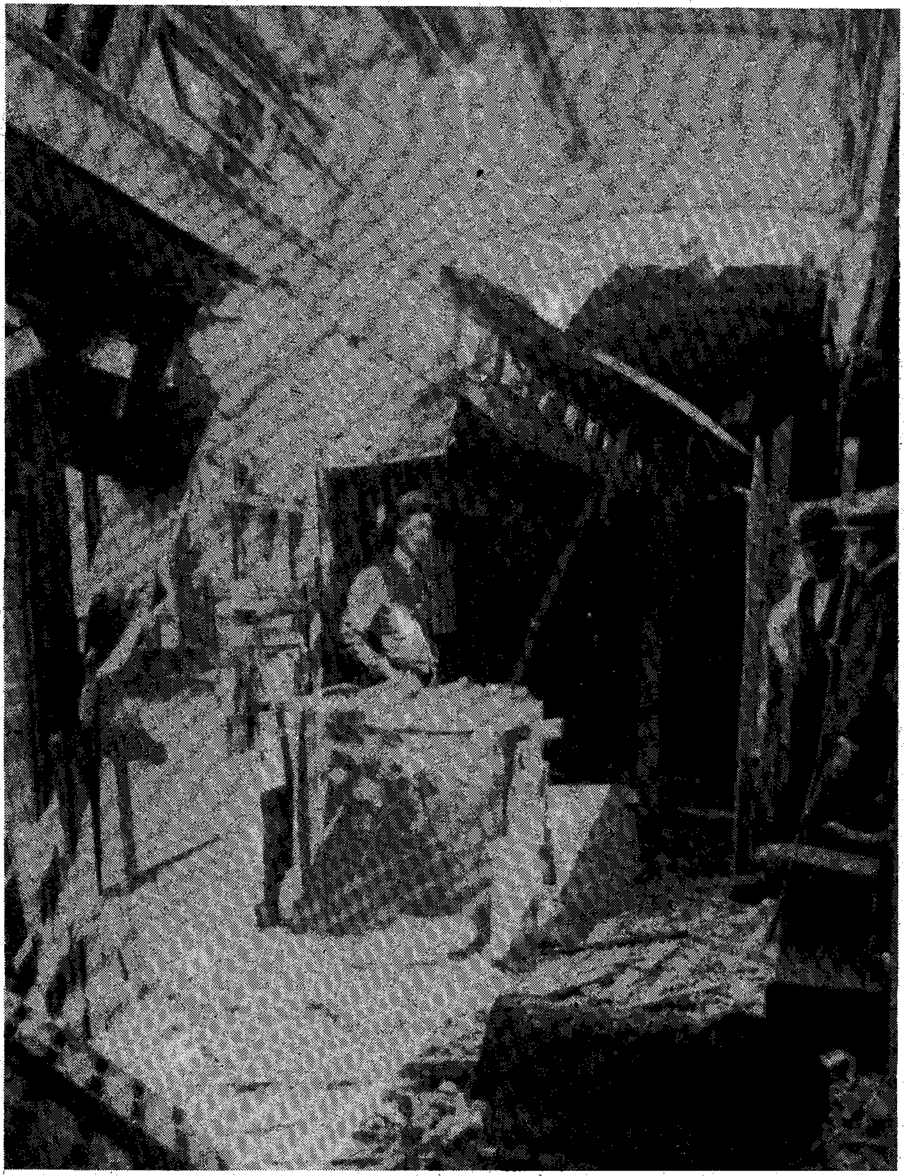
(Substitute other game meat, if you haven't an access to buffalo.)

Serve potatoes cooked in the roasting pan with the meat. Also good are tomatoes filled with creamed mushrooms, served with cress for edible garnish and a side of tart jelly.

In a heavy saucepan combine everything but the meat. Cook gently for 30 minutes. Wipe meat with damp cloth and put in an enameled or porcelain dish or stainless steel casserole. Cover with cloth and keep it in a cool place for 24 to 48 hours, turning it occasionally.

Wipe dry, trim excess fat, tie if necessary to hold its shape. Preheat the oven to 500 degrees. Reserve the marinade. Baste the meat with melted butter. Place meat on rack in shallow roasting pan. Roast in the middle of the oven for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees. Baste with ½ cup of marinade, and every fifteen minutes keep basting. Roast 16 minutes to the pound for rare, 18 for medium rare, 20 for medium, and 26 for well done.

To marinade, add 1 tablespoon flour. Simmer for 10 minutes for a sauce to pour over the meat.



These Old Photos
Recently Were
Discovered by the
Burlington Northern
Railroad.
Photos are supplied
Courtesy BN Railroad
And Can Be Seen
In the BN Collection
At the Minnesota
Historical Society Museum
in St. Paul.

Story By
Jim Dullenty

Three men (at left), believed to be railroad detectives, stand in the rubble of the train at Wagner, Montana.

Rare Old Photos Reveal Aftermath of the

WAGNER TRAIN ROBBERY

Five old photographs rediscovered recently by the Burlington Northern Railroad show that Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch were outlaws who meant business.

The photos show the interior of an express car reduced to rubble, a safe blasted to pieces and the outside of the rail car with the debris from the dynamite blast scattered about.

Although no one is sure who took the photos, they must have been snapped shortly after the daring daylight robbery of the Great Northern train by the Cassidy gang on July 3, 1901, near Wagner, Montana.

Historians call it Montana's most famous train robbery, and it was depicted in an epic painting by well-known western artist O.C. Seltzer.

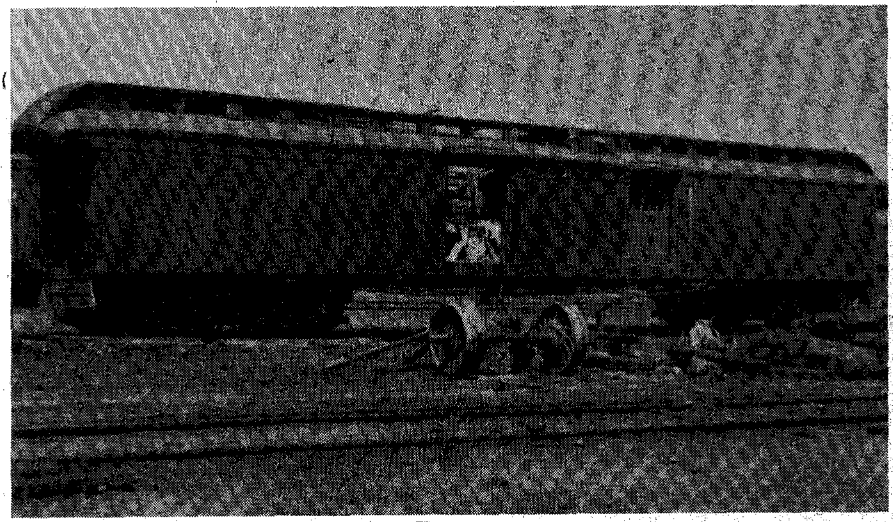
It was the Cassidy gang's only strike in Montana. Cassidy and his outlaws were glamorized in the 1969 movie, "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," which helped elevate Cassidy to the status of American folk hero.

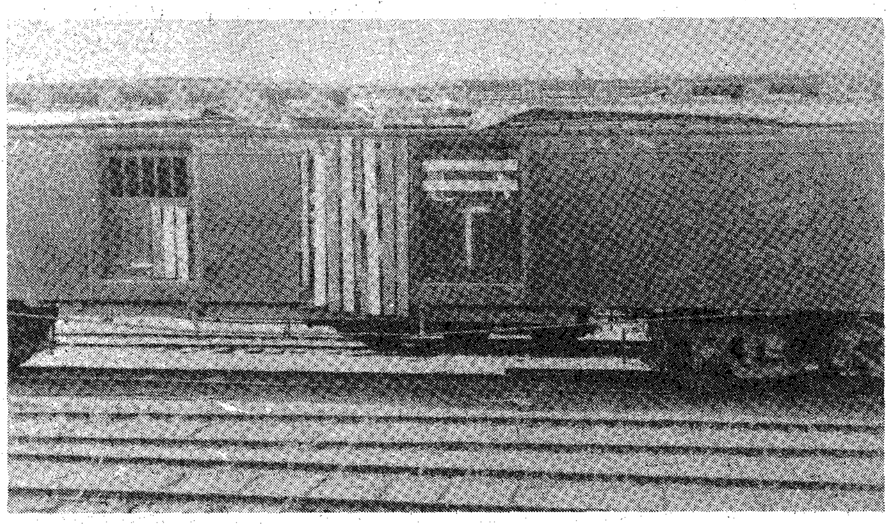
No one was injured when they blew the safe, but at least three persons, two trainmen and a passenger, were wounded in the gunfire during the robbery.

The Wagner robbery holds a prominent place in accounts of the Wild Bunch because it was the last major holdup staged by the gang before Cassidy and other leaders fled to South America.

The Sundance Kid did not participate in the Wagner robbery. He was in New York en route to Argentina with his outlaw consort, Etta Place.

Leader in the robbery was the outlaw known in Montana as Kid Curry. Curry, whose real name was Harvey Logan, Two views of the shattered baggage and express car No. 552 of the Great Northern Railroad's overland train after the holdup on July 3, 1901. Robbery was staged by Kid Curry and members of the Wild Bunch.





came to the state in 1884 and knew the territory well around Wagner. He too eventually made his way to Argentina.

As far as can be determined, only one photo, showing the exterior of the damaged rail car, had been published. The photos found by BN were never published and historians value them as a detailed record of the aftermath of the Wagner robbery.

Kim Forman, BN spokesman in Seattle, said the wife of a former longtime BN traffic manager in Seattle found the photos and returned them to the railroad. They have been sent to the BN collection in the Minnesota Historical Society Museum in St. Paul.

Although Cassidy, by all accounts, participated in the Wagner robbery, he turned over leadership to Curry who was more familiar with Montana.

Cassidy was a Utah native who spent most of his outlaw career in Wyoming. He was born to Mormon parents in 1866 and left home at age 18. He served two years in the Wyoming penitentiary for stealing horses and it was not until after his release in January 1896 that he began organizing the Wild Bunch.

Curry joined the gang about 1897. He and his three brothers, Henry, Johnny and Lonie, were natives of Rowan County, Kentucky.

The brothers were orphaned in their teens and for a time were sheltered by an aunt in Dodson, Missouri, now part of Kansas City. The brothers, and a cousin, Bob Lee, left that home for Montana in 1884.

They settled on Rock Creek near the Little Rockies in central Montana. They worked as cowboys and established their own ranch. The Currys, as they called themselves, were considered good neighbors.

Then the oldest of the brothers, Henry, who had been their guiding hand, died of pneumonia in 1894. Things went from bad to worse for the others.

John was killed by a rancher in a property dispute.

On Dec. 28, 1894, Kid Curry killed a town marshal in a tavern brawl at Landusky, in the Little Rockies. The marshal drew on the Kid during the scuffle and many ranchers thought Curry killed in self-defense.

But Curry was forced to flee. For the next few years he operated out of a bandit hideout in north central Wyoming called Hole-in-the-Wall. There he met Cassidy.

By the turn of the century, it became apparent to Curry, Cassidy and Sundance their days were numbered. The telephone had improved communications, mounted armed guards rode the trains and law enforcement developed rapidly.

But they needed money to take up ranching in Argentina, where they hoped to lose their past in the vast pampas. The Wagner robbery was an effort to finance that venture.

Most of their robberies were at night, but this was done in full daylight at 2 p.m. Wagner was a short distance west of Malta, a flag stop on the Great Northern route through northern Montana.

Curry boarded the westbound Coast Flyer when it pulled into Malta for a water stop. He crawled over the coal tender and dropped down on the engine platform. With his six-shooter drawn, he ordered the train to be pulled ahead.

A few miles down the track at Exeter Creek near Wagner, Cassidy and other gang members waited in hiding. Curry ordered the train halted and the bandits jumped out, guns drawn, to cover the train.

The train crew was forced to unhook the baggage and express car and the train then pulled ahead. To keep curious passengers from looking out, the bandits fired warning shots, which wounded two trainmen. A stray bullet also struck Gertrude Smith, 18, from Tomah, Wisconsin, who was on her way to Everett, Washington.

According to published accounts, it took the outlaws four dynamite charges to blow the safe in the express car left

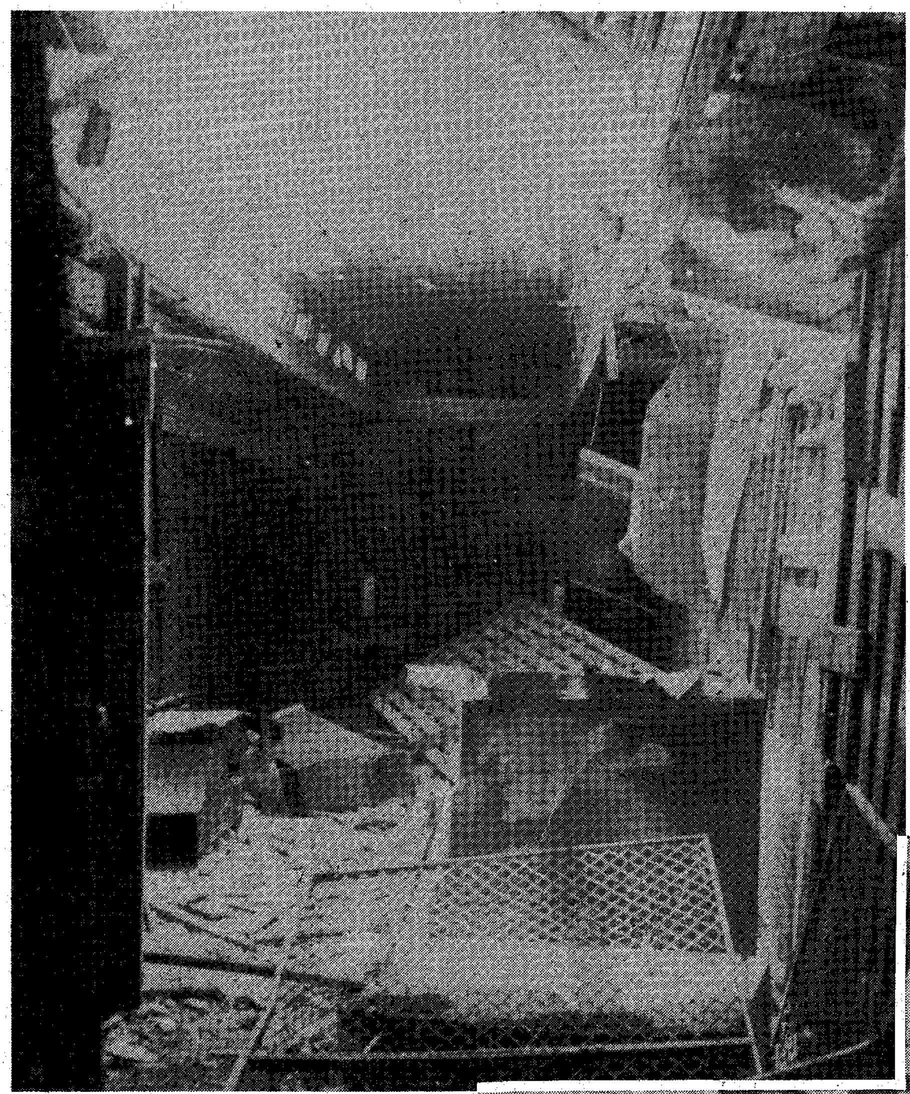


Photo above shows damaged rail car interior; at right photo shows wrecked safe which was blown open by dynamite in the robbery.

behind. Curry remarked it was the hardest safe he had ever tried to open.

The BN photos show the damage caused by the explosions. The metal safe was turned to junk.

Although the outlaws took $40,000, most of it was in unsigned notes destined for a Helena, Montana, bank. The loot eventually proved the undoing of many in the gang.

Once they had their booty, the bandits crossed the nearby Milk River in a boat, jumped on horses and fled south. The alarm was sounded in Malta, but posses never found the trail.

Curry was well-known in the Little Rockies south of Malta and led the gang to a mountain hideout. Rancher friends did not disclose his whereabouts.

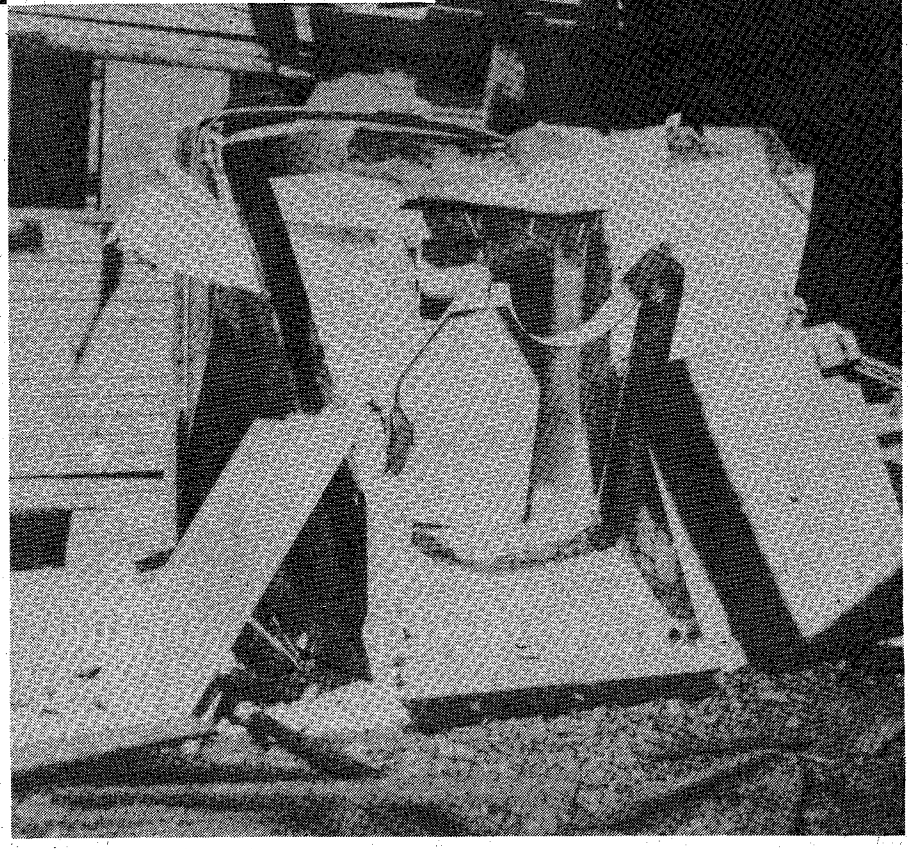
When the heat was off, the gang split. Attempts to cash the forged notes eventually led to the arrest of Curry and his cousin Bob Lee. The notes also led police to a house in Dodson, Missouri, where Lonie was staying. He was killed as he attempted to flee.

Curry escaped jail and joined his comrades in Argentina. Soon, the gang returned to its old ways of robbing trains and banks in South America.

What happened to Curry, Cassidy and Sundance remains a mystery. They may have been killed in shootouts in South America. Or they may have returned to the United States by 1910, as many believe, and spent the rest of their lives in obscurity.

Forman said shortly after the robbery, the photos probably were turned over to a Great Northern agent in Havre, Montana. Some copies may have been used for insurance and police purposes.

The Havre agent was transferred to Seattle and he probably took the photos with him. The wife of a successor inherited them and recently returned them to BN, Forman said.



Book Roundup

On the Way to Old Santa Fe

DOWN THE SANTA FE TRAIL AND INTO MEXICO: THE DIARY OF SUSAN SHELBY MAGOFFIN, 1846-1847. *Stella M. Drumm, editor. University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 1982. 294 pp. $6.95.*

Scholars as well as western history buffs will enjoy this journal of an 18-year-old bride who sets out with her husband, a much older trader, from Independence, Missouri, destined for Santa Fe, New Mexico.

Susan was a good observer of the events along the Santa Fe Trail in 1846-47 and of the American occupation of the Southwest by General Stephen W. Kearny's army. Susan Magoffin and her husband followed General Doniphan and his Missouri Volunteers into Chihuahua, Mexico, where they stayed for several months and Susan continued recording in her journal.

The era of which Magoffin was writing was important in influencing the future direction of the young American nation. Susan's wide-eyed enthusiasm is still felt by some southwesterners — the excitement, the dangers and even the dull routine of her 15 months' journey.

The reader respects her effort to learn the Spanish language en route and sympathizes with her stresses and discouragements. One can't help but marvel at her perceptions and determination to endure.

This classic originally was published in 1926 by Yale Univesity Press and then again in 1962. This is the first Bison Book (University of Nebraska Press) edition. The book is a handsome soft cover volume set in easy-to-read large type with extensive footnotes from earlier editions. There are a few illustrations and a map of the route west and south into Mexico. A daguerreotype shows the author in 1845 when she was 17. An appendix, bibliography and index complement this major primary source of Southwestern history.

At the end of the book, we wish we had been with Susan Magoffin. But when we stop to think of it, we really have. We have traveled with the Magoffins side by side, down the Santa Fe trail and into Mexico.

— Bobette Perrone
H. Henrietta Stockel
Santa Fe, New Mexico

FORT LARNED

FORT LARNED. *By Leo E. Oliva. Kansas State Historical Society, 120 West 10th, Topeka, KS 66612. 1982. 84 pp. Softcover.*

Fort Larned never had the name recognition of forts Bliss, Leavenworth, Union and Defiance, but it had its own importance and it served its cause well.

From 1859 through 1872, Fort Larned protected the stage and mail routes and guarded the immigrant trains moving along the old Santa Fe trail. The post occupied the site of Pawnee fork in south-central Kansas, and had a responsibility for approximately 140 miles of passage.

Included are chapters on the origins of Fort Larned, its significance during the Civil War, the additional constructions, its relationship with the Indians (usually Pawnees, Cheyennes, Arapahos, Kiowas and Comanches), the social rapport of officers and troops, how the post affected the regional economy and fort life. A final chapter brings the military reservation up to date. For a while it served as adjunct to a ranch operation. Today it is a National Historic Site.

Oliva concentrates on the basics. His narrative mentions everything from latrine ditches to rabid dogs. Each barracks contained a kitchen and mess room. The hospital was 74 feet by 19 feet, had 16 beds, a kitchen and dispensary.

Black troopers of the 10th Cavalry served at Larned from 1867 through 1869, and were known as "Buffalo Soldiers." An "almost" race riot occurred in December 1868.

Military strategy was no more imaginative than "march and shoot." Although Oliva points out several "immiment" Indian battles, very little fighting occurred. During the Civil War, troops were taken from Larned and the Indians became more restless if not more aggressive. However, Larned kept the pressure on and the fort became a distribution point for annuity goods to the Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes in 1862. Sometimes these transactions embarrassed the post commanders, as when a band of Kiowas came to trade, then drove off 300 head of cattle.

Many of the photos which have not been previously published are remarkably clear and the captions are excellent.

As Oliva notes, Fort Larned "did more to keep the peace than to make war." While the army contributed to the defeat of the Indians, the Red Man's way of life was destroyed by railroads, settlers and loss of buffalo. Fort Larned, like most frontier army posts, did its job so well that it put itself out of business. What the world needs is more Fort Larneds.

— Leon C. Metz
El Paso, Texas

WOMEN ON THE RANGE

COWGIRLS, WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN WEST, AN ORAL HISTORY. *By Teresa Jordan. Anchor Press, Garden City, NY11530. 303 pp. $19.95.*

Cowgirls is full of good reading. You can start almost anywhere, but you'll want to go back to the beginning and read it word for word. All the women are remarkable, many downright amazing.

The author has dug up lots of photographs and provides interesting history of women in ranching and in rodeo along with a well-annotated bibliography. First she tells you briefly what you need to know about each of the cowgirls, then lets that cowgirl tell her own story, in her own words. The youngest is 14;

the oldest well into her 80s. Most grew up on ranches, but a few have far different backgrounds — New England, Deep South, all schools and colleges.

Elsie Lloyd (82) and Amy Chubb (79) are sisters. They were born and learned to ride in England. When they were teenagers, they settled with their family on a Wyoming ranch.

The family worked at whatever needed to be done to make the ranch go. The girls farmed, drove a four-horse gang plow, pitched hay and were prime hands at roundups.

The sisters run a ranch now in the Hole-in-the-Wall country in Wyoming, the old hideout of Butch Cassidy and his Wild Bunch. Both the ladies were widowed, and they run the ranch alone guiding a few carefully chosen antelope and deer hunters on the side. The hunters stay in housekeeping cabins on the ranch where they "damn well do their own cooking."

Author Teresa Jordan is something of a cowgirl herself. She grew up on a Wyoming ranch, then went to school in the East. She was Phi Beta Kappa at Yale where she specialized in the history of the American West. As one of her cowgirls, Mildred Kanipe, told her, "You look like you can ride a horse."

And she can.

— Fern Lyon
Los Alamos, New Mexico

BLACK HILLS GOLD

GOLD IN THE BLACK HILLS. *By Watson Parker. University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 259 pp. $19.95 hardcover. $6.95 paper.*

The first wandering Dakota Sioux, upon viewing those lofty, pine-covered slopes, named them *Paha Sapa*, "The Hills That are Black."

Those heights were rarely visited by the Plains Indians for game was scarce there, especially buffalo, and the roaring violence of its sudden thunderstorms and awesome tornados seemed to the Sioux a definite indication of the displeasure of the Great Spirit for all who ventured near the Black Hills.

From the arrival of the first white men, the Verendryes of Three Rivers, Canada, in 1742, up to the Custer expedition of 1874, more and more wanderers visited the area looking for gold. The tempo increased despite Army orders to burn wagon trains and arrest those entering the hills.

But by the mid-1870s, the United States was ready for another gold rush. Young fellows who'd missed the recent Civil War and older men who never got over the excitement yearned for new adventures. When word of the strikes were trumpeted in the press in the opening months of 1875, the rush was on.

The author points out it takes more than gold to make a gold rush. It takes men with a lusty appetite for life and the men who made the Black Hills reverberate with the slam of hammers and axes and the wash of the sluice stand out big and bold in the pages of this colorful and accurate history.

— Bill Garwood
Detroit, Michigan

GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

GOLD DUST. *By Donald Dale Jackson. University of Nebraska Press, 901 North 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 361 pp. $8.95 soft cover.*

Among the greatest adventures in American history was the discovery of gold in California in 1848 and the following migration of gold-seekers who wanted to become instant millionaires. There have been dozens of books dealing with aspects of the '49er experience, but *Gold Dust* presents a complete and authoritative study of this chapter of American history.

Jackson states in his prologue his intent is ". . . to tell the story of the gold rush through the experiences, feelings and thoughts of the people who participated in it. My goal is to put the reader inside the skins of those heroic, sad and reckless men."

He accomplished his purpose. He used vast quantities of original source material as well as secondary works. Jackson has been able to assimilate this large amount of material into a solid, fascinating narrative. He does not lose site of the human element, so often a failing of works on this scale. But the depiction of individual activities is not done at the expense of important detail.

The work first was published by Alfred A. Knopf Inc., in 1980. The University of Nebraska Press has made this available at a very reasonable price.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota

REPEATED LEGENDS

WYOMING'S OUTLAW DAYS. *By Richard Patterson. Johnson Books, 1880 S. 57th Court, Boulder, CO 80301. 1982. 64 pp. $3.95 soft cover.*

This small, soft cover booklet will disappoint anyone but the novice or youth just beginning to show an interest in outlaw history.

The author could have done a favor by preparing a worthwhile account of Wyoming's outlaw days. But unfortunately he has gathered more than a dozen books dealing with the subject, taken what he wanted and used nothing else. The problem of writing history from nothing but previously published works is that the same errors and legends are repeated until they become "true."

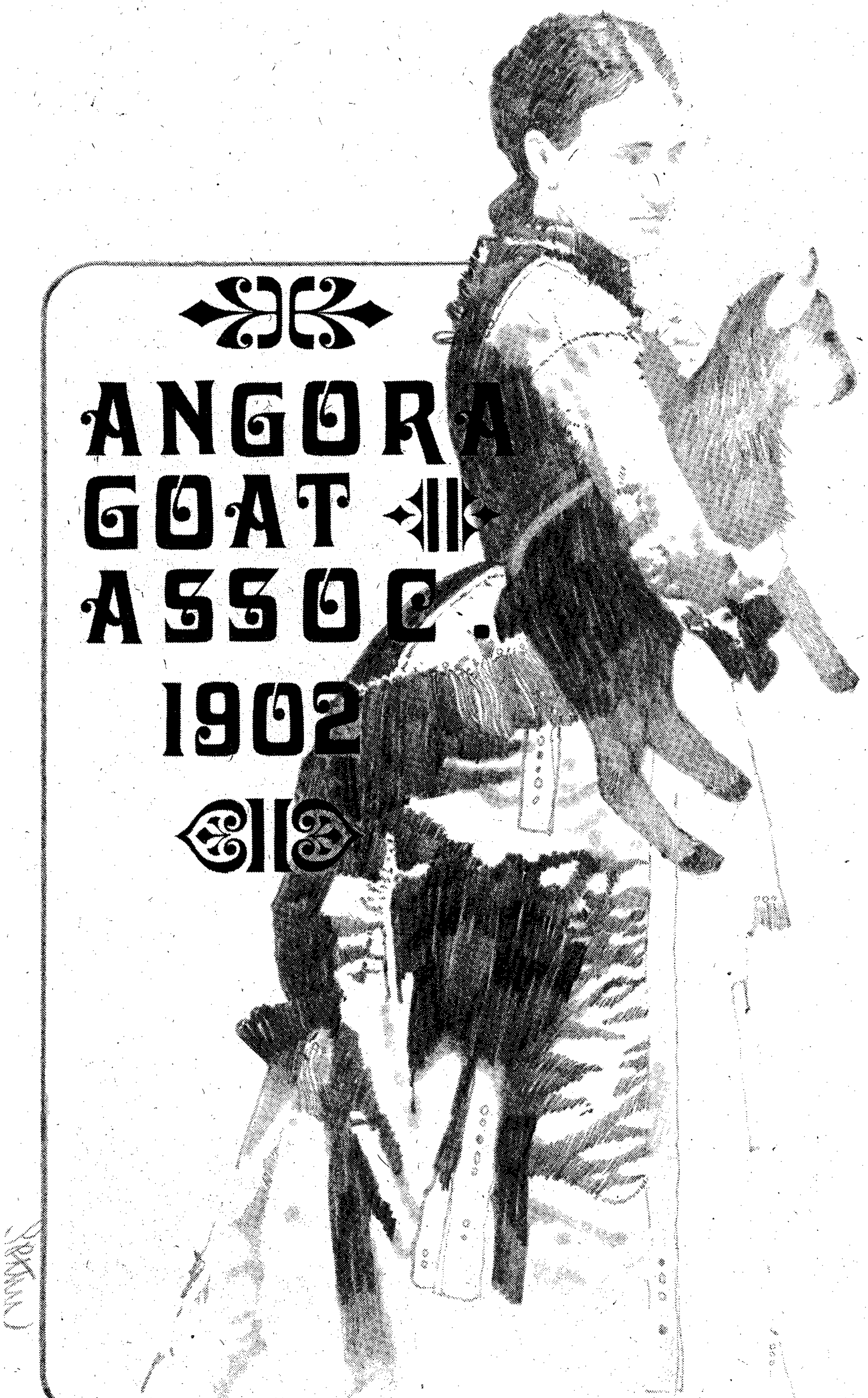
The author devotes an entire chapter to discussing the James brothers and "Big Nose" George Parrott forming a train robbing gang "in the spring of 1878," two years after the Northfield, Minnesota, fiasco. Although it may be impossible to prove that the James brothers were not in Wyoming some time in 1878, it is significant that the home country newspaper of the brothers, the Liberty, Missouri, Tribune, on May 30, 1879, declared that stories of the James brothers in Wyoming is "humbug."

The chapter dealing with Frank Canton's capture of horsethief "Teton Jackson" appears to be no more than a rewrite of Canton's autobiography. The author would have provided a service if he had done some original research on either "Teton Jackson" or Frank Canton.

The chapter on the deaths of Nate Champion and Nick Ray falls short of reasonable expectation because of the same problem. Apparently a mere rewrite from secondary sources satisfied the author. It would be nice to know, for example, if the diary written by Champion while he was surrounded in the cabin still exists.

It is difficult to see the justification for this pamphlet. It contains nothing new and the bibilography leaves one guessing.

— Chuck Parsons
Silver Lake, Minnesota



NO KIDDING —
GOAT WAR IN COLORADO

Story By FLORENCE McCARTY

Illustrations by SUSANNA SPANN

MUCH HAS been written about the bad blood between cattlemen and sheep raisers but a violent battle over goats drew more attention in Western Colorado than just about anything else.

The bloody battle over the goats had its roots in the settlement of Grand Valley in Western Colorado. After 1881, when the land was wrested from the Ute Indians, cattlemen poured into the mesa-dotted country which they found to their liking for raising animals.

Especially ideal were the sheltered canyons and low places where winters were not severe.

Amazingly, the cattle domain was established by a rustler! In the fall of 1881, George Howard, who had stolen cattle from J.F. Brink in Utah, drove them into the Plateau Creek area near what is now Grand Junction.

Brink followed on Howard's heels and discovered the "paradise" which had been found by the outlaw. Brink then moved his stock from Utah and soon other cattlemen followed. Cattle became a booming industry. Some men had as many as ten thousand head.

But almost as soon as the land of milk and honey was discovered, a menace appeared on the horizon: sheep!

SHEEPMEN came in and preempted the land just as the cattlemen had done before them. Cattlemen claimed sheep ruined the ranges. They said the sheep denuded the pastures and their hooves uprooted the grass. They also claimed, incorrectly, that cattle would not graze after sheep nor drink where sheep had drank.

Sheep, and rumors of sheep, poured in. In February, 1883, seven thousand sheep went through Grand Junction, headed for Plateau Creek. They came in as fast as the cattle had come.

Acts of violence and destruction against sheep became fairly common. In December 1883, a Kannah Creek rancher was herding his sheep when armed cattlemen approached and ordered him to leave the country. He refused. Fifteen or twenty men returned later and drove the sheep away.

Some of the crimes were reported; others were not. The newspapers did not report many incidents in hopes of avoiding open warfare.

IN 1884, the stockmen had other worries. Large herds from Texas began arriving, many infected with "Texas fever." The local cattlemen had to catch them and turn them back or quarantine the newcomers. After many disputes, the problem was resolved.

Also by 1884, some cattlemen realized the ranges had reached a saturation point. And yet, in 1885, more cattle were driven in. Some seven thousand head came from Garfield County which itself was overstocked and could not provide grazing. There were 25,000 head on ranges north of Grand Junction.

Tensions ran high. Cattlemen at White River issued a notice: "Sheepmen will find a warm welcome if they attempt to locate on the White River."

The Mesa County Board of Trade passed a resolution: "The cattle industry represents a big part of our business. Sheep are a menace. Pledge all to avoid calamity."

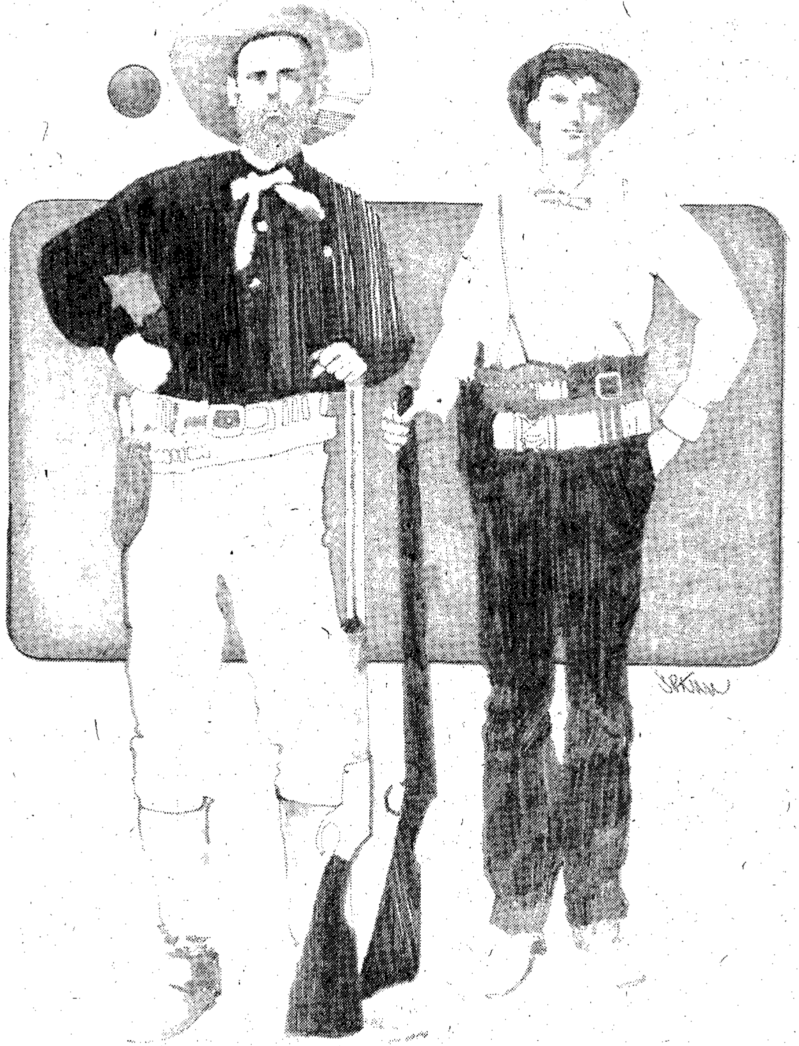
When it was learned there were ten thousand sheep on the range above Kannah Creek, the cattlemen and businessmen of Grand Junction met and adopted a resolution. "They will be met by hostile public sentiment," the resolution said of the sheepmen.

A rancher in the Plateau Valley lost several hundred sheep which had been slaughtered mysteriously. Between Whitewater and Delta, more sheep were killed.

One of the worst tragedies occurred west of Rifle, Colorado. A respected citizen drove his flock of several thousand sheep onto a mesa which formerly had been used by cattlemen. Riders came in the night and drove the entire flock over a high cliff. Years later, there was a rumor that another herd of 40,000 sheep had been destroyed on their way from Utah.

INTO this agitated climate in 1900, stumbled Nancy B. Irving of Chicago, bent on raising Angora goats.

Nancy was a widow, well-educated and experienced in the business world. For thirteen years she had worked in advertising and saved money to start a business of her own. Women friends in Chicago gave her ten thousand dollars to invest in any venture she might choose, such was their confidence in her.



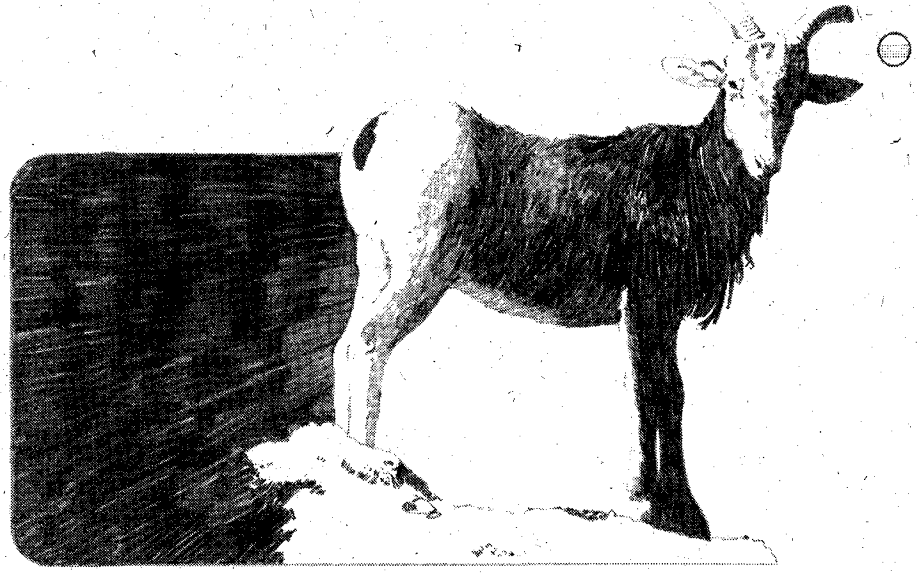
Courtesy Mildred Hooper

Angora goats of the early 1900s.

About 1900, the Angora industry was burgeoning. Fine cloth made from the fleece was fashionable and brought high prices. Nancy studied the Angora industry and in her advertising work, she learned that Western Colorado flourished after the opening of the land. This seemed an ideal spot to raise goats.

With her daughter, Amy, she traveled to Grand Junction. There she learned that Eben McKean Miller, who lived north of town, was raising Angora goats. She and her daughter moved in with him for six months so she could learn the business.

She learned that one shearing of the fleece would pay the bills for a year. Every fourth year, the wethers (castrated male goats) were sold for profit. Herders got $25 a month and keep. It appeared to be a very profitable business. But Miller would not sell her any goats. He may have told her of his concern about the reaction of cattlemen. Years later, he said he did.



She left the Millers and pre-empted a section of land on what is known as The Redlands at the foot of the Colorado National Monument. In February 1902, she bought six hundred of the finest bred Angora does and kept them pastured at her headquarters.

She built a comfortable house and organized the Angora Goat Association. She had a gasoline pump to supply running water for the house and irrigation.

In Grand Junction, businessmen sometimes would gently warn her of the dangerous ground on which she was treading. But she was unafraid. She assumed cattlemen knew what she had learned about goats. She claimed goats did not eat grass, but only browsed on brush, twigs and the like. She insisted their feet were not the same as those of sheep. Goat feet had little pads that allowed them to walk without digging up the grass, she said.

For summer range, she bought land at Monument Springs on Pinon Mesa. Her nearest neighbor was Charles R. Sieber, who owned one of the largest cattle outfits in the country.

She wrote Sieber a letter saying she had no intention of fencing his water rights in her area. She also explained the difference between sheep and goats and said her animals would not harm his range. She received a polite reply from Sieber who said he understood and for her to go ahead and move her goats in if she wanted.

In June, her does bore a total of 452 kids. As soon as the little ones were old enough to make the trip, the herd was moved to the summer place at Monument Springs. Nancy hired a herder and two friends to look after her flock.

So happy was she with her new business, she and Amy traveled to Chicago for a visit and to report her success to her friends.

A FEW DAYS after she left, disaster struck. Fourteen masked men rode in from the night, bound the herders, and clubbed more than half of the herd to death. When the grisly job was done, the intruders released the three men but warned "if you don't get them (the rest of the goats) out of the country, we'll kill them too."

Upon hearing the news, Nancy and her daughter rushed back to Grand Junction. She estimated her loss at between $25,000 and $30,000. She immediately contacted the district attorney. But he claimed he couldn't do anything because he didn't want to saddle Mesa County with the expense of the prosecution. He knew from experience the cattlemen had too much money to buck.

Indignation ran high. People demanded the guilty be brought to justice.

Nancy was down but not out. She began to stir to action. She determined she would make a success of her business. She armed herself and her herders. She hired James W. Bucklin as her attorney. He and a deputy district attorney appeared before county commissioners asking for a liberal reward to help apprehend the goat killers.

Nancy also asked the Colorado governor to offer a reward. He declined saying he had no funds for such purpose.

Law officers did little. No arrests were made. The Denver Times sent a reporter. The paper published several stories with big headlines. In one account, Nancy blamed the "Siebert" Cattle Co. The name "Siebert" was a misprint as she was talking about her high range neighbor, Charles Sieber.

She said "Mr. Siebert" had written the courteous letter only to throw her off guard while he planned to kill her goats. The Times also ran an editorial, "Mesa County's Disgrace," critical of the goat killing.

NANCY traveled often to Denver and called at the Times. The paper said of her, "to look at her is to understand there is no such thing as defeat in store for her once she is confident of the equity of her course. She says she may be temporarily winded but is getting her breath back rapidly."

She talked bravely and did carry on her goat business for a few months. But eventually she sold out and returned to Chicago, a bitter and broken-hearted woman. She lost her money, and worst, the money entrusted to her by her friends.

Soon after, public land areas were allotted to cattle and sheep. After the boundaries were set, cattlemen and sheepmen did not encroach on each other's land.

Ironically, about ten years after Nancy lost her goats, most cattlemen were raising sheep.

Frank James

Courtesy Leonard James

Maude Williamson at age 19 (1898).

Letter From Frank James

FORMER OUTLAW REVEALS HIS THOUGHTS IN UNPUBLISHED LETTER

"I FOUND one of those cheap novels about me and Jesse. There is no truth in them, and they should not be sold to young boys of today."

So wrote Frank James in pencil on a bit of greasy wrapping paper to Maude Williamson James, no relation, a woman with whom he corresponded during the last years of his life, from 1903 to 1912. Frank James died at the old James farm, near Kearney, Missouri, on February 18, 1915.

Frank wrote Mrs. James nine letters during those years. Mrs. James' son, Leonard, of Napoleon, Michigan, inherited the letters. About 20 years ago, he was contacted by a Connecticut woman who apparently is a relative of the James family.

Leonard James said he wasn't interested in the letters so he gave them all to the Connecticut woman. He can't remember her name, so for him, the letters are lost. However, for some reason which he can't explain, he copied one of the nine letters and kept the copy.

THOUGH SHE was no relation to Frank James, Maude James began the correspondence with the former outlaw at the instigation of a physician who had treated several of Quantrill's raiders. William Clarke Quantrill was the Confederate guerilla leader under whom Frank and Jesse James served during the Civil War.

Maude Williamson, in 1902, married Harvey P. James. Prior to her marriage, she had lived in Rosebud, Illinois. Several of Quantrill's men also lived in southern Illinois in the late 1800s, among them John Golightly, Sam Moss, Tom Holifield, George Sheppard and Dr. Bill McCoy. McCoy was a good doctor; he just never practiced with a license.

Before he died in 1902, McCoy made arrangements with Maude to write to Frank James and inform him of the doctor's death. A sort of prearranged funeral notice.

When McCoy died, Maude wrote James and he answered. After she married, she and her husband moved to Michigan but the correspondence continued. The one letter which survives was written to her in Michigan and is apparently the second letter Frank James wrote to her.

The letter has never been published and while its contents are not surprising — Frank James, his mother, and other members of the family spent their remaining years defending the James boys' actions as guerillas and outlaws — the letter reveals the difficulties the former outlaw faced in old age. He wrote:

Dear Mrs. James:

My other letter to you was rather brief, but I was really glad you wrote, for I didn't know what had become of Doc. McCoy. He was the one who sucked a bullet out of my back with a piece of hose. A lot of my old friends are gone now, but I am glad that terrible War is over.

We are living here at the old farm now; There is no money for anything. I found one of those cheap novels about me and Jesse. There is no truth in them, and they should not be sold to young boys of today. We will not let Robbie ever read them.

The one I found was about us robbing a train; it was sickening to read how Dingus bragged about what he had done. I never heard Jess ever brag about who he was or what he had done.

I remember Frank Mott: he was a bully and a hanger-on, and one day in Kentucky Jess, me, Cliff, Jim and Frank Mott were all going home, when we met a woman with a little boy. Frank (Mott) got off his horse and put his arm around the woman, when she slapped him; he hit her with his fist, and Jess shot him dead, right there in the road!

I never saw Jess ever mistreat a woman. A lot of robberies is blamed on us that we never did. There is a big page in the Democrat about Jess killing that bank man up in Northfield. They are entirely wrong in that whole story, for Jess wasn't even in the bank; I think it was Bill Chadwell that shot him. Jess was beside my horse when we heard two shots in the bank. Jess and me didn't want to go to Minnesota in the first place — and it was Bill's idea, for he had once lived there. We both expected trouble when we got there.

I have no work here; the house brings in about $1.50 per day from tourists.

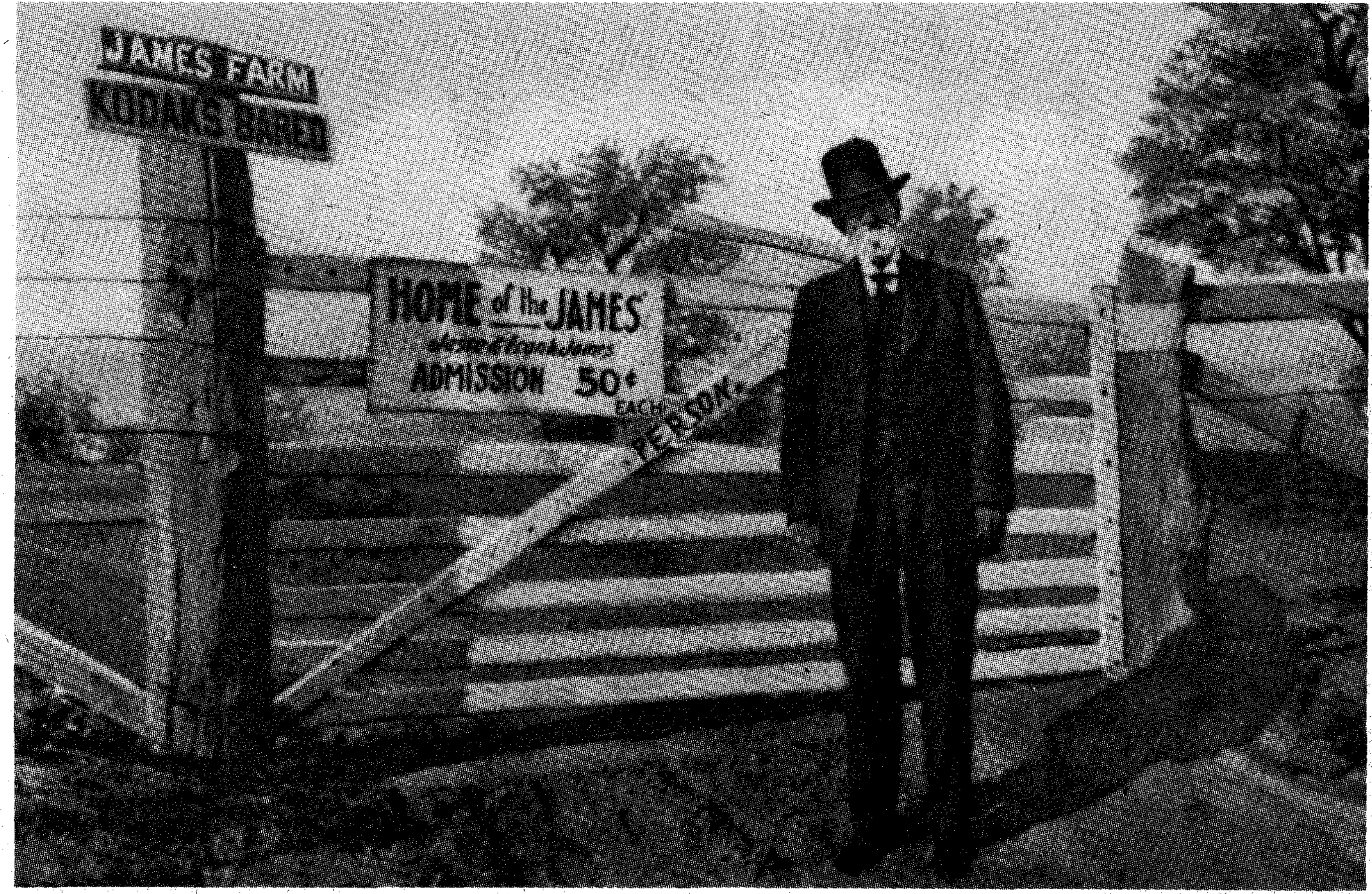
They all wanted to know how we had lived, and Ann doesn't like it. When Jesse was killed, his house and his furniture was tore apart by people looking for souvenirs of us. Zee had only 43 dollars after she sold the furniture. Dingus had a jacknife I would have liked, but they stole it and his guns too. I felt sorry for Tim and Mary, and most of all for Zee. The Union soldiers were the greediest ones I ever saw. Jess was quick-tempered and sometimes did things that he brooded over afterwards.

I will write later and let you know how Robbie is; He is almost a man now, and I must say is good-looking. Jesse's son Tim was named Jesse after his father, and Mary is a fine girl.

Our uncle Dru, is gone; He never knew about us, as we only were there 2 or 3 times. I hope you and your husband are well; He seems to be a fine man.

Franklyn James

This story was compiled from information supplied by I. G. B. Carlyle, of Red Deer, Alberta, Canada, and Leonard James, of Napoleon, Michigan. Carlyle first told TRUE WEST of the existence of the Frank James letter.



Courtesy State Historical Society of Missouri

Frank James standing at the entrance to the James Farm, near Kearney, Missouri, in 1914. In his letter, James says at this time about his only income was from tourists.

By GENEVIEVE H. MILLER

BY the early 1890s, settlers were thronging over, but avoiding cows, on Port Angeles' sunken, muddy streets. A newspaper in the western Washington community stated "Squatters taking up lots on the government reservation and building homes fast, often in one day from start to finish."

Land hungry men followed the routine of locating and filing claims, erecting shelters, then clearing and spading land for the family "garden patch."

With any leftover grubstake cash they went to Seattle to buy hens and a rooster and maybe a cow.

The bounty of the sea in their front yard provided the main source of protein. Clams on the beach were so plentiful they said, "when the tide's out the women set the table," or "our stomachs rise and fall with the tide."

Indians, camped on the beach, traded or sold halibut and salmon, while the nearby Elwha and Dungeness rivers yielded steelhead trout.

But settlers needed flour, sugar, coal oil, lard, salt, coffee and smoking or chewing tobacco if the purse allowed.

Homesteaders in the wet and rugged northwest part of Clallam County in Washington state often ran short of rations until the large Lamoreaux family arrived to start a hotel and grocery store.

Martin Van Buren Lamoreaux and his second wife, Meta, along with eight of Martin's children, came from Kansas to Seattle. A big fire in Seattle caused such desolation they moved westward. They traveled by steamer along the Straits of Juan de Fuca to Pysht and from there hiked 20 miles through high timber and swamp lands to reach their claim.

Martin, head of the clan, at one time practiced law in Wisconsin, so he was named Justice of the Peace and was called "the judge." He must have been well read for he named their settlement Sappho after a Greek poetess. He also believed in families sharing the work. He appointed a task to each child. One son operated the general store, one ran the Sappho post office, another the livery stable, while Martin and Meta ran the hotel where travelers rested.

Supplies were packed either on back or horseback over soggy trails blazed by trappers passing from Lake Ozette to Clallam Bay. As the children married they settled nearby. Then Martin died in 1901 and the family buried him in back of the hotel-store.

Not long after Lamoreaux's death another family sought its fortune in the wet, lonely Far West. In 1902, the Washburn family bought a trading post at Neah Bay, securing their license from the Makah Indian Tribal council.

As was customary, Will Washburn, the store's owner, became postmaster for the reservation area. In 1905, his son, Harry, joined him in a small store.

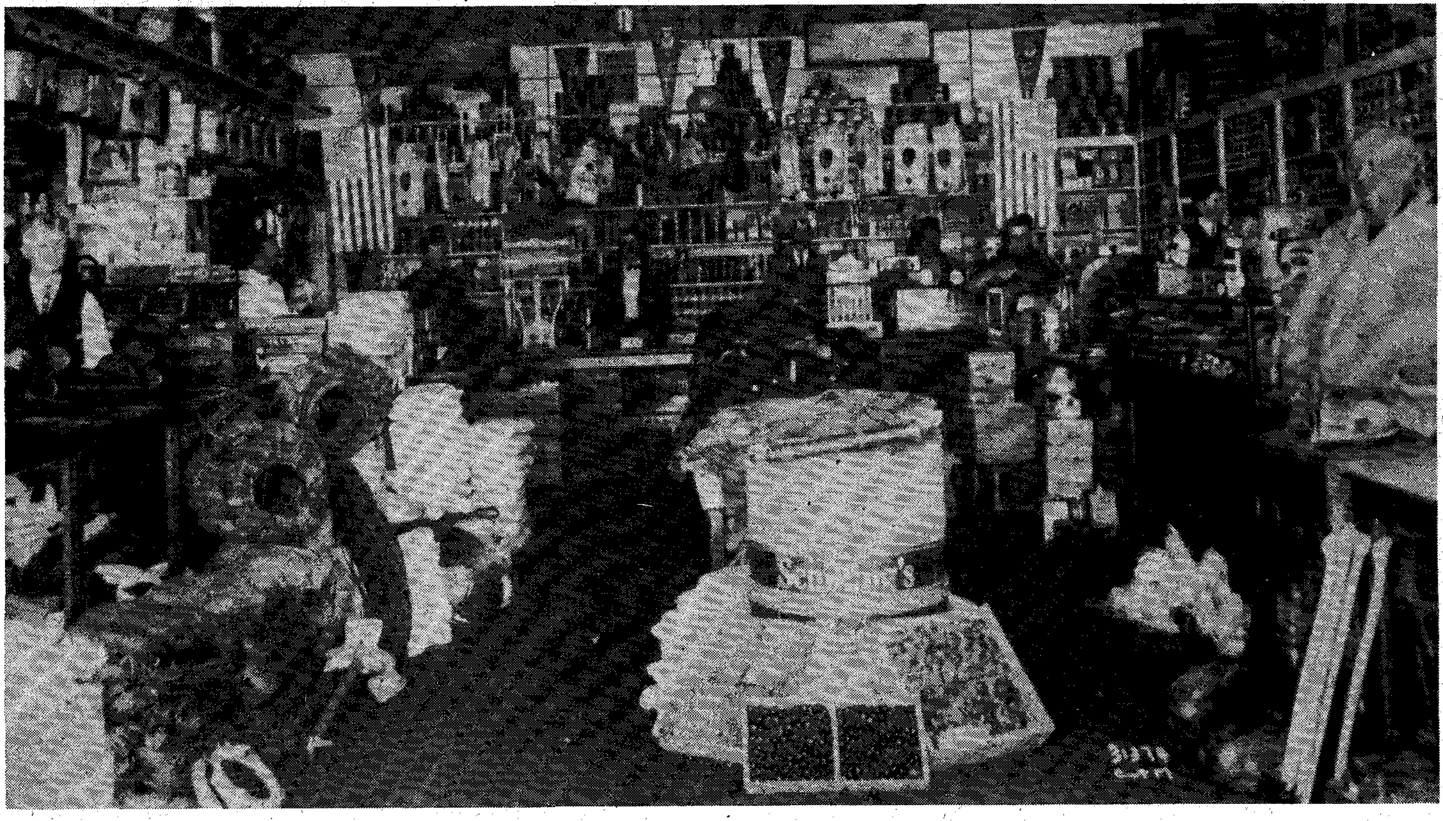
They advertised by placing signs on trails along fishing streams: "Washburn wants to see you."

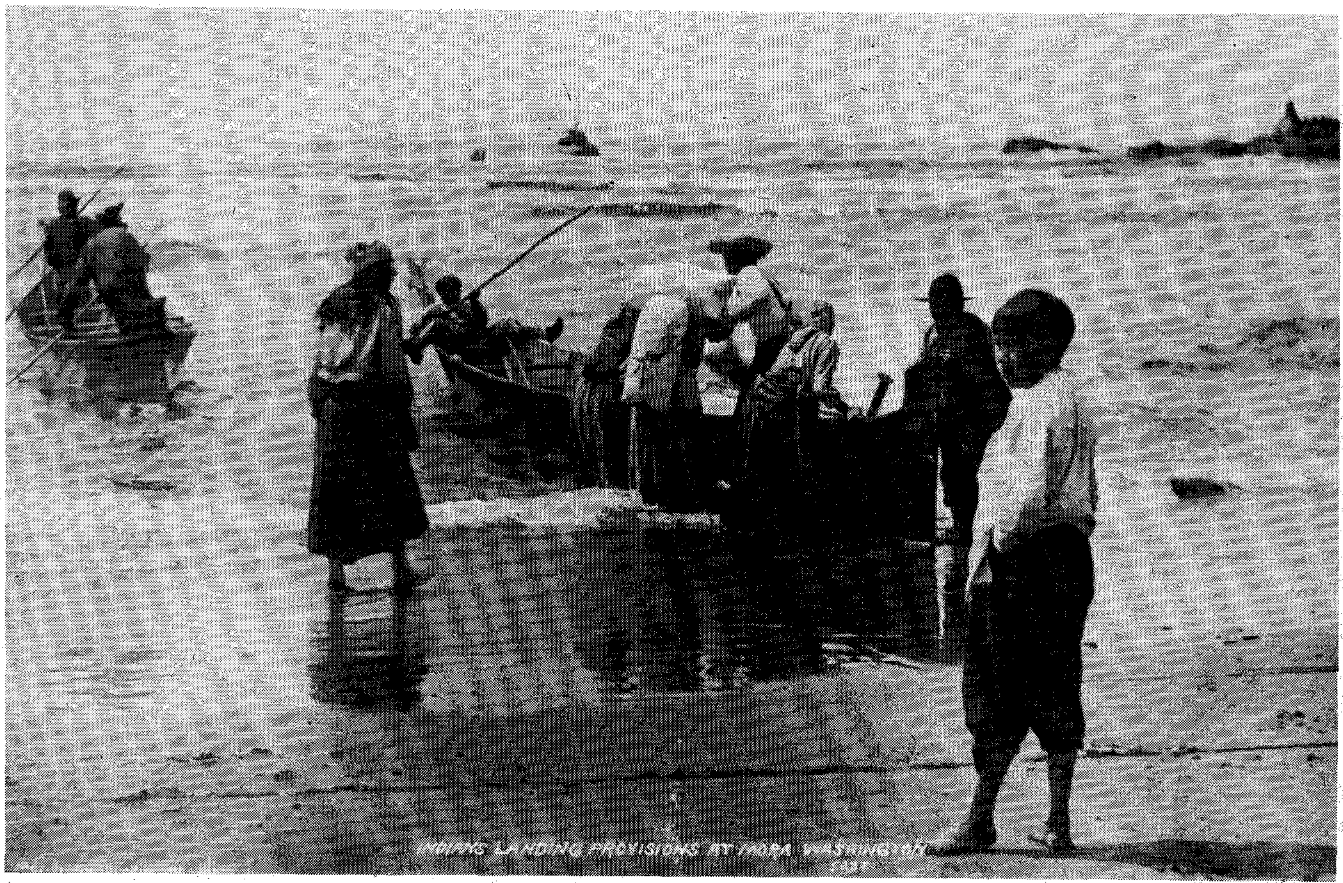
Business flourished until 1962, when the Washburn store burned. Sympathetic Makahs gave a potlatch to help the Washburns who built another store. The store was sold in 1966 and is still operating under the name of Washburn's.

Cracker Barrel

The interior of the Washburn store, Neah Bay, in 1900.

Courtesy of author




INDIANS LANDING PROVISIONS AT MORA WASHINGTON

Women carrying supplies from a boat to the store at Mora.

Courtesy of author

and Pickle Crock

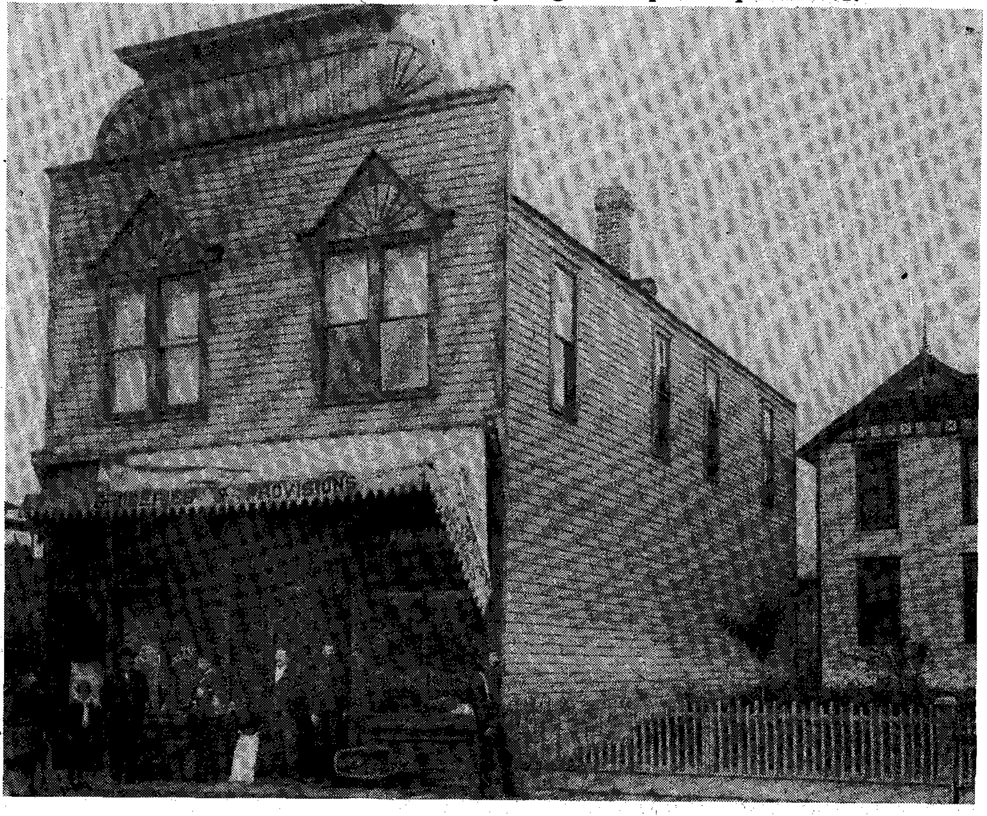
Meanwhile, Port Angeles was growing and new arrivals needed staples and farm implements. While living in San Francisco a promoter told G.M. Lauridsen about how Port Charles would become the West's metropolis, so Lauridsen came to this promised city.

A Port Angeles friend persuaded the young Lauridsen to buy property and start a grocery business. He purchased a downtown lot on a street with new planking over the mud and grandly called Front Street Extension.

In 1903, Lauridsen was doing well and advertised eleven pounds of beans for 75 cents, the same price for a sack of flour, while 11 pounds of oats sold for 25 cents.

Dave Morse's store on the wharf demanded cash and Lauridsen gave credit so many who came to town to get their supplies bought from Lauridsen. Because of a misunderstanding and delay obtaining the land title, Lauridsen's place was dubbed "Squatter's Store." One day Lauridsen's bride cried when a woman pointed her out as "Mrs. Squatter."

"Square Deal" Johnson's grocery with everything from a pin to a pile driver.



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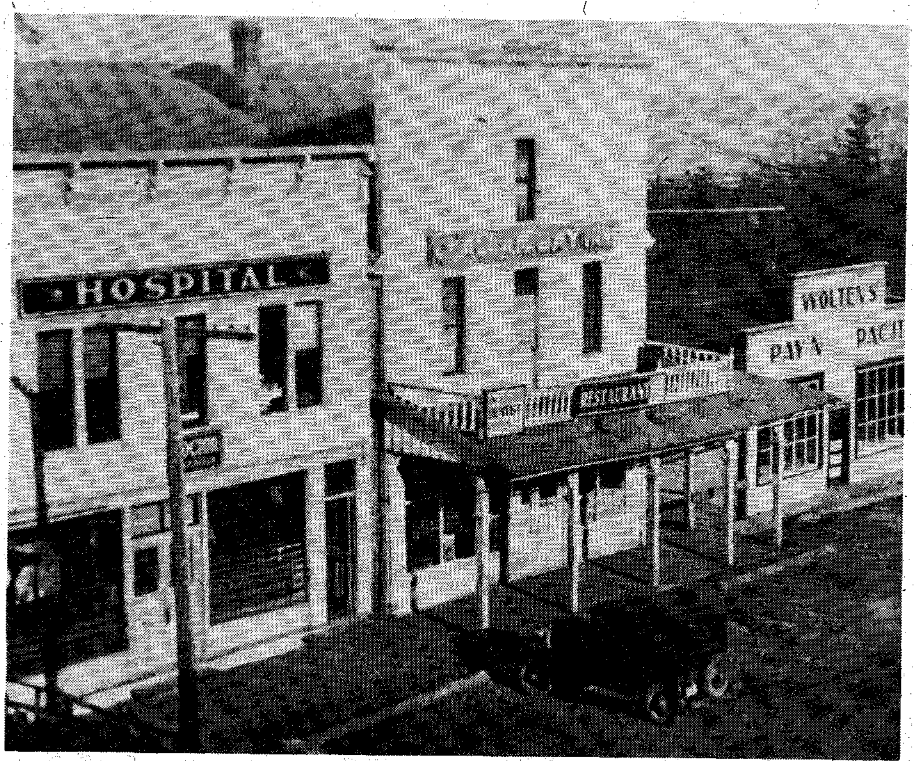


Courtesy of author

A Port Angeles, Washington, street as it looked in the early 1900s.

During hard times Lauridsen issued tokens and paper money for credit at his store. For years Lauridsen money circulated and bought almost everything except postage stamps. Lauridsen became well-loved for his benevolence. In 1904, he retired from business and sold his store to Morse.

Though several groceries had sprung up, possibly the best remembered was Antone Smith's in the center of Front Street. While working for Wolten, Antone saved for his own store, and after securing a $1,500 loan, he asked his brother, Walter, who was working in the woods near Aberdeen, to join him.

They, too, were sympathetic to customers during hard years and refused to discount county warrants. People never forgot. Occasionally some old timer will mention how Antone Smith came to his rescue.

Chet, a younger brother, tells the story of an Indian who stalked into the store and wanted $50 credit. Recognizing him, Antone looked him up in the records and found he'd pulled that stunt before.

"You didn't pay me the last time you got credit," Antone said in a soft voice.

"But you say this is a credit store," the man replied.

"Sure we give credit," Antone explained, "but when you get money you're s'posed to pay us." Indignantly the Indian turned and left.

The Antone Smith store was typical for those days. Here, you found a cracker barrel, pickle crock and cheese wheel. There would be sacks of flour standing beside the scales. Customers were invited to help themselves to a dill pickle and children received peppermint candy. At Christmas, each customer was given a flour sifter, colored yardstick or writing tablet, with a sack of twisted candy when bills were paid.

About the time the Smiths were dispensing wit and wisdom along with groceries, another store started up the street. McCart's catered to a more affluent class — doctors' and lawyers' wives. Once, though, the Smiths had the last laugh.

One of McCart's well-to-do customers, a lady who entertained often and cooked for a large family, complained that her vegetables had been inferior.

The owner's young daughter replied haughtily, "Well, someone's got to get the wilted stuff, don't they?"

That day Antone Smith's grocery had a new customer.

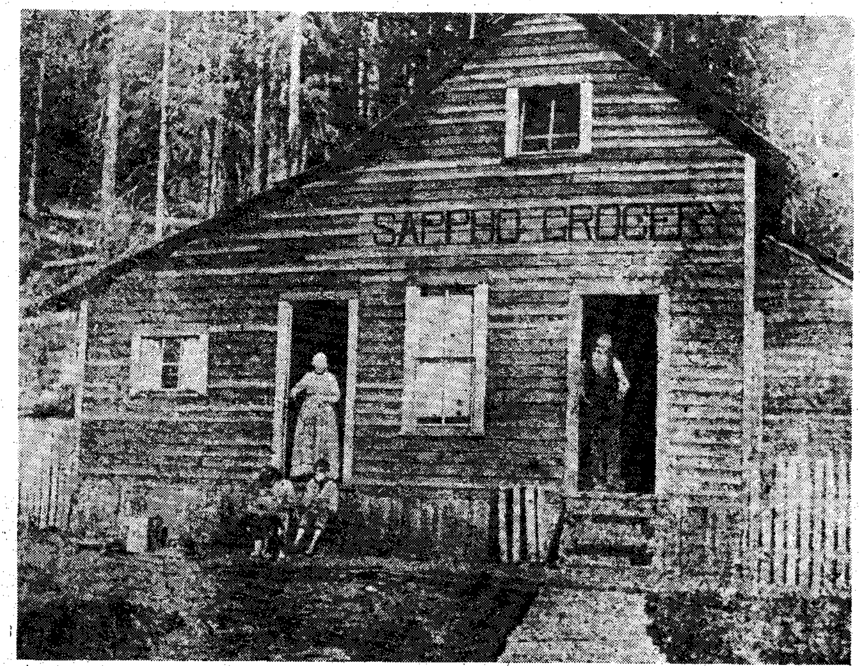
Another time, a boy rushed into a store and asked for one roll of toilet paper. Making sure he charged to the right account, the owner asked, "This paper for John Forster?"

"Oh no, sir," the boy replied politely, "the whole family's gonna use it."

Another story is about a tall, skinny spinster coming in a store to get "two pounds of very small dried prunes." When the storekeeper explained he had no small ones, but had just received some nice big juicy ones, she said, "won't do at all. You see, I swallow the pits for roughage."

Those who respected and even loved country storekeepers agree that our early storekeepers took great personal pride in giving the customer a "square deal" along with extra service and true concern for their families.

But they also have to admit that huge supermarkets and shopping centers save time. And that they come far closer to an old storekeeper's slogan "everything from a pin to a pile driver," than those with the cracker barrel, crock of dill pickles and cheese wheel.



Courtesy of author

Meta and Martin Lamoreaux's grandchildren in front of the Sappho Grocery.

Liver-Eating Johnston

(Continued from page 11)

supposedly dead Indian was actually alive, ready to leap on them.

Johnson chose as his long-time partner a trapper even more concerned with spreading his fame: "Del" Gue. Del, though as he put it he "knew when not to ask questions," did manage to obtain answers necessary to the legend. Del went along with Johnson on his pilgrimages to the cabin of John Morgan's feared widow, Crazy Woman. Del witnessed the killing of the last of the twenty warriors whom the Crows dedicated especially to Johnson's destruction.

Del was not ashamed to relate his own queasiness when livers were plucked out and devoured. He also lived to tell his story even after Johnson's death of old age; in the middle 1880s and again in 1900, he told it to J. F. Anderson — "White-Eye."

The materials for legend were, surely, ready to hand. John Johnston's shrewdness and fantastic strength were of course the natural attributes of a Liver-Eating Johnson. Crazy Woman's shrill keening for her dead, each night come sundown, was of his Chorus of the Fates.

His unfortunate enemies, the Crows, were tribesmen generally admired for their wisdom and dignity; and their very marking of twenty heroes to seek vengeance individually against one dapiek has in it their own sense of high drama. Johnston's associates, too, Mountain Men who were given the opportunity joined in his feuding, set off the Crow Killer's bloody history with their own eccentricities. As background against which the Liver-Eater's exploits might be savored and judged, there was the tradition of the private grudge. Should a trapper beset already by unending work and harrowing danger, choose to run still further risk of bullet, tomahawk, or even the stake, certainly there was no one to deny him that privilege. Liver-Eating Johnson was not the first in frontier history to take a trail of vengeance against the Indians (though possibly the most spectacular). Black Jack the Juniata and Lewis Wetzel won special renown for such vendettas, and there were others of the vengeful "Nick o' the Woods" type, too many by far to mention here.

Surely, as mere killer of Indians, mere bloody-bearded eater of men's livers, the Crow Killer would be worth little investigation; we could easily dismiss him as inhuman or insane. But he was not simply inhuman or insane; he was not even simply cruel; he cannot be so easily understood. Rather, we may see him stepping back from the barbarities of others of his kind, almost as if they offended his sense of order. (They, in turn, at times seem more troubled by his choice of liver than by his mere cannibalism.) And though Johnson did express the generalized contempt of his era in regard to Indians, we shall observe repeatedly his very real respect for the warriors of many tribes. Even as in his heyday he was above all the Killer of Crows, a time did arrive in his terrible vendetta when — in sheer admiration of Crow magnanimity — he ceased his dreadful feuding and became their brother-in-arms.

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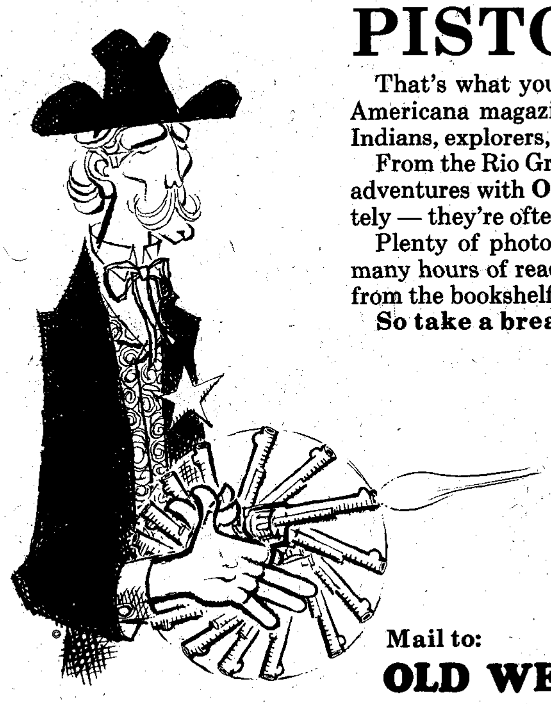

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SPANISH 'CONQUEST' OF THE UTE INDIANS

When the Mormons Came to Utah, The Utes Thought They Were Spaniards

By Madoline Cloward Dixon

Illustrations and Photo Provided by the Author

WHEN the Mormon Pioneers of 1847 arrived in Utah Territory, the Ute Indians at first believed them to be the returning visitors they had expected for over 70 years.

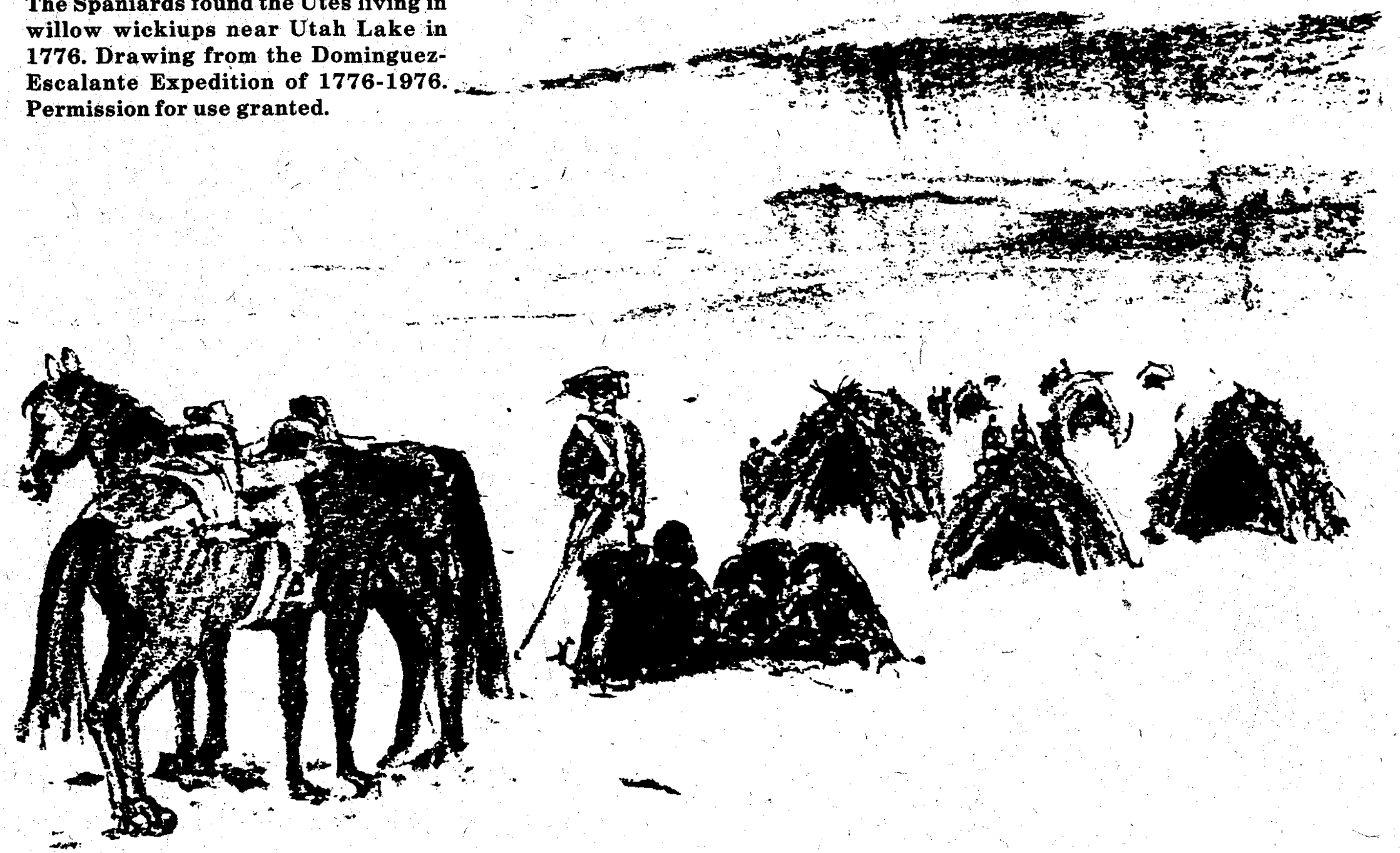
The visitors were the Spanish priests, Father Anatanasio Dominguez and Padre Francisco Sylvestre Valez de Escalante and party, who had passed through central Utah in the year 1776.

The fathers led an expedition that was mapping a route between Spain's established province in New Mexico and a newer one in Monterey on the California coastline. A second purpose was to establish a string of Catholic missions in which to teach Christianity to the Indians.

Because of roving tribes of hostile Indians in Colorado and because of the deep gorge of the Colorado River to the south, the Spaniards traveled a northern mountainous route country that took them into central Utah.

Near a fair-sized body of sparkling, clear water, now known as Utah Lake, they found a band of docile and peace-loving Ute Indians. The Indians were of the Lagune Timpanogus tribe. When the Spaniards departed after a few days' visit, it was with the promise that they would return within a year.

However, a year passed and yet another, and the old men died and the young ones were the old men of the tribe. But the Indians continued to



The Spaniards found the Utes living in willow wickiups near Utah Lake in 1776. Drawing from the Dominguez-Escalante Expedition of 1776-1976. Permission for use granted.

watch for the return of the Spaniards. They told the story of the strange visitors to their children and to their children's children.

The story always began with a description of a summer day's work. The Utes had spent the day burning the dead grass out of their meadow. One fire after another was lighted until the sky was filled with clouds of smoke. Burning the old grass would allow new grass to grow and they would have feed for their animals through the coming months.

After the task was completed, they returned to their huts and sank down on the ground to rest. But their rest was short-lived, for they were almost immediately alerted at the sight of smoke arising from the Wasatch mountains to the east of them.

They watched as the smoke lifted skyward then receded until there was no smoke at all. It then arose and receded in a rhythmical pattern. They recognized it as a smoke signal, used by all people in this part of the country to convey messages.

The puffs of smoke told the Indians that travelers were approaching. Their path brought them through what was later known as Diamond Fork Canyon into the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon.

The travelers, said the smoke signal, came as friends. They were not to be feared as were the Comanches and were not to be welcomed with arrows.

The Utes watched for a time and then sent up a signal of their own. They sent up billows of smoke to let the newcomers know they were aware of their approach. Then by the same signal, the Indians spread a warning from village to village until all of the Utes around the lake became aware of the approach of the strangers.

THE NEXT morning the Utes saw a small party of men emerge from the mountains. Some were riding saddled horses and herding cattle, pack-mules and ponies ahead of them. Some of the men were walking and assisting in driving the livestock before them.

Entering the valley were fourteen men, two of whom wore long, flowing robes tied about the waist with a strand of rope. The others wore a garb not uncommon among the Indians — buckskin shirts and pants. Several of the party wore broad-rimmed hats or sombreros, while a few were hatless.

The Indians came to know the long-robed men as priests. They afterward remembered the shaven crowns of their heads, edged with a band of short, curly hair above their ears.

This statue, depicting the Spanish fathers and the Indians who met them, stands in City Park in Spanish Fork, Utah.

The travelers moved into the valley and at mid-day made camp in a meadow near a stream the Spaniards called Aguas Calientes. It is known today as the Spanish Fork River.

Later they moved north to the Indian village located east of the lake and north of the stream they called Rio San Antonio de Padua. It has long been known as the Provo River.

The villagers dispatched several armed warriors to protect their homes and people.

But there was no need for weapons, for the Indians at once recognized two of their own tribe who were traveling with the strangers. One, who came as a guide, was called Sylvestre by his new friends. The other was a boy they called Joaquin. Both had wandered a great distance to the east and had accompanied the travelers back to their home beside the lake.

Acting as interpreters, the two Indians said the Spaniards had been sent by their chief, whom they called their king. They were to map a route to a distant place beside a great body of water called an ocean. Enroute, they were to teach the Indians of their white God.

THE TWO who wore flowing blue robes were the leaders of the group. Father Dominguez was first in authority and Father Escalante, the scribe, was his close companion. To historians, Escalante became the better known of the two since it was his journal of the expedition they later read.

Both of these men were slight in build and short in stature. A third man carried a strange wooden box from which he took objects and sighted the stars at night. The others included one who appeared by his dress to be a chief (he was in fact a nobleman) and some who had traveled part of the way from Santa Fe to the lake at a previous time. Also in the group were two Indians from another tribe who had become lost and joined them some distance to the east.

After introductions, the fathers embraced each Indian separately and they all sat down to talk. The Spaniards shared their tobacco with the Indians and the red men learned from them about Jesus, a holy man who had lived and died long ago.

Later, Father Escalante, the only blonde in the group, made jottings on big pieces of white buckskin. He told the Indians he was making word pictures of them. Many years later his journal was made available to mankind.

Escalante recorded that the Indians had good features, most of the men having long beards. He said the Indians called themselves the Timpanogotzis or fish eaters, that they lived in huts of grass and earth and their food consisted of herbs, wild meat and fish and that they drank from springs around Lake Timpanogotzis. (Mount Timpanogotzis is today a well known landmark).

To the Utes, the sudden appearance of a group of people completely unlike themselves or their enemies seemed most strange. Stranger still, was their story of a fabulous place called Heaven. They were fascinated, though it was difficult to believe that the strangers had come to save Ute souls and to protect them from their enemies.

Sylvestre, the Ute who had guided them through the mountains, said in his native tongue that they had passed through Comanche country. Though they found fresh tracks, the Comanches did not attack. This, he said, verified the priests' promise that God would deliver them from all of their enemies. Sylvestre declared that in their company, one could travel all of the land without risk.

The Utes accepted the Spaniards as genuine saviors. They offered all of their lands to the Spaniards to build their villages wherever they desired.

Father Escalante noted in his journal that the valley was surrounded on all sides by mountain ranges and peaks. From these mountains flowed four rivers which fertilized the land and ran into Lake Timpanogotzis.

All of the land was cleared of brush except for some marshes along the lake. The soil was suitable for raising crops by irrigation, a practice to which the Spaniards were accustomed. Escalante wrote that the valley was 16 leagues or 40 miles long and large enough to support two fair-sized Spanish settlements.

AFTER the third day in the village, the Spaniards prepared to leave. They had far to go and must make haste before the winter set in. They presented the Ute chief with a hunting knife, hatchet and a string of beads. They also gave a single white bead to each of the other Utes.

The Indians also gave the Spaniards gifts. They brought forth a small piece of buckskin on which they had painted some figures of Indians.

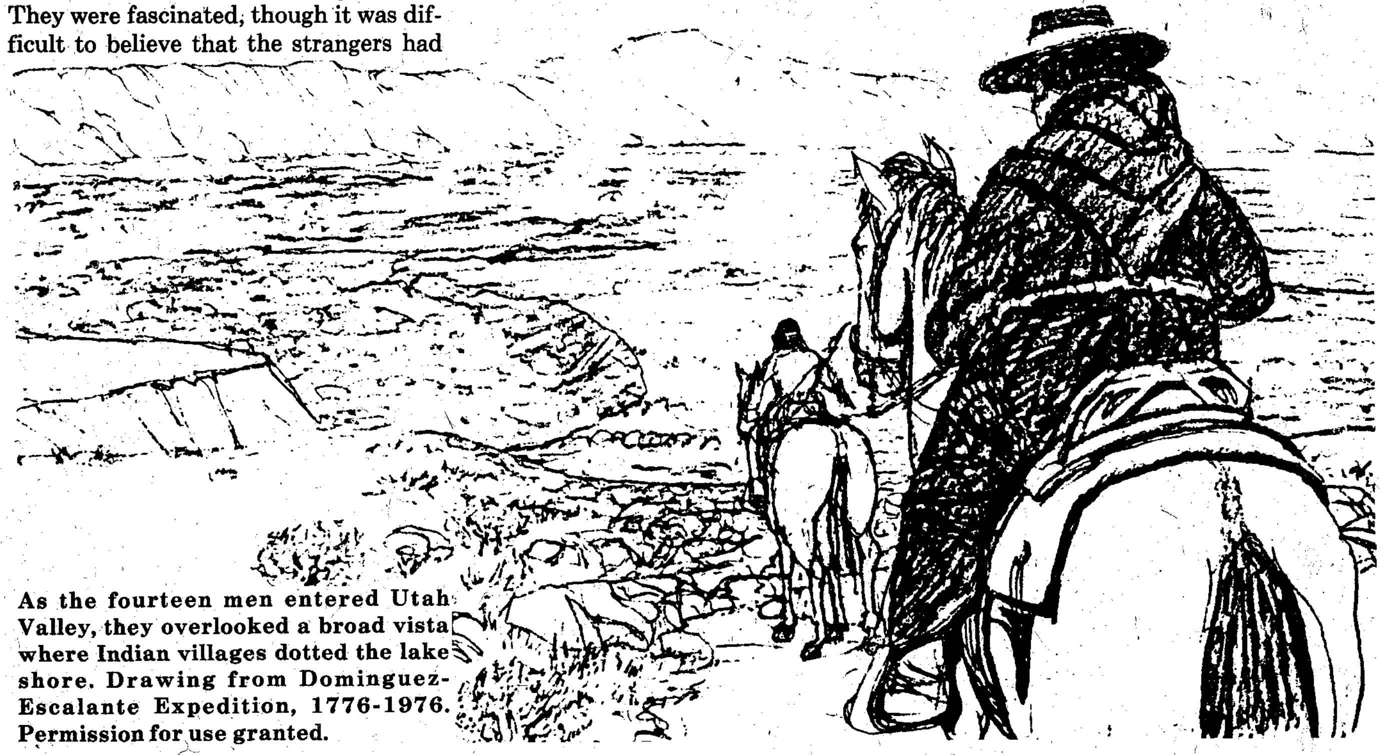
The Spaniards left taking with them the boy, Joaquin, who wanted to go back to New Mexico, and a Ute who accompanied them as a guide. Both admitted they knew nothing of the country into which they were going. Sylvestre declined to continue the journey with the Spaniards.

The Utes regretted the departure of the Spaniards. However, they accepted the promise of the Spaniards that they would return when the grass grew green and then ripened once again. Then, at that time, if the Utes wished to become Christians, the priests would sprinkle them with waters of baptism. They would teach the Utes to plant and irrigate crops and to raise cattle.

Their last goodbyes were said as the Spaniards slowly moved out of the village and headed south toward a mountain pass. The Utes, recalling the words the Spaniards had taught them, began to chant in unison, "Jesus Maria!"

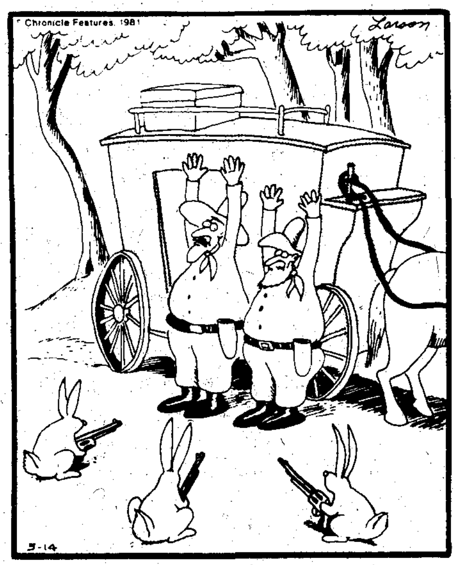
These two words would help them in times of difficulty or when they were in danger from their enemies. The Utes watched until the travelers were out of sight, assured that the Spaniards would return.

However, this was not to be. The Spaniards did not return to the Indians at the Laguna de Los Timpanogos, but the story of the strange visitors lived long in the minds of the Utes. They believed that some day their friends



As the fourteen men entered Utah Valley, they overlooked a broad vista where Indian villages dotted the lake shore. Drawing from Dominguez-Escalante Expedition, 1776-1976. Permission for use granted.

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



This ain't gonna look good on our report, Leroy.

with the big hats would come back.

That is why, when the Indians first saw the Mormon Pioneers in July of 1847, they thought that at long last the Spaniards had fulfilled their promise to return.

* * *

Two hundred years later a re-enactment of the historic trek took place, beginning in Santa Fe, New Mexico, on July 29, 1976, as had the original expedition.

The adventurous horsemen followed closely the original course, arriving in Central Utah in late September, 1976. Celebrations were held in Utah County towns of Provo, Springville, Spanish Fork and Payson, generally on the very day on which the Spaniards camped on streams in the vicinity.

Commemorative markers were placed in these cities as well as in others along the route. At the mouth of Spanish Fork Canyon a large upright cross was placed on what has been dubbed Dominguez Hill.

It was from this hill the Spaniards are believed to have first viewed Utah Valley and from here they uttered the words. "This is the most beautiful place in all of New Spain!"

The celebration in Spanish Fork featured the unveiling of a monument which depicts the Spanish Fathers and an Indian boy and his dog, the work of the Utah sculptor, Avard Fairbanks.

The historic 1776 Spanish Expedition was a major contribution to the exploration of the American Southwest. It increased geographic knowledge leading directly to the later development of the Old Spanish Trail(s) linking the Spanish settlements.

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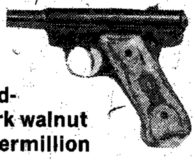

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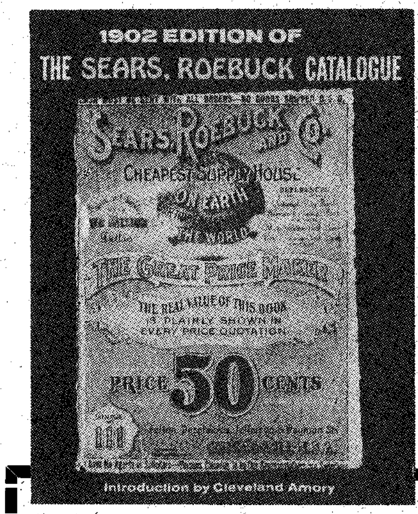
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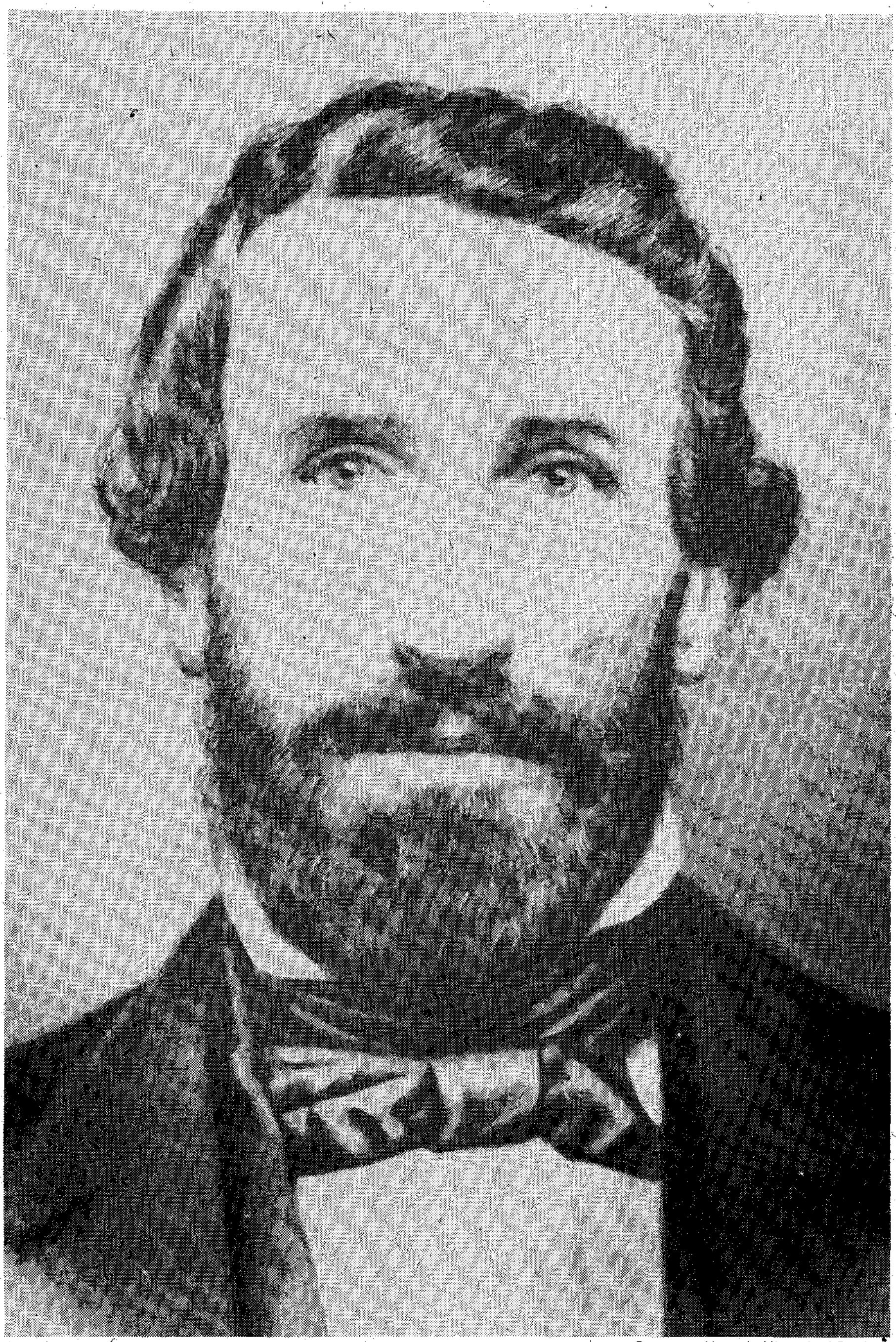


Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

THE LOSER — *Major William Ormsby, who was killed by Indians in the 1860* Pyramid Lake War.

By EVELYN NOREN

WILLIAM Ormsby encountered his own blue eyes in the mirror. They projected the energy and impatient excitement with which he met life. His reflected countenance was one of dignity, self-confidence, and strength of personality. He fastened his tie and put on his coat, ready for People's Court. Although neither lawyer nor judge, he was sufficiently respected to have been asked to preside over bail proceedings.

As he left his house, he considered his position. He had acted wisely in moving to Carson City. This was to be the place of the future and he would be an important citizen.

He reviewed his life with satisfaction. In 1814 he had been born to Matthew and Jane Ormsby in Pennsylvania. As a youth, he had advanced to the rank of major in the state militia. In 1844, he married Margaret Trumbo from Kentucky, and four years later their daughter Lizzie Jane had been born.

Ormsby was proud of his wife and daughter and wanted to better their circumstances. So, in 1849, he traveled west, first to California, and then, in 1857, to Genoa as an agent for the newly-established Pioneer Stage Line.

During that year Ormsby, motivated by visions of power and status, had thrown himself into the movement to secede from Utah Territory of which Genoa was a part. In 1859, Carson Valley was still within the Utah Territory, but he was pleased as he recalled the prominent role he had played. He was confident that his cause would soon succeed.

In September 1858, Ormsby's friend, Abraham Curry, surveyed the township of Carson City. Ormsby named it for Kit Carson and promoted it.

He thought of the promising life he was creating for his family. Judiciously he had made a friend of Poito, the Paiute Indian leader. Ormsby had taken the chief's granddaughters, Elma and Sarah, into his home to learn the whites'

VENGEANCE

How the Indians Got Even

ways. There would be nothing to fear from the Indians.

True, Peter Lassen had been killed recently in the Black Desert, supposedly by Indians, but that was some distance away and may have had nothing to do with the local Paiutes. Relations between the races seemed peaceful enough in Carson City.

IN July, another unsuccessful effort was made to separate from the Utah Territory. Ormsby obtained a seat in the Utah Convention, one more indication of his position in the community.

He started building a two-story adobe residence and business establishment to be known as Ormsby House.

THAT fall an incident occurred that revealed Ormsby's feelings about Indians. Two white men were found dead with arrows in their wounds. Before the local Indian agent heard of it, Ormsby asssumed Indians were responsible. He sent for his friends among the Paiutes.

From Ormsby House, Sarah watched as her cousin Numaga led his group toward the building. Curtly, Ormsby accosted them, "Do you know what tribe these arrows belong to?"

Numaga examined the arrows. "The Washoes," he stated.

"Will you help us get the Washoe chief to give up the men who killed the whites?" It was more of a directive than a request. Ormsby thus insulted his friends by ordering chiefs to act as errand boys.

The Indians returned shortly with the Washoe chief. He admitted that the arrows were his tribe's, but insisted that all of his people had been elsewhere at the time of the killing. Ormsby, not believing him, ordered the chief to bring in the murderers, promising their safety and a fair trial. The Washoes, fearing retaliation, left knowing that they must bring someone even though innocent.

A Washoe group returned with three men for the sacrifice. At the sight of the numerous armed guards, the women

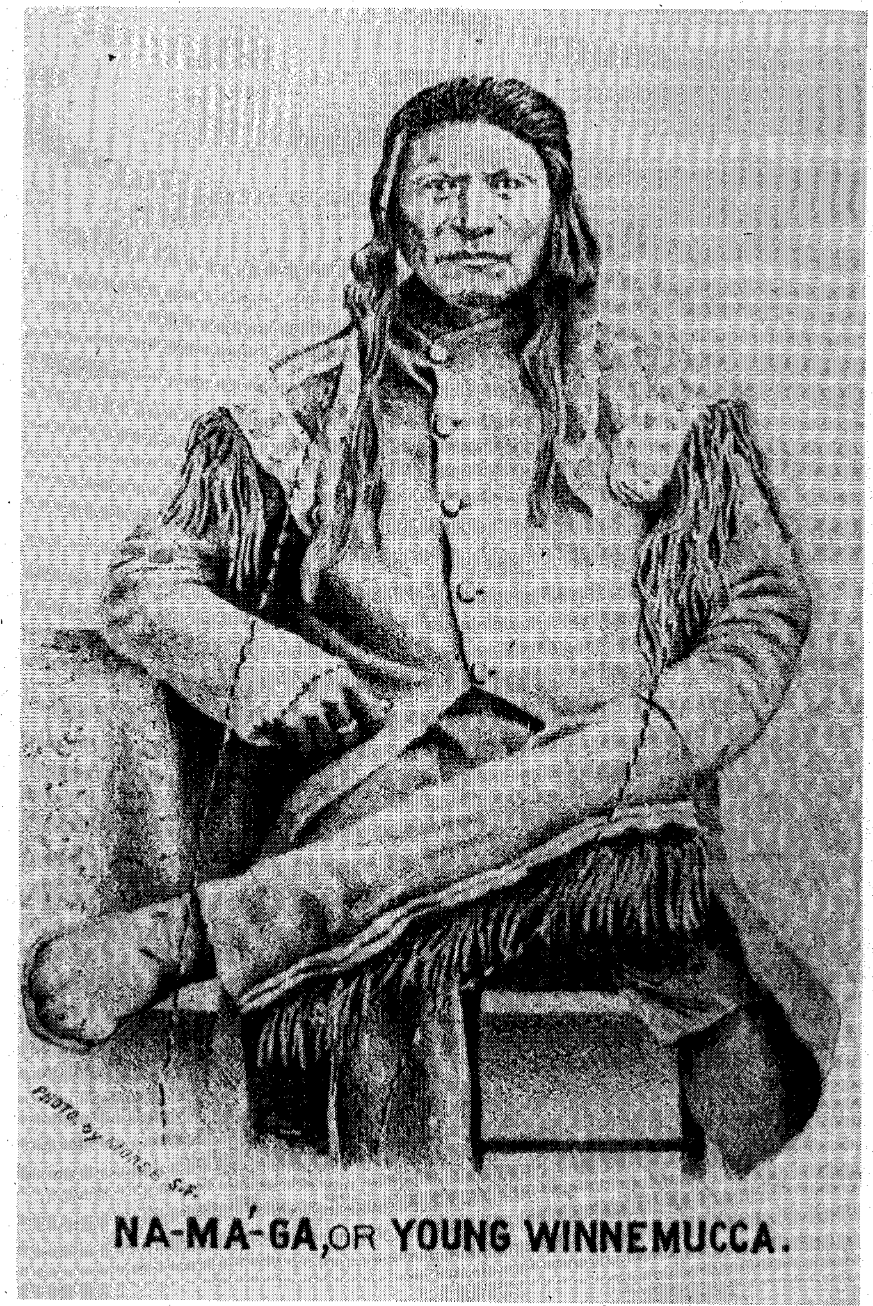


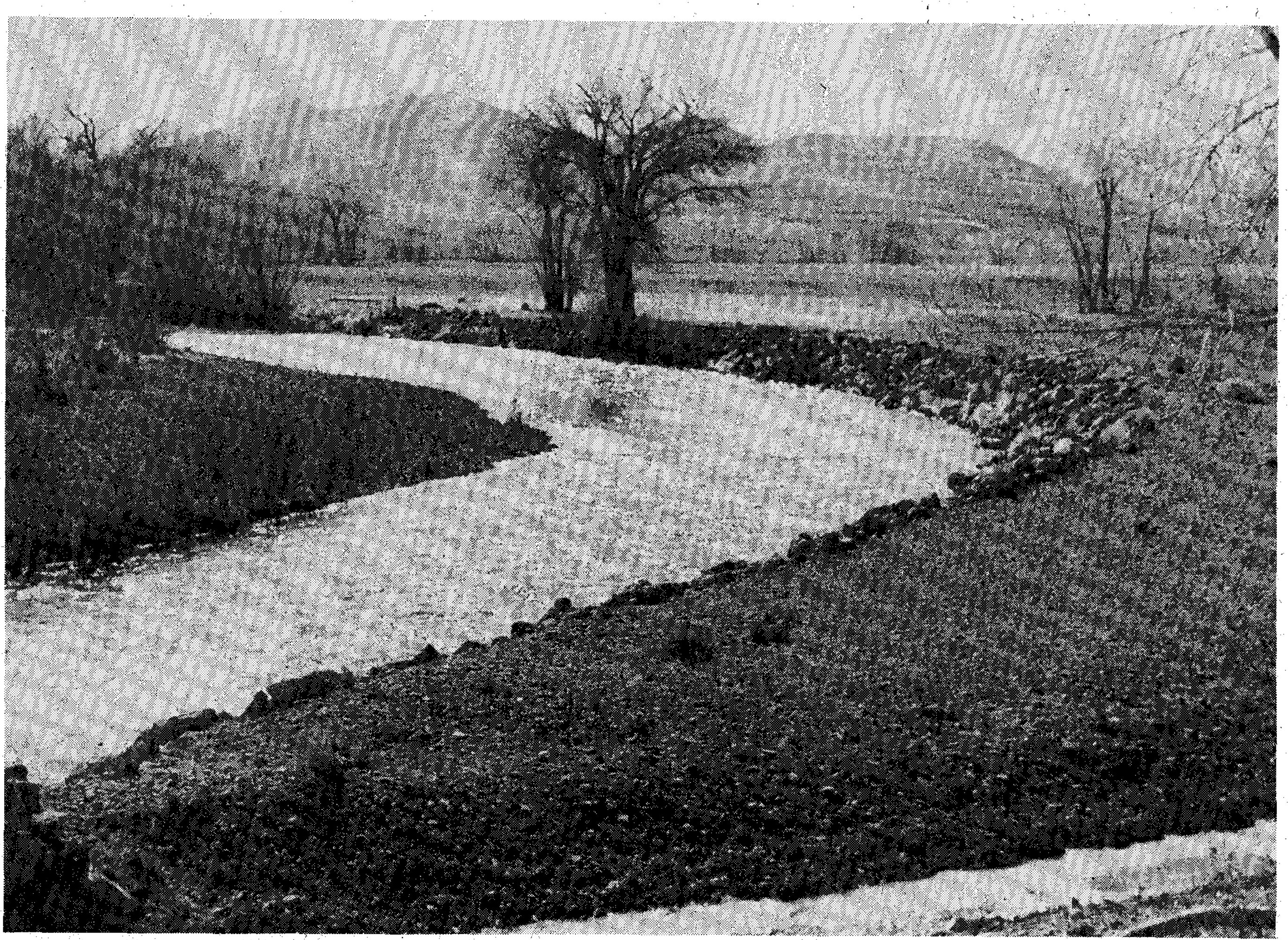
PHOTO BY MORSE S.F.
NA-MA'-GA, OR YOUNG WINNEMUCCA.

Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

THE WINNER — Numaga (also: Namaga), the Paiute leader who was once a friend of Major Ormsby. They fought against each other in the 1860 Pyramid Lake War.

IN BLOOD

With Major William Ormsby



Courtesy the author

Big Bend of the Truckee River, at Wadsworth, Nevada, where the volunteers spent the last night before the battle.

became hysterical, increasing the fright of the prisoners. Having been abused already, they broke away. They were shot and two died.

Sarah tried to convince Margaret Ormsby of the mens' innocence, but Margaret, like her husband, was unmoved.

Margaret Trumbo Ormsby, the major's wife.

"How came the Washoe arrows there?" Martha asked. "And the chief himself has brought them to us. My husband knows what he is doing."

Later Numaga learned that two white men had committed the murder.

THE winter of 1859-1860 was long and harsh. Both settlers and Indians suffered from cold and hunger. In Virginia City, men who arrived too late in the fall to establish themselves tried to sleep and keep warm in dugouts and on barroom floors.

The Indians had long lived in a precarious balance with nature. Now the whites were upsetting this balance. A few whites regarded the Indians as animals, and shot them on sight. Worse, the whites tortured the Indians and kidnapped their women. The Indians were rapidly losing their patience.

Indian chiefs were talking of asserting themselves. Only Numaga desperately tried to dissuade them. He was near to achieving success when a messenger rode in with news of the latest outrage.

Two Paiute girls had disappeared. On May 7, they were found gagged and sexually abused at Williams Station, about thirty miles east of Virginia City. In their anger, the Indians killed three white men at the station and burned the buildings. Numaga realized the whites would retaliate and the Indians must prepare to fight.

Ormsby judged the Indians guilty, so on May 8, he and other excited men formed a troop of volunteers to punish the Indians. Many of the whites were adventurers who thought an Indian chase would net them excitement, horses and women. A few, however, honestly believed they were protecting their communities.

VOLUNTEER units from Carson City, Silver City, Virginia City, and Genoa arrived at Buckland's Station on May 9. The Carson City Rangers were under Ormsby's leadership. Although he and others urged selection of a commander, it was not made.

If they realized they were poorly armed and lacked discipline and leadership, they must have dismissed those thoughts with the certainty of their superiority over the Indians.

On May 10, the volunteers arrived at Williams Station where Ormsby ordered the burial of the three bodies. One volunteer leader decided the attack had been the work of only a few Indians, probably justified, and there was no need to pursue them. Another argued for talking Numaga into turning over the guilty parties. But self-righteousness and whiskey-induced bravado were deaf to reason. There was to be no further investigation.

On May 11, the volunteers camped at the big bend of the Truckee River where it turned north toward Pyramid Lake, the Northern Paiutes' camp.

Strangely, the Indians made no attempt to cover their trail and molested none of the settlers along the way. For those reasons some of the volunteers began to doubt that there was a general Indian uprising.

On Saturday, May 12, Ormsby sent five scouts to Pyramid Lake to determine the Indians' location.

Near noon, the rest of the 105 volunteers started toward the lake, their horses slipping and sliding along the narrow, muddy ridge overlooking the river.

ABOUT nine miles south of the lake where the trail narrowed down to the river, Ormsby ordered C.T. Lake with a few men to guard the pass in case of retreat. The rest proceeded down to the wider bottomland where cottonwood trees and underbrush bordered the river.

Ormsby again sent a scouting party ahead and this time they reported seeing two mounted Indians about four miles from Pyramid Lake.

"Try to capture them," he ordered.

They tried, but were chased by several warriors, so Ormsby signaled to prepare for fighting. But by the time they reached the river valley, there were no Indians in sight. Ormsby noted that they were in a meadow from which escape would be difficult.

Then, along the ridge above them they saw more than a hundred mounted Indians. Ormsby ordered the volunteers to dismount. The Indians moved forward to the brow of the hill, dismounted and fired. The volunteers became frightened. Ormsby, sensing the need for a move, shouted to McDonald, "Let's charge them!"

"It might be more sensible to retreat to the cottonwoods," McDonald replied.

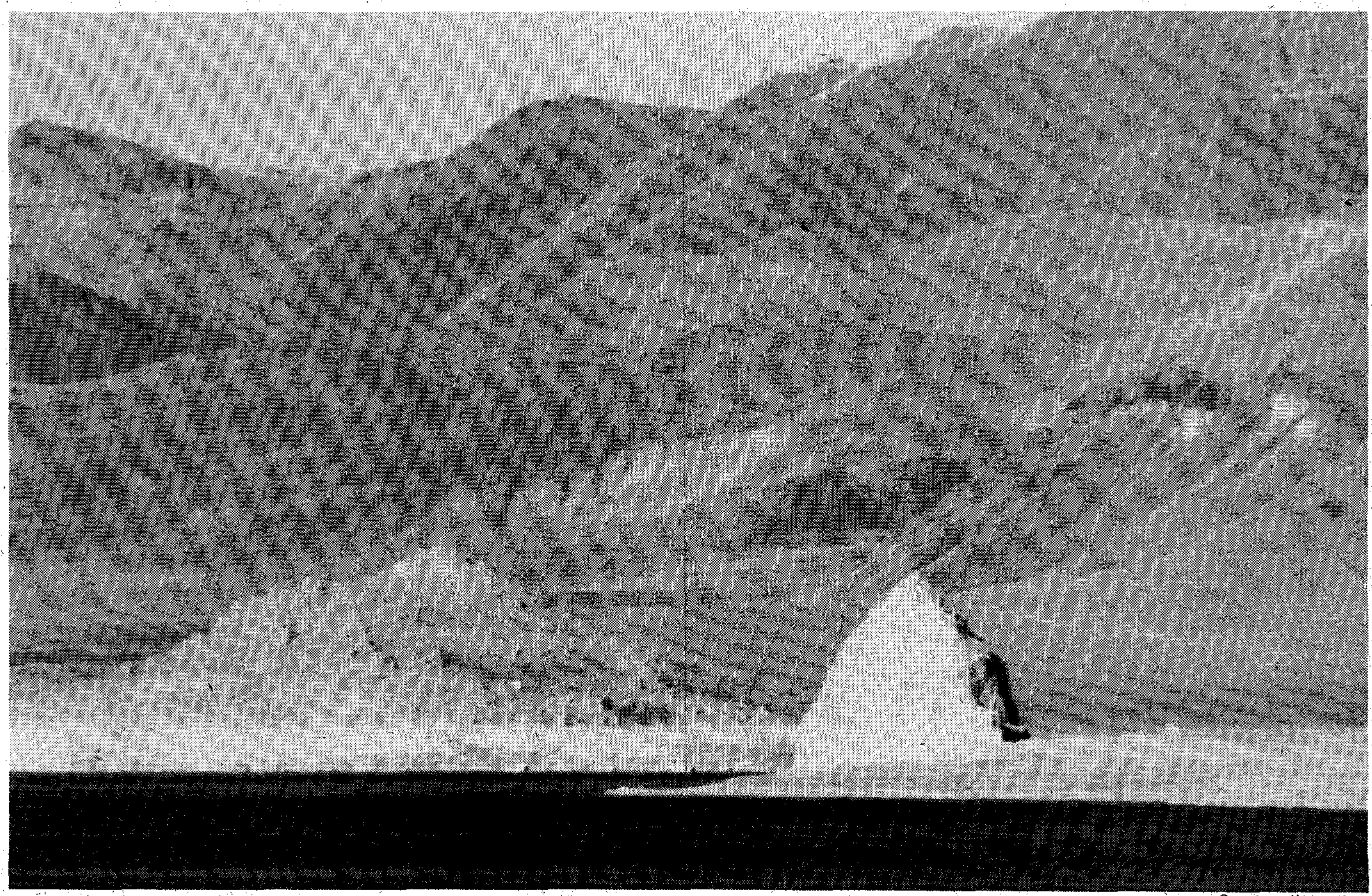
Ormsby considered his scared and bewildered men. What they need now, he thought, is action. Taking upon himself the leadership of an entire group, he shouted, "Mount up! Charge! Charge!" But only 30 or 40 men followed him up the hill, a slow and difficult action since their horses were tired and weak from the winter's scarcity of food. Some of the horses were hit; most became unmanageable.

More Indians formed a semi-circle blocking the path by which the volunteers had entered the meadow. Ormsby now realized they had fallen into a trap. In the next five minutes the whites lost the battle because of fear and failure to continue the offensive.

"Fall back! Regroup!" Ormsby commanded. The terrified men and horses, in utter confusion, tore back down the hill between groups of Indians hidden in sagebrush.

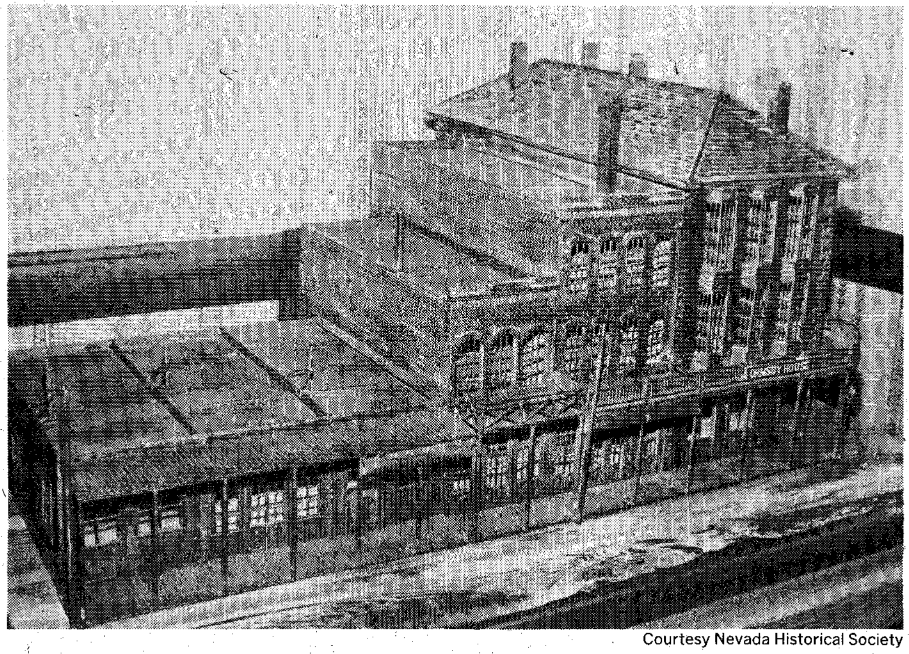
Ormsby and his men headed for the cottonwoods where, unknown to them, Chief Sequinata's Paiutes were hiding. Although wounded in an arm, Ormsby continued to shout commands, trying to rally his men to make a stand.

Numaga, realizing that the whites were defeated, restrained his men and ordered the others to stop. But most,



Courtesy the author

Pyramid Lake, Nevada, home in 1860 of the Northern Paiutes. In a battle on May 12, 1860, more whites were killed than in any prior encounter between the two races in the Far West.

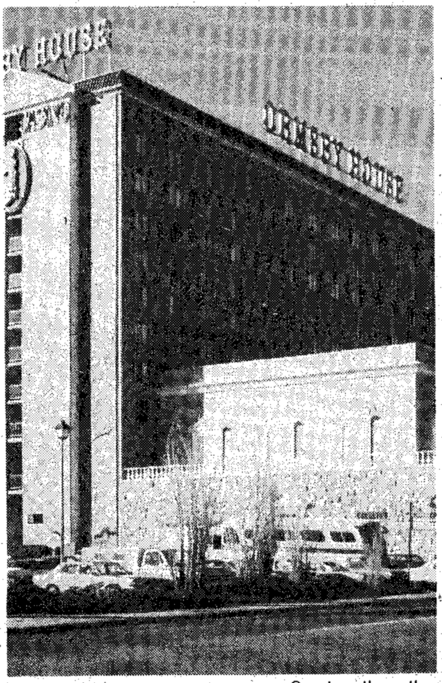


Courtesy Nevada Historical Society

This is a model of the structure Major William Ormsby built at Carson City, Nevada. He built the first two stories; the third was added after his death. The model is located in the modern Ormsby House hotel in Carson City.

following Sequinata, paid no attention. There followed several futile attempts by the whites to make a stand in the bottomland. William Headley, out of ammunition, attacked Sequinata with bridle reins and revolver butt and pursued him into enemy territory before being shot through the head.

At the cottonwood grove the popular young lawyer, Henry Meredith from Virginia City, was shot. Ormsby found four or five others willing to attempt Meredith's rescue. They faced the charging Indians. Ormsby was hit in the mouth by an arrow. He pushed the arrowhead out of his mouth and pulled the shaft through his cheek.



Courtesy the author

The present Ormsby House hotel and casino on Carson Street in Carson City, Nevada. Original Ormsby house was built by Maj. Ormsby.

Bleeding and fighting pain, he knew his men could not hold out against the Indians. The only escape was up a narrow trail to the plateau. The Paiutes tried to block the trail.

Ormsby and his men reached the start of the trail, but most of the men deserted in their frenzy to save themselves.

Men were carried to their deaths when their wounded horses fell from the trail's edge. While attempting to extricate his men from the trap, Ormsby was hit in the other arm by two more shots. Weakening, he climbed onto a mule and managed to reach the plateau with many of the others.

Ormsby still hoped to make a last stand about nine miles south of Pyramid Lake. With great effort, he and his wounded mule struggled up the trail. The Indians were behind and ahead. The men who first reached the plateau were screaming and dying as they encountered Indians.

Captain Watkins, trying to assemble his men for a last skirmish, rode past Ormsby and his mule. Watkins ordered Lieutenant Barnes to lash Ormsby's mule to move faster. Failing to find anyone willing to fight beside him, Watkins returned to help Ormsby and Barnes. The Indians wounded Barnes. After the battle, Watkins said Ormsby told them to leave him, that he was dying and all he wanted was strength to face the Indian who would kill him.

As Watkins rode off, he heard Ormsby exhorting his remaining men, "For God's sake rally around me. Don't let my body fall into the hands of the savages."

Ormsby rode up a small incline, his saddle turned and he fell to the ground. His mule deserted him. He was pale and weak from loss of blood. He began walking; suddenly he turned and stumbled back toward the warriors, gesturing as though to restrain them.

Apparently he hoped to obtain mercy from an Indian who had been friendly. Through tears he pleaded, "Don't kill me. I am your friend. I'll go and talk with the whites and make peace."

He faced an approaching Indian who shot an arrow into his stomach and another into his face. Ormsby sank to the ground. The Indian dismounted and pushed him from the ridge. The body rolled to the bottom of the ravine.

MORE than half of the 105 volunteers with Ormsby were killed in Nevada's bloodiest slaughter. The Indians claimed only three warriors were wounded.

Twelve days later, U.S. Army regulars from California under Colonel Jack Hays began another march to Pyramid Lake where a final battle took place.

A detachment gathered the remains of the volunteers slain on May 12, and Dr. W.S. Ormsby identified his brother's mutilated body. The dead were buried on the battleground. Later Ormsby's remains were moved to Carson City.

The Indians retreated to the north, undefeated. Fort Churchill was built near Buckland's Station and garrisons remained for several years to prevent trouble. The Indians were put on reservations.

The best that can be said of Ormsby's part in the 1860 Pyramid Lake War is that he fought bravely and tenaciously, assumed full leadership when needed and showed concern for his men.

As a pioneer settler of Carson Valley he had made worthwhile contributions to its development. So, on November 25, 1861, Ormsby County was named in his honor by the Nevada Territorial Legislature and Carson City became the county seat, as he had hoped.

A modern Ormsby House casino and hotel now stands prominently on Carson Street.

The Story of the Three Bares

By CARROLL COGBURN

Joe Meek

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society

Author's note: Joe Meek (1810-1875) was as opposite an example of his name as could be. Friend of men like Bridger, Carson, and Fitzpatrick, he once popped a bear over the head with a stick to prove he had grit.

At eighteen, he headed west. He joined a trapping party in 1829, and spent eleven years in the mountains trapping, fighting Indians and bears, and having a hell of a good time at the summer rendezvous.

When the trapping slowed in 1840, he went to Oregon with his Indian family. He served as a sheriff, legislator, United States marshal, and a major in the 1855-1856 Indian war.

He told the following story to Frances Fuller Victor who put it in her 1870 book *The River of the West*. Meek liked to call his tale "The Story of the Three Bares."

"The first fall (1830) on the Yellowstone, Hawkins and myself were coming up the river in search of camp, when we discovered a very large bar on the opposite bank. We shot across, and thought we had killed him, fur he laid quite still.

"As we wanted to take some trophy of our victory to camp, we tied our mules and left our guns, clothes, and everything except our knives and belts, and swum over to where the bar war. But instead of being dead, as we expected, he sprung up as we came near him, and took after us.

"Then you ought to have seen two naked men run! It war a race for life, and a close one, too. But we made the river first. The bank war about fifteen feet high above the water, and the river ten or twelve feet deep; but we didn't halt. Overboard we went, the bar after us, and in the stream about as quick as we war.

"The current war very strong, and the bar war about half way between Hawkins and me. Hawkins was trying to swim down stream faster than the current war carrying the bar, and I was trying to hold back. You can reckon that I swam!

"Every moment I felt myself being washed into the yawning jaws of the mighty beast, whose head war up the stream, and his eyes on me. But the current war too strong for him, and swept him along as fast as it did me. All this time, not a long one, we war looking for some place to land where the bar could not overtake us.

"Hawkins war the first to make the shore, unknown to the bar, whose head war still upstream; and he set up such whooping and yelling that the bar landed too, but on the other side of the river we started from, either by design or good luck: and then we traveled back a mile and more to whar our mules war left — a bar on one side of the rivers, and two bares on the other!"

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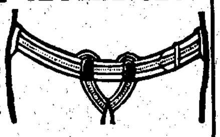

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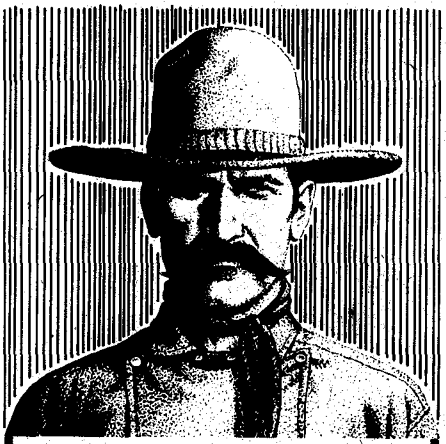

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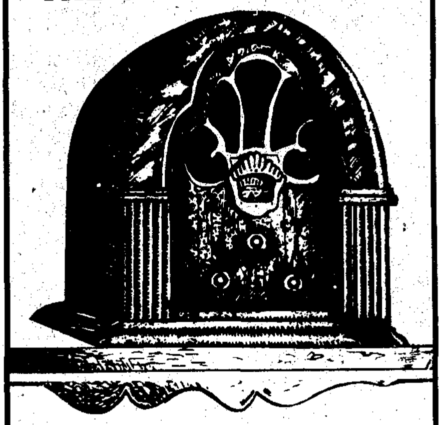

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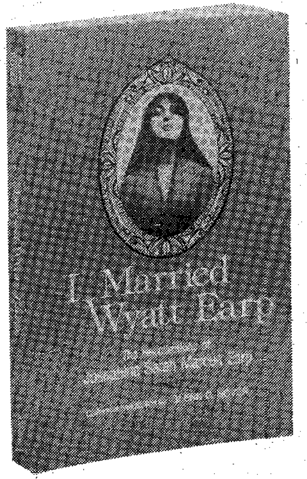

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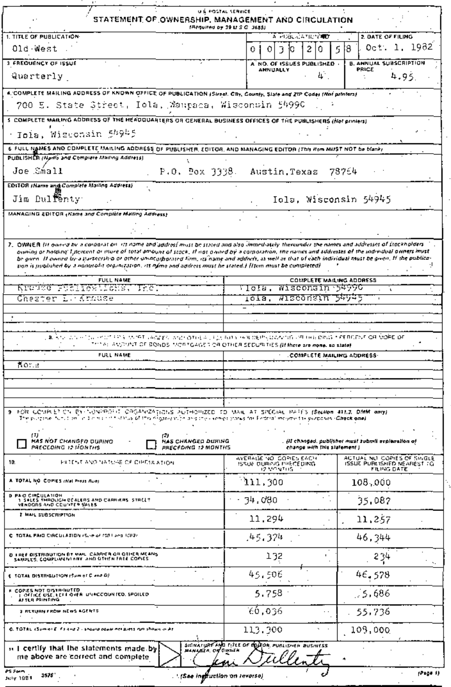
AD INDEX

Anderson, Carl 57
Bantam Books 68
Brooks Appliance Co. 64
Cada Ltd. 65
Capitol Fireworks Co. 64
Daniels Electrics 65
Duraclean International 3
Geo-Mental Techniques 64
JD Ranch Store 53
Magnum Grips of Arizona 57
Natl. Craftsmen Union 64
P & S Sales 53
Russell, Charles 67
Sausagemaker 65
Universal Products 64
Vantage Press 57
Weatherford Press 29
Western Book Co. 2, 57, 66
Western Publications 53, 64
White, Bob Prod. 65, 66



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(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

1. TITLE OF PUBLICATION Old West	A. PUBLICATION NO. 0 0 3 0 2 0 5 8	2. DATE OF FILING Oct. 1, 1982
3. FREQUENCY OF ISSUE Quarterly	A. NO. OF ISSUES PUBLISHED ANNUALLY 4	B. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 4.95

4. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF KNOWN OFFICE OF PUBLICATION (Street, City, County, State and ZIP Code) (Not printers)
700 E. State Street, Iola, Waupaca, Wisconsin 54990

5. COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF THE HEADQUARTERS OR GENERAL BUSINESS OFFICES OF THE PUBLISHERS (Not printers)
Iola, Wisconsin 54945

6. FULL NAMES AND COMPLETE MAILING ADDRESS OF PUBLISHER, EDITOR, AND MANAGING EDITOR (This item MUST NOT be blank)
PUBLISHER (Name and Complete Mailing Address)
Joe Small P.O. Box 3338 Austin, Texas 78764
EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address)
Jim Dullenty Iola, Wisconsin 54945
MANAGING EDITOR (Name and Complete Mailing Address)

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A. TOTAL NO. COPIES (Net Press Run)	111,300	108,000
B. PAID CIRCULATION 1. SALES THROUGH DEALERS AND CARRIERS, STREET VENDORS AND COUNTER SALES	34,080	35,087
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11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete
SIGNATURE AND TITLE OF EDITOR, PUBLISHER, BUSINESS MANAGER, OR OWNER
Jim Dullenty

PS Form 3526 July 1981 (See instruction on reverse) (Page 1)

NOTICE

The **Western Book Company** has sold its entire inventory to Creative Publishing Co. If you wish to order books from Western Book Company ads found in past issues of True West and Old West magazines, please write to the following address:

Early West Series
Crative Publishing Co.
Box 9292
College Station, TX 77840

Please mention that you are ordering from an old Western Book Company ad. Many of our titles were sold out recently so Crative Publishing may not have every past Western Book Company title in stock. Thank, you for your past patronage.

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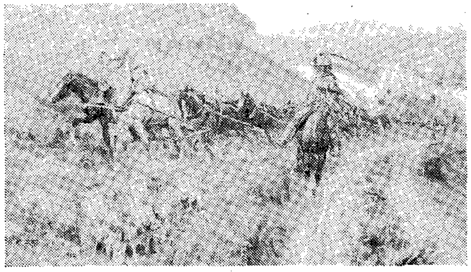

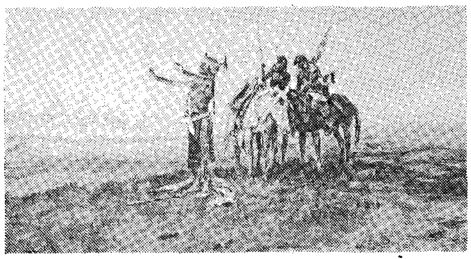

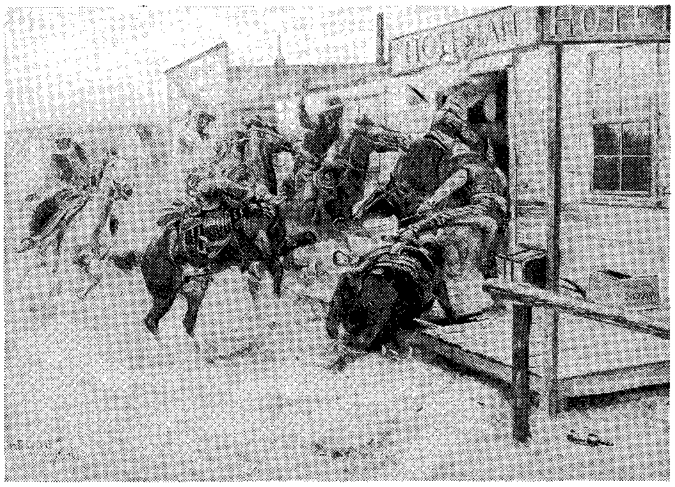

No.	Title	Price
201	Navajo Wild Horse Hunters 18"x12"	$3
203	Invocation to the Sun (Indians), 16" x 11½"	$3
204	Our Warriors' Return (Indians), 16" x 11½"	$3
205	Breaking Camp (Indians), 16" x 11½"	$3
206	The Fire Boat (Indians), 16" x 11½"	$3
207	Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians & First RR Track) 16" x 11½"	$3
208	Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train), 16" x 11½"	$3
209	The Pony Raid (Indians), 16" x 11½"	$3
210	The Cattle Drive (Cowboys), 16" x 11½"	$3
211	The Drifter (Cowboys), 16" x 11½"	$3
212	Prairie Express (Stagecoach) 16"x 11½"	$3
287	Two of a Kind Win (Skunks Invade Trappers Camp) 22" x 16"	$6
288	Early American (Indian Camp) 22" x 16"	$6
289	Western Warriors (Indians) 22" x 16"	$6
290	Indian Life 22" x 16"	$6
291	The Robe Trader 22" x 16"	$6
292	Wagons Westward (Indians Watching Wagon Train) 25" x 18"	$6
294	When Red Man Talks War 22½"x16"	$6
295	When Wagon Trails Were Dim 22½"x16"	$6
296	The Drifter (Cowboy on Horseback) 25"x18"	$6
297	Land of Good Hunting (Buffalo Hunt) 25½"x18"	$6
298	Invocation to the Sun (Indians) 25½"x18"	$6
299	Prairie Express (stage Coach) 25½"x18"	$6
300	Stalking the Herd (Wolves Stalking Buffalo Herd) 28"x19"	$6
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230	The Exalted Ruler (Elk Herd on Hilltop, Painted for B.P.O.E.) 20" x 15"	$6
231	The War Party (Indians) 20" x 14"	$6
232	The Gun Fighters (Cowboys) 20" x 14'	$6
233	Keeoma (Indian Maiden) 20" x 15"	$6
234	Stolen Horses (Indians) 20" x 14"	$6
235	The Ambush (Indians) 20" x 14"	$6
236	The Sun River War Party (Indians) 20" x 14"	$6
237	The Smoke Signal (Indians) 20" x 14"	$6
240	Buffalo on the Move 25" x 18"	$6
241	Tight Dally and Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 23" x 16"	$6
245	The Attack (Indians) 18" x 12"	$6
246	The Sun Worshippers (Indians) 17" x 14"	$6
405	When East Meets West b)cowboy watching Eastern girl) 21"x13"	$8
219	Chas. M. Russell & Friends (CMR, Others, on horseback) 28" x 22"	$8
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244	Jerked Down (Cowboys at Roundup) 20" x 12"	$8
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249	Partners (Cowboy and Horse at Campfire) 16" x 16"	$8
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401	One Down, Two to Go (Cowboys) 24"x16½"	$10
402	Indian Buffalo Hunt 21½"x16"	$10
403	Smoking Them Out (Cowboys) 20"x18½"	$10
404	Stolen Horses (Indian) 24"x18"	$10
250	Nature's Soldiers (Indians) 28" x 19"	$12
252	A Strenuous Life (Cowboys) 24" x 16"	$12
253	A Bad One (Cowboy on Bucking Horse at Roundup) 24" x 16"	$12
254	Cowboy Roping a Steer 24" x 16"	$12
255	Lewis & Clark Meeting the Flatheads 30" x 14"	$14
256	The Roundup (Cowboys) 30" x 14"	$14
257	When Ropes Go Wrong (Cowboys) 24" x 14"	$14
258	Through the Alkali (Cowboys) 20"x16"	$14
259	Riding Line (Cowboy) 26" x 22"	$15
260	Attack on the Wagon Train 31" x 20"	$15
261	Carson's Men (Kit Carson, Men Crossing River) 31" x 20"	$15
262	Watching For Wagons (Indians) 30" x 20"	$15
263	In Without Knocking (Men on Horseback Riding into Saloon) 30" x 20"	$15
264	Smoke of a '45 (Cowboys on Horseback Shooting up Street) 30" x 20"	$15
265	Deadline of Range (Toll Collector) (Indians) 30" x 20"	$15
266	Pipe of Peace (Indians) 30" x 20"	$15
267	Laugh Kills Lonesome (Cowboys at Campfire Night Scene) 30" x 18"	$15
268	Wild Horse Hunters (Cowboys) 26" x 17"	$15
269	The Broken Rope (Cowboys at Roundup) 26" x 17"	$15
270	Bruin Not Bunny (Cowboy — Horse Shying at Bear) 27" x 18"	$15
271	White Man's Buffalo (Indians "Observing" Steer) 27" x 17"	$15
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273	Cow Camp During Roundup 36" x 18"	$16
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275	When Horseflesh Comes High (Cowboys) 36" x 24"	$16
276	When Guns Were Their Passports (Cowboys) 36" x 24"	$16
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281	The Bell Mare (Vertical) (Pack Train) 20" x 30"	$16
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282	The Free Trapper (Mountain Man) 31" x 22"	$18
283	Tight Dally & Loose Latigo (Cowboys) 40" x 25"	$18
284	Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead (Cowboys) 38" x 24"	$18
285	A Desperate Stand (Cowboys & Indians) 36" x 24"	$18
286	When Guns Speak (Cowboys) 36" x 24"	$18

FREDERICK REMINGTON FULL COLOR PRINTS

No.	Title	Price
301	The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38" x 24"	$18
302	A Dash For Timber (Cowboys) 38" x 22"	$18
303	Prospecting For the Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38" x 22"	$18
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305	Indian Trapper 30" x 20"	$15
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308	With the Eye of the Mind (Three Indians & Horses Horses in Storm) 30" x 21"	$15
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313	Episode of a Buffalo Hunt 22" x 20"	$15
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316	Dismounted (Fourth Troopers Moving) (Cavalrymen) 25¾" x 19½"	$15
317	Coming and Going of the Pony Express 20"x13"	EA. $8.00
318	The Outlier (Lone Indian Scout on Pinto, front view) 20"x30"	$18
319	The Smoke Signal (Indians) 38"x24"	$18
320	Dash For Timber (Cowboys Horseback Riding toward Forest) 38"x22"	$18
321	Prospecting for Cattle Range (Cowboys) 38"x22"	$18

COLORPRINTS BY OTHER ARTISTS

No.	Title	Price
501	Lone Wolf (Night Scene, wolf howling over Village) Wieruz 18" x 14"	$5
502	End of the Trail (Famous Indian Painting) by Fraser 18" x 14"	$5
503	Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) Bonheur 20" x 16"	$8
504	Custer's Last Fight (Famous Anheuser-Busch Poster) 25¾" x 19½"	$12

SPECIAL! 8" x 10" BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOS — $1.50 EACH

601 Charles M. Russell (Last Photo Taken)
602 Buffalo Bill in Indian outfit (Autographed)
603 C.M. Russell & Will Rogers on steps of CMR Studio (Autographed by Will Rogers)

CANVAS PRINTS

Any of these prints may be transferred to Canvas for more realistic appearance. Cost is 80¢ per United Inch, plus cost of print.

TO FIGURE UNITED INCHES: Add length and width of print. Example; a print measuring 24" x 16" would have 40 United Inches. Cost would be 80¢ times 40 United Inches, or $32.00 plus cost of print. Canvas prints measuring 30" x 24" or smaller may be ordered on stretcher bars, ready for framing, for $6.00 additional per print.

Please allow 2 extra weeks delivery for canvas prints.

ORDERING INFORMATION

All sizes shown are width by depth. Orders are payable in advance. Add shipping charges as follows: 1-3 prints — $2.00. 4-6 prints — $3.00. 7 or more prints — $4.00.

WESTERN COLOR PRINTS
Dept. WC
700 E. State St., Iola, WI 54990

"See it, lad. Live it. There'll never be its like again, not in our time nor any other."
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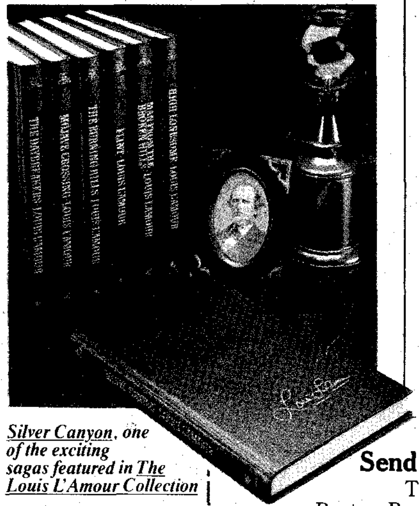

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